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September 16, 1939

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Collier's

THE NATIONAL WEEKLY

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TRAFFIC IN BABIES

By Mona Gardner

JUNE E THOMPSON 12B
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Sept. 16, 1939

Their grain won first prize...for you!

WHAT BECOMES of this country's finest rye, corn and barley—the kind of grain that wins prizes at Fairs?

We don't know what happens to *all* of it. But we do know that a goodly share of it comes to our distillery . . . to be made into Four Roses. In fact, that's the only kind of grain we buy.

True, it costs more. But without it, Four Roses just wouldn't be Four Roses. Without it, Four Roses wouldn't have the flavor that has made it so famous.

But even the finest grain, before it can be used for Four Roses, must season—until the moisture is gone, until the grain is dry, flinty, sound. For only then can the rich, clean kernels impart their full goodness to the several whiskies that eventually will be combined to give you Four Roses.

Eventually? Yes—for these straight whiskies must slumber and slowly mellow in their oaken casks for at least 4 years before they may share the illustrious name Four Roses! Then these superb whiskies are *combined* into *one* whiskey that is finer than any of them could be alone.

Four Roses is ALL whiskey—America's finest whiskey...made for you from America's finest grain. Try it today! *Frankfort Distilleries, Inc., Louisville and Baltimore.*

FOUR ROSES

EVERY DROP IS WHISKEY
AT LEAST 4 YEARS OLD

A BLEND OF STRAIGHT WHISKIES—90 PROOF—THE STRAIGHT WHISKIES IN FOUR ROSES ARE FOUR YEARS OR MORE OLD

You can trip her up on "Mississippi"— but she'll give you pointers on Gum Massage!

Here's one important thing she's learned: Ipana and Massage helps keep your gums firm . . . your teeth sound . . . your smile brighter!

SPELLING IS IMPORTANT, and Joan will master "Mississippi" yet! However, she has already learned some valuable things in school that Dad and Mother haven't learned, even *today*.

For many modern youngsters are being taught, in their classrooms, that it's just as important to care for the gums as to care for the teeth. They know, too, all about ignoring the warning of "pink tooth brush."

Joan is only one of the thousands of lucky children who have learned that many gum troubles can come from our soft and well-cooked foods. Lack of the hard, natural chewing exercise they need tends to make gums grow tender. And once your gums get that way—watch out for the warning flash of "pink" on your tooth brush!

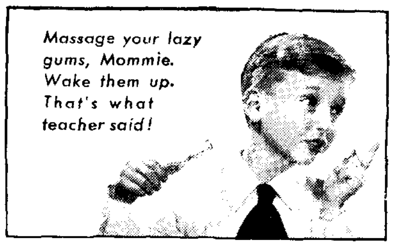
Never Ignore "Pink Tooth Brush"

When you see that tinge of "pink" on your tooth brush —*see your dentist*. Quite often his verdict will simply be "another case of lazy, sensitive gums—gums deprived of exercise by our modern, soft foods." And, very likely, he'll recommend more vigorous workouts for your gums. And, as so many dentists do, he may advise the "stimulating help of Ipana and massage."

For Ipana is designed not only to clean teeth but, with massage, to aid the gums. Each time you brush your teeth, massage a little extra Ipana into your gums. Circulation increases in the gums—they tend to become firmer, healthier.

Be as wise as Joan about modern dental care. Get a tube of economical Ipana at your druggist's today. Let Ipana and massage help you to brighter teeth, sounder gums—sparkling beauty for your smile.

Keep your Smile Brighter with Ipana and Massage!


Massage your lazy gums, Mommie. Wake them up. That's what teacher said!

My smile certainly needs help, Peter. I'll just try Ipana and massage.

Marion, you have the loveliest smile here. Lucky, lucky fellow— that's what they're all saying.

Ipana
TOOTH PASTE

GOOD FOR TENDER GUMS
IPANA
TOOTH PASTE
NEW YORK

Get the new D.D. Tooth Brush —*The brush with the* TWISTED HANDLE (*see above*). *Designed with the aid of 1000 dentists to clean teeth clean and make gum massage easy.*

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Collier's

September 16, 1939

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Next Week

TO THE everyday problems that beset the lives of everyday humans Kathleen Norris has always brought a warmhearted understanding that has made her the best-loved novelist of our time. The author of the memorable Bread into Roses and The Runaway has written a new novel for Collier's. It is the story of Jocelyn Britton, whose life was conditioned by her love for a married man, and in Mrs. Norris' sympathetic hands Jocelyn's story is a beautiful and unforgettable one. We are proud to present, next week, the opening chapter of "The World is Like That."

BACK in 1926, Chicago did 30 per cent more building every *month* than it did in the whole of 1938. And Chicago's record is more or less the record of other cities. Why? John T. Flynn went to Chicago, our key building city, to find out. He saw a vast potential industry prostrated by its own vicious practices, infested with shortsighted and sometimes outright criminal labor leaders, and dominated by terrorism. He found the real answer to the appalling costs that are choking our prize industry, and, naming names, he tells you about it in an important and timely article.

AH, GLAMOR! It lies over Hollywood like a warm, wet blanket. True love? Not a chance; the movies have their ways of handling those little situations. Nearly always they work too, but when they don't—well, you'll find the newest short cut to eating your cake and having it, too, in Katherine Albert's short story, "No Private Lives."

DOCTORS have known, for some time, how to prevent blood from clotting. But what they needed more was a way to make it clot faster, to aid nature in conserving your precious life fluid in operations and certain illnesses. And they've found it—in just about the most unlikely place you could think of—it's the same thing they've been using right along to prevent clotting! Hannah Lees tells you about the paradox and the exciting discovery that means so much to all of us.

WILLIAM MACHARG'S one-man *homicide squad*, Detective O'Malley, is back again, this time proving that "Murder Makes It Worse," and Frank Fenton writes the story of a man who was just like Napoleon, only smarter. There's a Short Short Story by Arthur Mann and an article by Style Expert Ruth Carson. And Erich Remarque brings Flotsam to its appointed end. Have your nickel handy.

This Week

SHORT STORIES

MARY HEATON VORSE
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WILLIAM FAY
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JACLAND MARMUR
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Some Like It Here. Conclusion. The Corrigans at peace with the world. Page 20

ERICH MARIA REMARQUE
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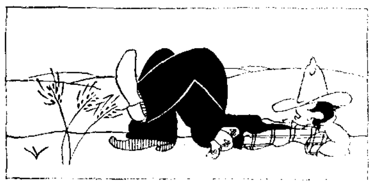
Rackets Can be Routed. Page 78

COVER ARTHUR CROUCH

Any Week

AS WE understand it, neither President Roosevelt nor the Honorables Jesse Jones, Henry Wallace or Harold Ickes would have anything to do with the plight of Mr. Don East of Riverhead, Long Island, New York. Therefore, busy as we are, we are compelled to consider his dilemma. "Here on the eastern end of Long Island," says Mr. East with pardonable feeling, "is a farmer who for the last few years has been on the red side of the ledger. Last year the government gave him $20,000 for an irrigating system. With a deep well, a Diesel engine and thousands of feet of perforated pipe he is no longer dependent on the rains. He twists a crank and comes a shower. Thus equipped, he raised abundant crops. With the proceeds he bought another farm which the government this year is paying him to 'let rest.' Near by I run an ice-cream, soft drinks, candy and peanut stand. Me, I'm not doing so good. But from the farmer I got an idea. I salvaged some lumber from a hurricane-wrecked building and built another stand across the road. Then I appealed to Washington. But they not only refused to help me with my new stand but refused to pay me for keeping the old one closed up. All I have to say to you and this cockeyed government is that there is something wrong."

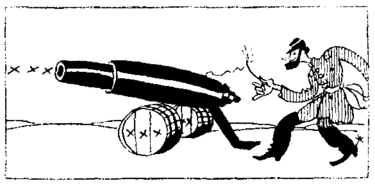


WE ALSO have a bit of high-grade intelligence from Mr. Joe Bandoni of San Francisco, California. "My regards," says Mr. Bandoni, "to my New York comrade, Fiorello H. La Guardia. I saw him visiting our fair. And, by the way, is your New York Fair still open? Anyway, your Little Flower was making a one-man parade of himself, walking down Market Street—in the middle of the street. Does he do things like that in New York?"

WE WOULD have taken the subject up with Mayor La Guardia had it not been necessary for us to drive out to Detroit. Our driving is vigorous and many people find it even exciting. With wider roads and less competition we'd be even more spectacular. However, the trip was not notable for major incidents until we gently rammed the rear of a gentleman's car in Buffalo. The gentleman's car was already a pretty dismal spectacle, the back of it having been severely crushed in and both rear fenders either gone or about to go. We leaped out of our car and apologized to him. But he apparently hadn't noticed. "Pshaw," scoffed he, "was that you? Well, you can give her another buck if you want. Everybody else has."

OTHERWISE, as we've said, it was a fairly innocent voyage, although we did get into spirited conversations here and there. For example, we met a young automotive engineer who may one day become as vague a driver as we are. He is a very clever engineer. But he almost lost his job one day when, asked by the president of his company what car he drove, he replied that he had never owned or driven one. "Perhaps you don't believe they've come to stay," said the magnate, with easily discernible scorn. Anyway, the engineer bought a car and is now in the throes of learning how to drive it. But we fear for the worst. The car he bought was made by his employer's bitterest rival.

WE DISCOVERED that a great deal of unnecessary talking was going on—not ours, of course. For example, a lady from St. Paul, Minnesota, stopped us in a hotel lobby, giving us a card. The card invited us to listen to the Reverend George Glaspee McDurfie lecture on: "Would General Grant have defeated Robert E. Lee sooner if he hadn't been a whisky drinker?"



AND we had a chance to debate with a gentleman who told us that business was improving. We told him that we thought that was awfully nice. "Yes, sir," he cried, "if things keep going as they are, this country will be in such good shape that we won't need Franklin Roosevelt in Washington, thank God."

BUT we had other things to think of. In our pocket was a letter from a lady who had read without applause our editorial about Mrs. Roosevelt's belief that it is okay for married women to hold down jobs. There was one question therein which we had no trouble answering. "Have you," she demanded, "ever been a single girl out of college or business school walking the streets looking for a job?"

NO, SIR! W. D.

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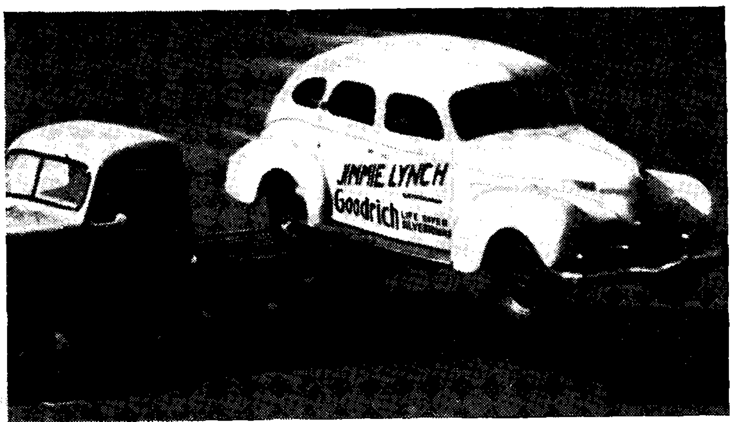
Millions at World's Fair See How Goodrich Tire Saves Lives

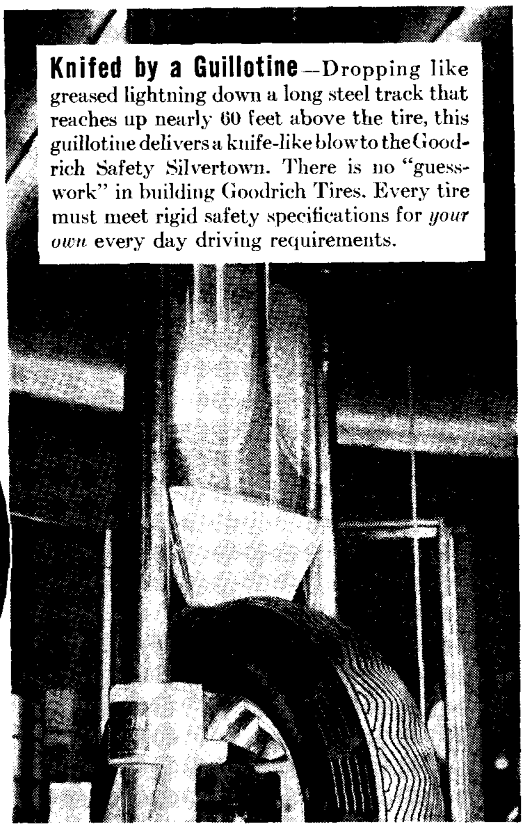
Jimmie Lynch's Death-Dodgers Prove That New Goodrich Silvertown Tires Stand Up Under Toughest Punishment *–and come back for more!*



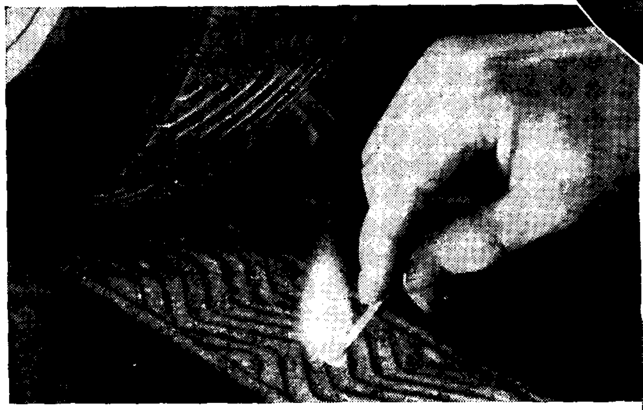
Crazy? Leaping over trucks like a Jack-Rabbit Every day thousands gasp as Jimmie Lynch puts cars through death-defying paces. Every day thousands are witness to the fact that the new Goodrich Safety Silvertown Tires can "take it". They've seen those tires stand up under more punishment in a few minutes than you'd *ever* give a tire. And *you* can have this *same* life-saving tire put on *your* car. See your Goodrich dealer or Goodrich Silvertown Store *today*.

3000 lbs. of Flying Death—Dizzy curves. High speeds. Sudden stops. Terrific impacts. Hair-raising emergencies. No place for "sissy" or unsafe tires. No spot for rubber to fail. That's why Jimmie Lynch takes no chances. Every time he roars down the runway—charging the saucer-like turns of the big Goodrich Arena at break-neck speeds—you'll find the new Goodrich Safety Silvertown Tires a vital part of his equipment. When the "going" gets bad underneath *your* car—when the difference between a skid and a stop could easily mean the difference between life and death to *you*—when there's the danger of a blow-out at high speeds—think what a set of Goodrich Silvertowns with Life-Saver Tread skid protection and Golden Ply blow-out protection will mean to *your* family's safety.

JIMMIE LYNCH
Goodrich LIFE SAVER SILVERTOWNS

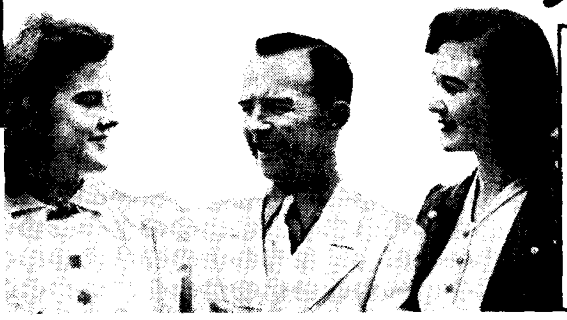


Knifed by a Guillotine—Dropping like greased lightning down a long steel track that reaches up nearly 60 feet above the tire, this guillotine delivers a knife-like blow to the Goodrich Safety Silvertown. There is no "guess-work" in building Goodrich Tires. Every tire must meet rigid safety specifications for *your own* every day driving requirements.



Match this one—Next time it rains notice the way your windshield-wiper sweeps the water right and left—keeps the windshield dry in front of you. That's how the Life-Saver Tread on the new Goodrich Silvertown Tire performs on a wet road. It sweeps those wet roads *so* dry you can actually LIGHT A MATCH on its track. No wonder this new Goodrich Silvertown will give you the quickest non-skid stops you've ever seen.

Goodrich *Safety* Silvertown



Let Jimmie Lynch tell you his safety secrets—"One thing years of experience has taught me," says Jimmie Lynch, "is that *safe* motoring begins with *safe* tires. If the rubber under your car isn't reliable—well then your life just isn't worth a plugged nickel, either. That's why I put my faith in Goodrich Silvertown Tires. Some of the greatest advancements in driving safety, notably Golden Ply blow-out protection and Life-Saver Tread skid protection, are exclusive Goodrich features. For my job and my money Goodrich Safety Silvertowns are *the safest things on wheels*."

CONSULT YOUR CLASSIFIED TELEPHONE DIRECTORY FOR THE NAME OF YOUR GOODRICH TIRE DEALER

EVIDENCE PILES UP: New test cases, further laboratory experiments, letters from users, confirm over and over that Knox Gelatine DOES *lessen fatigue.*

EXPERIENCE NO. 29

ATHLETES HAVE GELATINE BAR

Trainer at Eastern University has installed Knox Gelatine bar in training quarters, and *all* athletes take daily. He first tested Knox Gelatine feedings on basketball team last Winter; team's endurance stepped up—victories, too. He then put trackmen on same feeding, followed by crews and baseball pitchers. In each test, the men exhibited noticeably increased staying power and quicker recovery from tough competition.

EXPERIENCE NO. 14

LEGS STAND UP

Aching, jumpy leg muscles of postmen, store clerks, house workers, etc., are much helped by gelatine feeding, say dozens of letters. Investigators have checked cases and report marked increases experienced in leg-work capacity before fatigue point reached. Golfers also confirm this benefit to legs. More evidence that daily feeding of plain Knox Gelatine increases muscular endurance and lessens fatigue.

PLAY MORE, TOO!

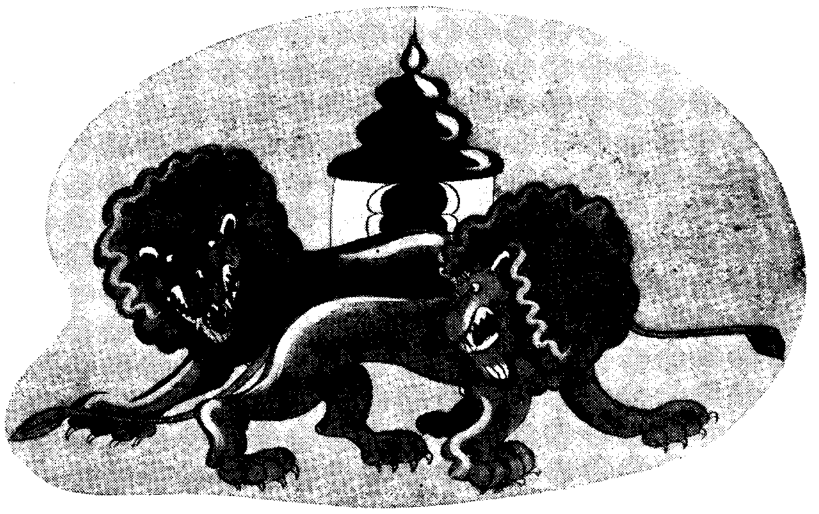
Coming home too tired for health-giving play? Why not try the Knox Gelatine feeding? Office workers, desk workers, house workers, all say it helps them work better, feel better, and get more pleasure out of life. In many test cases, increases of 50% to 200% in muscular work capacity have resulted. Pure, plain Knox Gelatine has been discovered to *store* extra energy in muscles, both voluntary and involuntary. That's why it lessens fatigue, increases body efficiency.

Cut Fatigue! Take

KNOX GELATINE

THIS WAY: Empty one envelope of Knox Gelatine in a glass three-quarters filled with cold water or fruit juice. Let the liquid absorb the gelatine. Then stir briskly and drink rapidly. Take four envelopes a day for two weeks, then reduce to two envelopes a day. (May be taken before or after meals.)

CAUTION: Be sure to use pure, unflavored Knox Gelatine. *Only* Knox was used in the scientific experiments. Ready-flavored gelatine desserts which are about 85% sugar and only about 10% gelatine will not do. *Free Booklet* on energy feeding. Write to Knox Gelatine Co., Johnstown, N. Y., Dept. 70.



KEEP UP WITH THE WORLD

By Freling Foster

The doorway of the tomb of the Mohammedan saint Kalandar La Shahbaz in the city of Sehwan, Sind Province, India, is guarded by live, caged lions.

Although commercial pilots on American air lines are not allowed by the Civil Aeronautics Authority to fly a plane more than eighty-five hours a month, or an average of two hours and fifty minutes a day, they earn, through base salary, mileage pay and bonuses, as much as $175 a week.

The world's 250,000,000 Moslems observe Friday as their Sabbath because, according to Mohammed, this was the day Adam was created, the day he entered and was also expelled from Paradise, the day of his repentance, the day of his death and the day he will be resurrected.

Pain is not a certain guide to the seat of an ailment as it is sometimes "referred" from one organ to another. Pain caused by hip-joint disease is often felt in the knee, some cases of toothache cause discomfort in the ear, while pain resulting from gall-bladder inflammation is frequently situated in the shoulder blade.

The only President's child born in the White House was Grover Cleveland's daughter, Esther, whose birthday was September 9, 1893.

Increasing age diminishes attendance at the movies to an astonishing degree. Surveys indicate that the number who no longer attend increases from 50 per cent at the age of forty to 75 per cent at sixty to 98 per cent at eighty.

Although about nine thousand members of Britain's aristocracy and sporting world are admitted to the Royal Enclosure at Ascot, England, at each meeting, thousands are excluded because they are in bankruptcy, involved in a divorce, owe too much money to a bookmaker or have not been presented at a royal court.

Chameleons are "slow-motion" fighters. When two enemies start a battle, many minutes, even hours, pass between each thrust and parry. Sometimes the only way that one can tell a fight is in progress is by the color of their skins, which have turned black with rage.

There are more than three hundred individual trees in this country today whose historical interest and fame has justified the enrollment of their names in the Hall of Fame of the American Forestry Association in Washington, D. C.

A fresh-water lake can become salt and a salt-water lake can become fresh through a change in climate. When the evaporation from a fresh-water lake becomes greater than the inflow from precipitation, the water will become salt. When the evaporation from a salt-water lake becomes less than the inflow of fresh water, the lake will rise, find an outlet and the water will soon become fresh. — *By Inez French, Spencer, North Carolina.*

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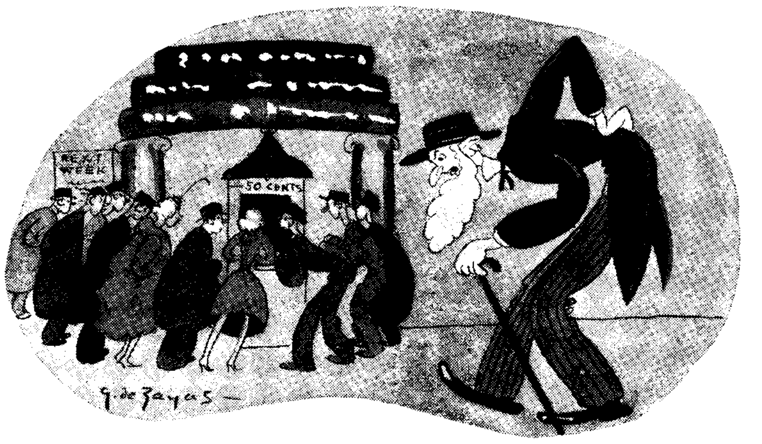
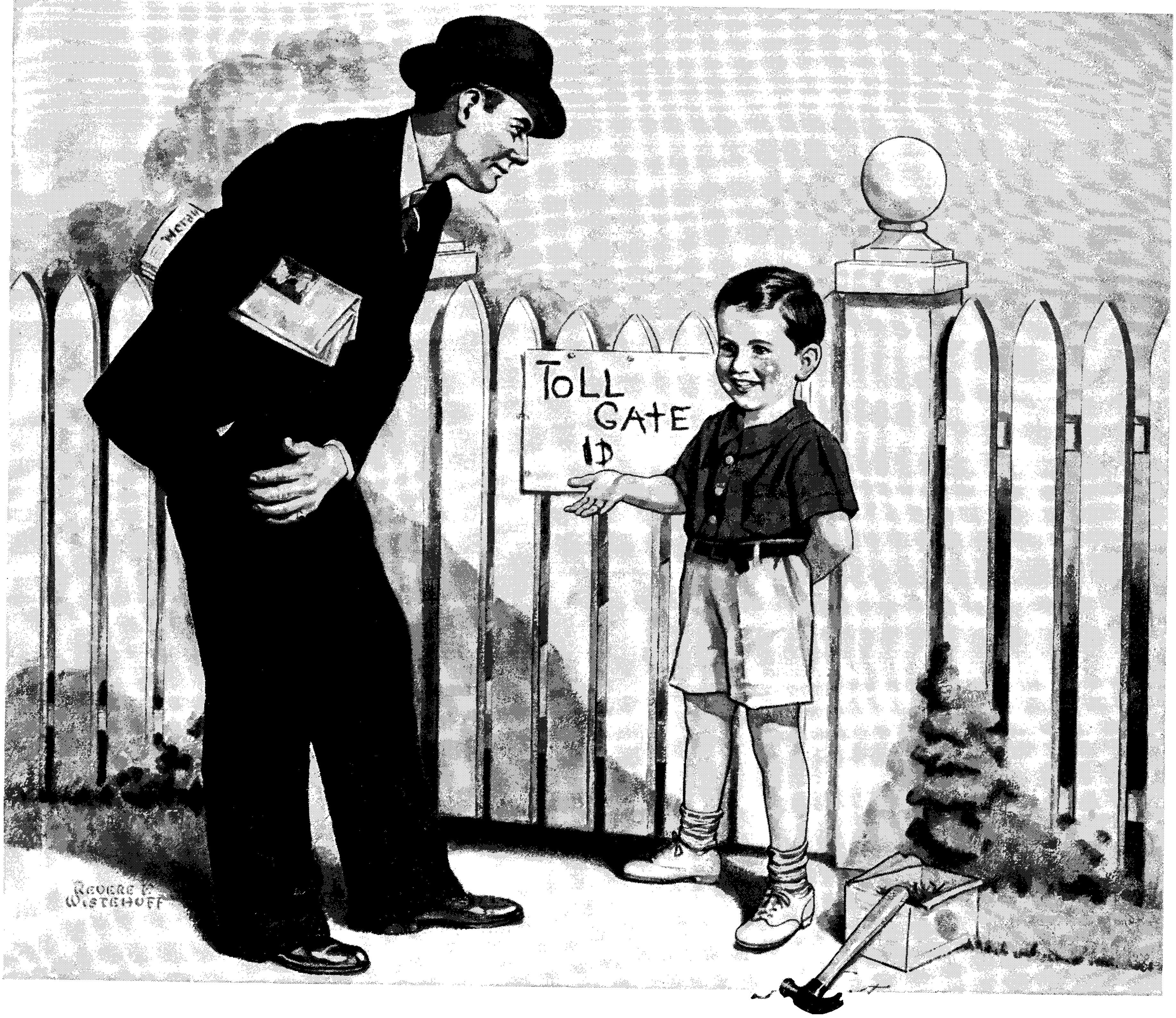




Could you refuse?

WHAT if this fond father were you? Could you resist paying tribute to the owner of such a winning smile? Rather, wouldn't you hope that the day might never come when you would have to turn him down?

Small favors — big necessities — all are made possible to your dependents by your earnings. As long as they have you, they are secure, and you look forward to taking care of them financially — at least until the children are grown up and launched on their own careers.

You can increase your family's sense of security, however, by arranging to continue your support for a year or more if the unexpected should happen and they should have to go along without you. Bereaved families need *time* to plan. They cannot change their mode of living, immediately, without shock or loss.

A readjustment income plan is inexpensive

A JOHN HANCOCK readjustment income plan provides income sufficient to continue your support to your family through a critical period. It can be arranged to cover your family's income needs for a year or more, either at full scale or in gradually decreasing amounts, giving them time to adjust themselves to the new standard of living they would have to adopt.

Ask your John Hancock agent

THE JOHN HANCOCK readjustment income plan is just as important to a man who owns several life insurance policies as to the man who has none. You may be what is commonly termed "well-insured," but if you have not provided readjustment income your program lacks a vital part. Ask a John Hancock agent for full details or write for a descriptive booklet. Address your letter to Department C-9.

John Hancock
MUTUAL
LIFE INSURANCE COMPANY
OF BOSTON, MASSACHUSETTS

JOHN HANCOCK MUTUAL LIFE INSURANCE COMPANY

GUY W. COX, President

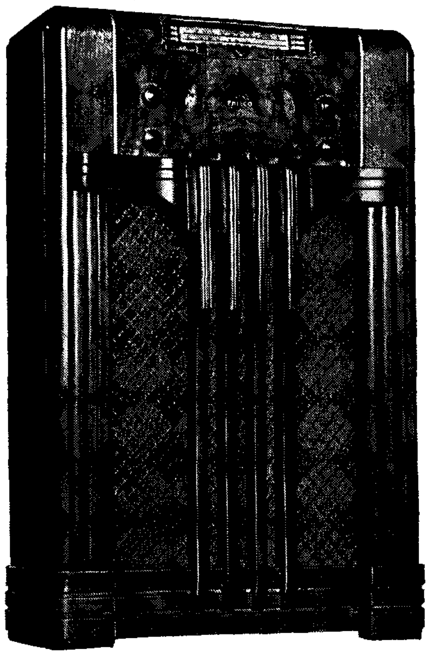
Celebrating TEN STRAIGHT YEARS OF *Leadership*

CELEBRATING TEN STRAIGHT YEARS OF PHILCO LEADERSHIP

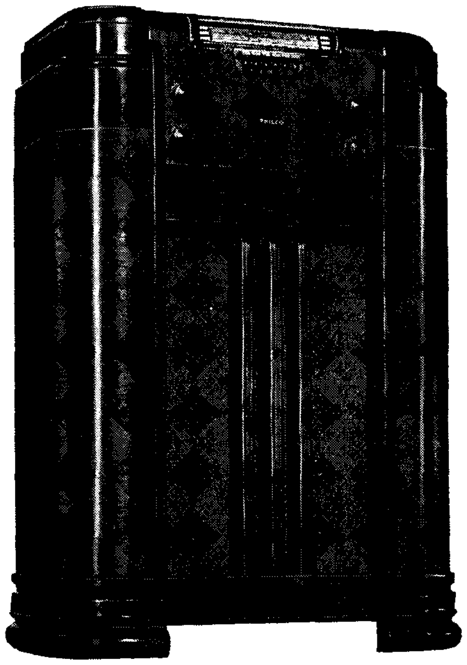
PHILCO *Anniversary Specials* 1940

PHILCO presents these new value sensations...

In nation-wide Celebration Sales, Philco dealers make it worth your while to trade in your old radio now. See these new Anniversary Specials today . . . The greatest values in Philco history. Liberal trade-in allowances, easy payments!

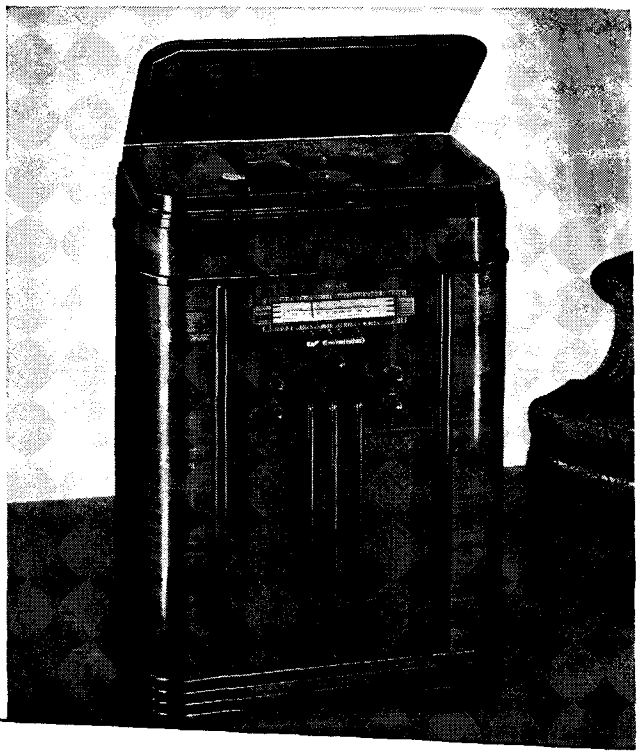


PHILCO 158F The champion value of radio history at the price! Has the costly "R. F. Stage" never before offered in a low-priced console. And *six* newly invented Loktal tubes, every one working—none wasted for ballast or tuning eye. Yes, undreamed-of power and beauty of tone. Exquisitely designed Walnut cabinet. Yours on convenient terms **$39^{95}**



PHILCO 165K With Philco Built-in Super Aerial *System*. Place it wherever you please, plug in and play. *Twin*-Loop aerial and triple-power Television Tube give you foreign reception as well as a new purity of tone, even in noisy locations. Electric Push-Button Tuning. Large, stately cabinet of richly figured, beautifully finished Walnut. **$59^{95}**

PHILCO 525 *Radio-Phonograph with Automatic Record Changer.* A triumph of tone, operation and performance at a moderate price. Automatic Record Changer for twelve records. Special phonograph circuit with doubled sound output for glorious record tone. Built-in Super Aerial *System*. American and Foreign reception. Beautifully finished Walnut cabinet. **$100**



Only Philco gives you ALL 3

1. **"Plug in and Play" Convenience.** No aerial or ground wires to install. Just plug in anywhere . . . and play.
2. **New Purity of Tone.** Greater freedom from power line noises and man-made static. More enjoyable reception even in noisy, difficult locations.
3. **Super-Power.** Even gets foreign reception without an outside aerial. *Amazing performance!*

You need all three for full radio enjoyment. A mere built-in aerial, whatever it may be called, gives you just one or two. *Only Philco gives you ALL 3* . . . because only Philco has the Built-in Super Aerial *System!*

Every 1940 Philco is built to receive TELEVISION SOUND . . . the Wireless Way!

PHILCO 82T *Self-Powered Portable with Drop-Front Cover.* Plays anywhere, indoors or outdoors. Compact, light and easy to carry, yet full, rich tone and amazing performance. Extremely low drain, twice the battery life. Drop-Front cover over control panel gives protection and privacy. *Complete with batteries,* **$22^{50}**

Collier's

THE NATIONAL WEEKLY FOR SEPTEMBER 16, 1939

The Secret

By Mary Heaton Vorse

ILLUSTRATED BY MARIO COOPER

Two kinds of love, and a marriage that was saved by silence

ALWAYS I've wondered how much of what happened would have been different if I hadn't put my hand out that dark night. One thing I know, if I hadn't interfered, things would have been different between Syd Ellsworth and Francelina and Black Manuel.

It all happened after my husband died and my boys were married. I'd been living alone, among my flowers, the long, roomy days slipping by one like another.

I sat chatting with a neighbor, thinking how nothing was going to happen any more, when the telegraph boy came up the road. Mantos, my Portuguese brother-in-law, who lived up the Cape, was dead. Years before, my younger sister, Elizabeth, married a Portuguese fisherman and went away and we'd never seen much of each other afterward. Elizabeth had died some time before. Now her husband was dead too, leaving behind him a daughter. I was the nearest relative of a girl I'd never seen. I asked Francelina to come to me at once.

Francelina, that was her name. She was a little girl who looked as wild and foreign in her black dress as if she'd just come from the Western Islands. She had big black eyes that slid sideways when she'd look at anyone, and a little red mouth. Her face was pale. She parted her hair in the middle and wore it long, which gave her a still more foreign look.

She walked into my heart the first day. But I said to myself, "Ruth Gordon, peace is over for you." Francelina's ways were quiet enough, but underneath the quiet there was something free and lawless and laughing. . . .

The first night she came I looked out of my kitchen window.

Francelina was standing behind a lilac tree. A man was with her and he had his arm around her.

When she came in, "What were you doing out there, Francie?" I asked.

"Kissing Sydney Ellsworth," said she.

"Are you engaged to him?" I asked.

"No, ma'am, not yet; but I'm going to be," she answered, demure as cream.

"You're going to be! How do you know you are?"

Then she flung her arms around me pleading: "Oh, don't scold me! Syd loves me and I love him. He's always loved me, for years and years. We always belonged to each other. I've always kept him from asking me outright. You know it's more exciting this way." That was Francelina, almost engaged for years, but not quite—she loved feeling not quite respectable—but she'd chosen a nice, steady boy to feel not respectable with.

"How'd you come to know him?" I asked.

"He was in the Coast Guard station near us and he only got transferred here a while ago. Just as if he'd known I was coming here," and she gave me that shy smile of hers that has always melted me.

Syd was six feet high. His nose came down in a straight line from his forehead. It was a little short and a little bit thick. He had a short lip and a square chin with a dimple in it. His eyes were gray, set far apart, and his yellow hair fitted his head like a cap. He was the kind of fellow that in the old days would have made a fine deep-sea captain. A quiet fellow but not one to trifle with.

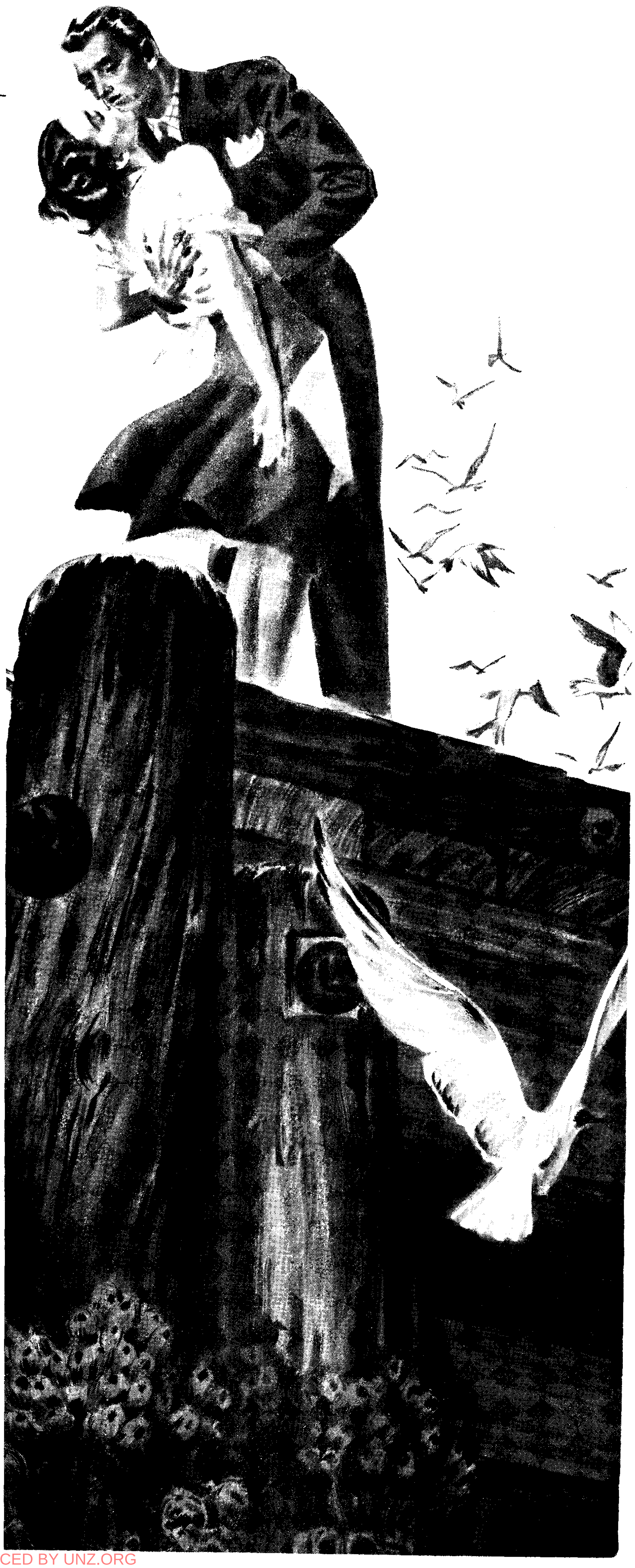
FRANCELINA had only been with me a little while when far up the beach I saw a man and a girl I couldn't help but notice. The thought flashed into my mind that those two were lovers. They walked very slowly, like people who do not want to get to where they're going because that will mean goodby. They were so lost in each other they seemed cut off from the rest of the world.

There was the beach—like a picture post card, blue sea lapping yellow sand. It was a pleasant and commonplace scene, through which walked these intense and dramatic figures. It was hard to say by what small things they were marked off from the folks about them, but disaster walked with them.

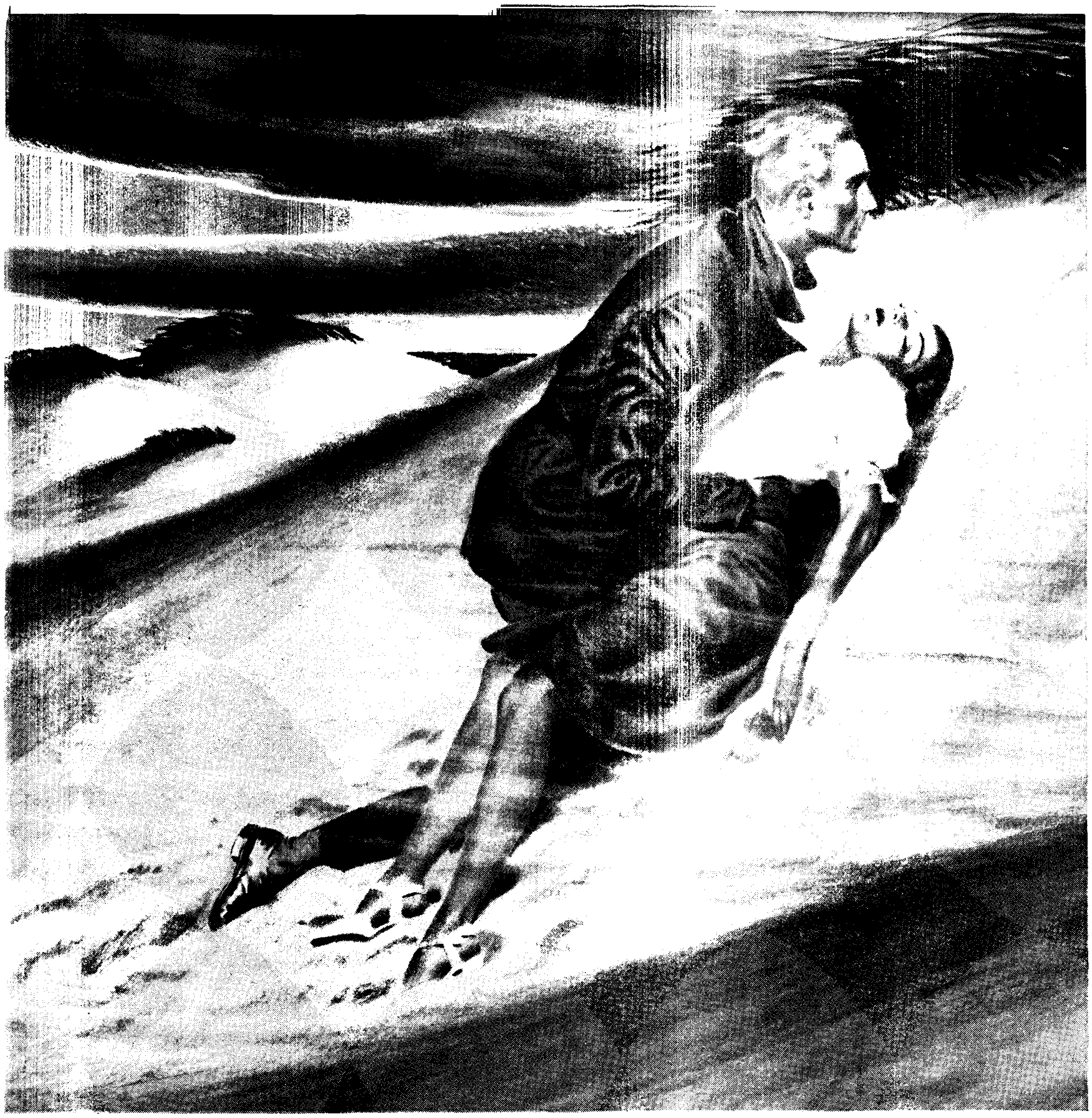
It was as if the heavens had crashed into pieces of blue glass when I realized these doomed people were my Francelina and Black Manuel Perez.

There were a thousand legends around Black Manuel's name. He had been a fisherman. Now he was rich. He figured in fantastic legends. The fisherman's poker itself had the elements of saga. Fortunes were lost here. The poker game was dominated by Black Manuel and his historic conflict with the Greek. His gambling did not stop with cards, he gambled with the sea. He would play his life as a stake and stake his men's lives. Now this man had met Francelina Mantos, and already between them there was an intimate and secret understanding.

They paused before a dory and in a



He took her in his arms and kissed her. "Goodby," he said. "That's your wedding present. Something to remember me by"



She was almost unconscious when Syd carried her into the lee of a sand dune

moment Manuel was rowing Francelina to his boat, which lay at anchor in deep water. I sat still while a feeling of cold crept over me, the old familiar feeling of waiting for people to come off the sea crawled slowly up my spine.

Then there was a splash from the boat and Francelina was swimming ashore. Something violent had happened in that little boat. It was no swim to be attempted without grave reason.

I sat waiting. Black Manuel was rowing beside Francelina. She didn't turn her head, but swam inshore with a powerful overhand stroke. She swam swiftly, courageously, as though escaping from some danger. When I fussed at her for scaring me so she took what I said meekly and in silence.

Three weeks later I was walking up our street. Coming toward me were Black Manuel and Francelina. People turned to look at them as they passed. There was about them an air of dangerous excitement.

When Francie got home, I said: "What do you think you're doing with Black Manuel, Francelina?"

"Sliding downhill," she answered. "Just taking a fast, fast coast. Then I'll be at the bottom of the hill and it'll be all over."

I said: "Black Manuel Perez is no man for a girl to be seen with on the street." As Francelina didn't answer, my words fell into a heavy silence. Then that afternoon, she went driving with Black Manuel.

Before I could open my mouth to protest, his car had driven up and Francelina had flashed into it. Yet I had the sense that something outside of Francelina had made her go.

The house seemed empty. I wandered from room to room, making small errands for myself. Dark came. It was ten before I heard Francie rushing up the brick walk, Manuel behind her. Her hair was down and she was crying with rage. She said over her shoulder:

"I hate you! I hate you!"

HER words were frightful because there was murder behind them. Black Manuel had followed her to the door. His voice came soft and purring.

"Francie," he coaxed. "Wait." Francelina flamed past me, furious and beautiful. What was wrong she didn't tell. She didn't need to. Black Manuel had kissed her and she liked it. She was furious at herself and with him because she did like it. It was like setting fire to one's house. Francelina was angry at all the world. Her defiance was too big for the room.

"Now I hope you're satisfied," I said exasperated.

"It's all Syd's fault," said Francie sullenly.

"I suppose it's all Syd's fault that you go carrying on with another man when you love Syd;" and when Francie didn't answer I said sharply, "You do love Syd, don't you?"

"If I loved Syd I'd never have looked at anyone else. If we'd been engaged and the wedding day set this couldn't have happened." Francelina answered steadily. "I've known Syd for years and I've known Manuel for days. Syd's had all the time in the world."

"Well, you can stop this nonsense right now," I said.

"Can I?" said Francelina. She stared at me as if she saw me for the first time. "I don't know whether you can stop things when they've started."

"What do you mean—you can't stop things?" I asked.

"I mean when things start they're like live things. They go on growing like a tree or an animal." To that I had no answer.

Next day was Syd Ellsworth's liberty day; Francie didn't leave the window. She watched for him. If there was a creak on the porch or a noise at the door she started. I sat quiet with my sewing, trying to hide how jumpy I felt. It seemed to me as if Francelina's life had gone out of her hands into Black Manuel's. Everything depended on Sydney Ellsworth's ability to snatch it back.

Francelina was afraid of Black Manuel. She loved him and hated him, but she hated him more than she loved him.

When Sydney came Francelina flung herself around his neck as if he could save her from mortal danger.

"Oh," she cried out, "I'm glad you've come." I left them. After he'd gone I went to look for Francelina.

"Sydney asked me to marry him," she said.

We kissed each other, and there was more in the kiss than a congratulation—it was as though danger had passed us by.

A few days later Francelina was sitting on the bulkhead. I was walking down the garden path to join her when Black Manuel came striding down the beach. He was good-looking in his Portuguese way and he knew it, and he had a way of walking as if he owned the earth. I stopped in my tracks, for all at once I saw he and Francie had a dark kinship between them.

"Hello, Francie," he called. "You look happy."

"Yes," said Francelina. "I'm going to be married; Syd Ellsworth and I are engaged!" Manuel jumped up on the platform and took Francelina in his arms and kissed her. "Goodby, Francelina," he said. "That's your engagement present. Something to remember me by!" She struggled for a moment and then she lay in his arms with the limpness of consent. He had conquered. He sprang down on the beach.

I SAT down silently beside Francelina, who didn't move or speak. Her face was white as her apron. After a long time she said in the voice of the person who has given up:

"I ought to hate him." I didn't say anything. I knew well enough Francelina didn't hate Manuel.

All day and all the next Francelina sat at the window. Black Manuel passed the house, waiting. Waiting, I thought, like a lean black panther ready to spring. Life inside the house didn't mean anything any more. There was Francelina not saying a word. Sitting, staring—and outside Black Manuel waiting. It was like expecting an explosion.

"Why don't you go out to the station and see Syd?" I asked.

"I think I will," Francelina answered. But as she went out of the gate there was Black Manuel smiling at her. They walked off together.

When she came back, "He wants me to marry him," Francelina said, and her lips were pale.

"Are you going to?"

"I don't know," Francie shivered. "I don't know. I can't marry Syd, can I? Not when I feel like I do about Manuel." And I knew that Manuel's kiss meant more to Francie than anything in the world.

"I love Syd one way, and I love Manuel another. No, it's not love—it's more terrible—it's like bewitchment. He has it, too. Both of us, we're bewitched."

"Don't see Manuel again, Francie—don't even look at him," I cried, for I knew it was as she said.

"If I could help myself," said Francie, as helpless as if some power stronger than herself held her.

THE next day Syd was coming. Francie waited for him as if peace would come with him. When Sydney came in the door Black Manuel followed him. The two men faced each other. Sydney said:

"What's Manuel Perez doing here, Francelina?" And Manuel Perez said, and he spoke almost as if what he had to say wasn't in answer to Sydney's question but what he had come for:

"I want to marry Francelina, and she can't decide between us."

There was silence for a long time. Both of them looked at Francelina. Black Manuel with the devil in his eyes

(Continued on page 45)

Suicide Squad

By Billy Jones

Hollywood stunt men are never pestered by insurance salesmen, spend a sizable part of their lives in the hospital and are seldom less than three jumps ahead of disaster

WILL CONNELL

Billy Jones, who has survived fifteen years of narrow escapes from death and injury as a stunt man in the movies. Here he is being tossed out of a fast-moving automobile. He won't be hurt unless something goes wrong with the scene

I WANT you to meet my friends—the stunt men—and I doubt if you've ever met a saner bunch of lunatics in your life. You seldom see their pictures in the movie magazines nor, except on rare occasions, have you read any of Hollywood's hot publicity about these boys, for it has always been to the stars' advantage to keep them in obscurity. Yet you've seen them in hundreds of pictures, been thrilled a thousand times by their escapades, and I'm sure spent several sleepless nights because of their antics. You've been unaware of the fact, but the Suicide Squad, made up of approximately a dozen boys, have been the villains, heroes and blue-eyed beauties whose rescues in the nick of time have ended happily scores of screen dramas throughout these many years.

They are the curse of the make-up men, for today they may be one star, tomorrow another; a Chinaman, a Negro—whatever the picture may need. It's not at all unusual to fail to recognize your own colleague, for maybe he's a monkey in one of the Tarzan pictures, or a curly wig may be fluttering from his manly brow.

In storms at sea, when the spars are falling and bodies are hurtling through the air, or the storm in its fury washes the ship's passengers about, those men are members of the Suicide Squad. Nor does "Mr. Moto," though he thinks fast, toss uninitiated men around. The horses that tumble in those furious cavalry charges are manned by the stunters. Their days are crash and bang. Today it's turning a car for a loop; tomorrow it's a high dive. The next day may be quite restful in the Cedars of Lebanon Hospital. It's really a jolly life, though I'll guarantee you it's no bargain. The idea of camera speeds and faked shots is not untrue, but ninety per cent of the action photographed is really done, and that ninety per cent is what the boys thrive on. It's not necessary to be crazy to belong to our bunch, but it won't blackball you.

You don't start out to be a stunt man; it sneaks up on you. It's really more correct to say that the others adopt you. Their faith is your initiation fee, and this faith has to be earned through hundreds of different stunts. It doesn't come overnight. It's all for one and one for all while the cameras are grinding.

Let me parade the stunters by and give you a glimpse of them in person. These are not a bunch of take-a-chance boys, because all of them are trained men and what might be a foolhardy thing for an outsider is merely routine work for them. Some of the stunters have had circus backgrounds before entering pictures, and this help has made a lot of so-called impossible feats possible.

The Metzetti family—as Victor, Otto and Richard were known—has been classed as the world's greatest "teeterboard" act, and Dick has the credit of being the one and only man to do a quadruple somersault. . . . Harvey Perry was a boxer around San Francisco. How good I don't know, but if his stunts are a reflection, he must have been a champion. . . . And Chick Collins is a Frisco boy, too, who used to help his dad run a molasses barge up and down the bay. Don't compare that molasses with Chick, though, for he has the speed of a Derby winner and the agility of a cat. The proof of this is that he is one of the oldest stunt men (in working years, that is) and is still firing.

Jack Woody owned a haberdashery until he got the feeling there was no excitement in stiff shirts. . . . And Duke Green was a fancy diver and swimmer, a skill he has many chances to use in his present calling. In fact, one of the highest and prettiest dives ever done before a camera owes its birth to Mr. Green. . . . The cups that lie on the mantelpiece in Gordon Carveth's home attest his prowess as a swimmer and diver, too, while Cliff Lyons "rode 'em blind" in most of the rodeos throughout the Middle West.

Yakima Canutt, who does most of the Western action, has no equal. He was crowned World's Champion Cowboy at Pendleton, Oregon, two years running, and still holds that crown in Hollywood. He is as tall as Gary Cooper and about as thin, and his one kick about doing stunts is his size. To double one person, he shrinks in his saddle, the next he lets out a bit, until (in his own words) he's the only living telescope in motion pictures.

This small fellow coming up is Bobby Rose, who just naturally started doing hair-raisers. He arrived during the old Helen Holmes serials and, believe it or not, his was the manly carcass that leaped from train to train garbed in the hobble skirts of the feminine lead.

Which brings us to John Sinclair, who will not tell his past nor his age and, outside of a Kentucky drawl, I've nothing on him. It's not only race horses that are bred in the Bluegrass State, for a better thoroughbred has never been born.

(Continued on page 52)

The Grand Manner

By William Fay

ILLUSTRATED BY EARL OLIVER HURST

It was all bluff. He had no business gambling in such company, even if it was only to impress her

IT WAS almost September when Eddie attained the hundred and fifty bucks, slick and tidy in his trousers, and flat against his leg. He had never been a practical man, and never had acquired such a sizable sum by any previous economy, so that now he was proud and almost pleased with himself, and finally sure that the end had been worth the effort.

His thoughts traveled to a warehouse in the Bronx, where, deserted by their original and bankrupt owner, reposed a leather lounge, two chairs and a wonderful mahogany desk, plus other items that might make a young man's office attractive. These were held to Eddie's option by the grace of a ten-dollar deposit, and from the money he had saved he would produce the balance, as well as his first month's rent, thereby launching, with moderate splendor, the career of Edward J. Gillis, counselor at law. Newly admitted to the bar, and not long out of school, he found it pleasant to think such thoughts. If only it were not so hot.

It was hot, all right. It was a day of white heat beneath a terrible sun, and the sand was a great and pitiless mirror, unkind to Eddie, that punished him as much as did the sun.

Everybody swam at Long Island Beach but the lifeguards, and the sea rolled in like wild acres of ginger ale, a tantalizing, repetitious sea that raised the howling customers in its swell, then tossed them rather strenuously on their heads.

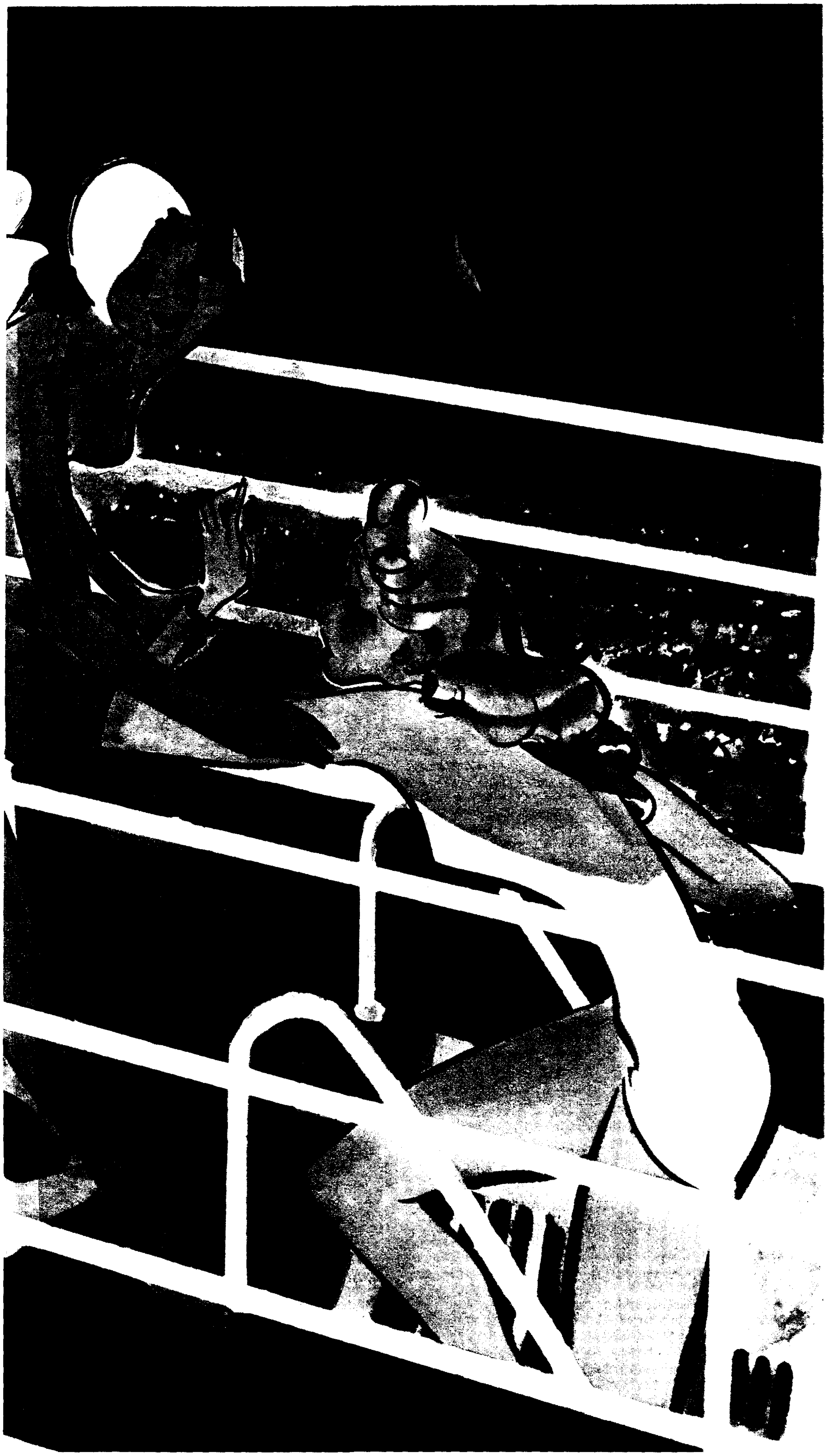
Eddie was one of the sixty-three lifeguards, not counting Captain Herman Duffy, and so he had to keep looking at the beautiful water, though he could not go into the water for a swim, unless it happened that a client was drowning. Lifeguards could swim in the morning, before the public had arrived, and lifeguards could swim in the fading twilight, when the public had been whistled from the water, and a cool wind had walked in off the water so you didn't give a damn whether you went swimming or not.

His thoughts were disturbed by a shrill whistle. He turned about and was confronted by Captain Duffy, who was slowly shaking his head, holding a popcorn box in one hand. "That's nice, isn't it, Gillis?" inquired the captain, thrusting forth the discarded and empty box for Eddie's examination. "You think this a garbage dump, don't you, Gillis?"

Eddie said, "No, Captain. But I think if a fellow eats popcorn around here, he should also eat the box."

"You think you're funny, don't you, Gillis? You want to get yourself fired out of here?"

"Not me," said Eddie. "I get thirty bucks a week. I love it here, Captain. How do you like it here, Captain?"



She was just coming off the ladder, and he could see that her face was white and resolute, but stamped with something like fear. And suddenly he, too, was afraid

The captain walked off, casting stern glances about for the man, woman or child who might in similar manner disturb the order of his domain, while Eddie swore softly.

Long Island Beach, as you know, is very beautiful, and is maintained by the state of New York, and it was built, not many years ago, upon a long finger of sand some seven miles from the mainland, connected by a causeway that is straight and many lanes wide, and as filled with automobiles on a summer Sunday as a lump of picnic sugar can be crowded with ants.

The handsome buildings are red and white, contrasting like a Santa Claus suit, and there are underpasses and parking fields that you could not imagine, plus great sprawling bathhouses of field stone that you may enter for a dollar. A king would be lucky to live in such a bathhouse.

This was no skin off Eddie, understand, and he agreed it was nice for both the public and himself to look at pretty things. If only he could do it with comfort, with his personality unimpaired.

Eddie was a free spirit who did not like hocus-pocus, and from the beginning he did not like Captain Herman Duffy. He did not like his lifeguard's test in which the captain wrapped beefy arms around his neck and nearly strangled him before Eddie broke the hold and the captain's pride with a skillful kick in the stomach. He did not care for the orders of the day, loudly tabulated on the previous evening, and he did not care for the day itself, with the roll call at 8:15 in the morning, and sixty-three lifeguards in their red and yellow bathing suits, rigid as concrete on the boardwalk in their military formation, while the captain bellowed, "Squads, left!" And then shouted, "Squads, right!"—counting loudly, "One, two, three, four!"—just like that, and blowing his brains out through his whistle, shrill in the morning air.

When Eddie first saw this, and all the flunkies running around with admirals' hats on their heads, saying, "Aye, aye, sir," to other flunkies, he inquired, "What the hell kind of democracy is this?"

SO NOW it was Saturday and he had the hundred and fifty bucks, plus sixteen additional dollars with which he might, in conscience, be careless. He was about to abandon the chains that bound him. He had the dough through commendable thrift; he had a constitutional right to a small bit of pleasure.

At quitting time Eddie walked into the locker room and came out of the showers and into his clothes, noting, of course, that his money was still in his trousers.

There was a discussion among the lifeguards concerning Buster Danning's automobile. There was excitement in the air. There was excitement in the air because Buster's auto was extremely beautiful, and Buster wanted someone to drive it in to Frankie's Garage. Buster did not feel well, because he had eaten too much and then partaken of a rescue, which made him extremely sick. This was surprising, when you considered the mold of Buster.

Big Buster was a man distinguished by two outstanding items—his muscles and his automobile, a colorful sports affair acquired when Buster pulled a rich old guy from the salty depths of the sea in Miami. This was a car with fine leather upholstery, a special headlight, like the eye of a locomotive, twelve cylinders and a tasteful splash of chromium here and there. It would undoubtedly go one hundred miles an hour. And that is what made Buster so suspicious.

"You take it into the shop for me, Eddie." Buster said. "You're savin' your money an' you don't get drunk like these other guys. You tell Frankie to look at the points an' change the oil like he was gonna. Tell 'im I'll be down tomorra night."

(Continued on page 64)

Traffic in Babies

By Mona Gardner

Last year eleven thousand babies were sold over the adoption counter, most of them bootlegged from unwed mothers by doctors and commercial nurseries. Lax state adoption laws are responsible for this large and still growing racket that deals for profit in shame and fear. Here is one product of civilization that we seem to have overlooked

ILLUSTRATED BY ELMORE BROWN

EVEN above the insane churning of the mangles and wringers we heard the girl scream. A nurse came, and then two others, to carry her up to the delivery room where her baby would be born, prematurely. Then we went on through the sour and steaming laundry room.

The windows were open, but the steam closed them again. It veiled the machines, the walls; and yet the girls there who fed diapers, sheets and towels through the wringers were not wraiths. Their bodies were heavy, and they moved heavily—unwed, sixteen-, seventeen- and eighteen-year-olds about to become mothers. They lifted their heads from the reeking suds, looked at us dimly, and went on with the work which they were doing to pay for their surreptitious motherhood.

This maternity home was in Pennsylvania. It's name was The Veil. In advertisements it called itself "an ethical home for unfortunate girls of the best class." A ten-week confinement there cost $540. Those who had cash paid at the threshold; those without it scrubbed floors, waited on tables or worked the wringers in the laundry.

One girl mopped hallways thirteen months to pay off $390. She never saw her baby: she didn't know whether it was a boy or a girl. She signed a release for it when she entered the hospital; and it was sold at birth to a childless couple for $500—collected, of course, by the "ethical home."

The baby was out of the way. The money was in the bank. Who in the foster home cared what happens afterward?

That's it exactly: *Who* cares?

Meanwhile, it's a flourishing business, this traffic in babies. It's the 1939 bonanza. We have dealt in black men, have shanghaied sailors, have run rum and hijacked it. Each of these trades has had its boom. This year there's gold in selling babies.

The beauty of this trade, you see, is that it doesn't fluctuate. It isn't like carpentering, selling groceries, the plumbing business, or like stocks and bonds. There is no seasonal gamble. War doesn't affect it: peace doesn't affect it: peace doesn't change it. There are always heartsick, frightened girls who will spend their last penny to buy anonymous maternity. There are plenty of customers willing to buy a bootleg baby and adopt it.

Pick up a newspaper and what do you read?

Maybe it's about Dr. John W. Tippie of Cleveland, who pleaded guilty not long ago to a technical charge of child-placing when a mother accused him of selling her "love baby" for $50. Dr. Tippie, so the mother told the police, sold her month-old baby to a couple in Pittsburgh after refusing to give her child to her unless she made full, immediate payment of his professional fee for delivering the baby. A detective at the trial testified the Pittsburgh couple were not married when they got the baby.

The trial also uncovered evidence of a gang in Cleveland engaged in baby-selling for profit.

Perhaps you'll read the account of Mrs. Mary Ellen Jones of Bald Knob, Arkansas, telling the chancery court that her infant daughter, nine days after birth, was taken from her under a pretext of being removed to a hospital for examination, and never returned to her. Mrs. Jones and her husband have searched for the child for years, they claim.

Now, having located six-year-old Louellen, they are suing to void the adoption completed five years ago by a Mr. and Mrs. Arthur C. Harris of Little Rock. Mrs. Jones told the court that *if she signed any document authorizing* permanent removal of her daughter she did so without realizing the nature of the act because of the critical condition she was in at the time.

Let the Buyer Beware

Or, maybe, you'll notice the case of the Westchester County, New York, couple who took a baby nine days after birth, with the consent of the natural mother. Eight months later they completed legal adoption.

At the age of eighteen months, the child was placed under observation at the Babies' Hospital at the Medical Center in New York City. Physicians there said the baby "is lacking in brain tissue, is a case of hypoplasia of the brain and may never develop normally." These parents have asked the judge to annul the adoption.

Despite the dangers, the traffic flourishes. Few cases are ever recorded in newspapers. Most of them are secrets between the doctor and the mother, between the hospital and the patient.

Last year 17,000 children were adopted in the United States, according to estimates of the Children's Bureau in Washington. Only one third of these went to their foster homes through reliable child-placement bureaus. The other two thirds—more than eleven thousand babies—were cash commodities sold by commercial nurseries and bootlegged by private individuals, mostly doctors.

Large maternity homes exist in thirty states. Not one to a state, but three, and often four. At least one hundred such are operating right now on a quasi-legal basis. Social workers say there are more—small, undercover, hard-to-detect ones.

Thousands of childless couples each year literally buy and pay for the babies they adopt, knowing nothing of their history or their parentage

There is nothing mysterious about the big ones. Their names are as well known as hotels in some cities, and they operate about the same—except they don't have orchestras. The small ones list themselves as "Convalescent Homes for Nervous Patients," and are apt to be the private home of a doctor and his wife.

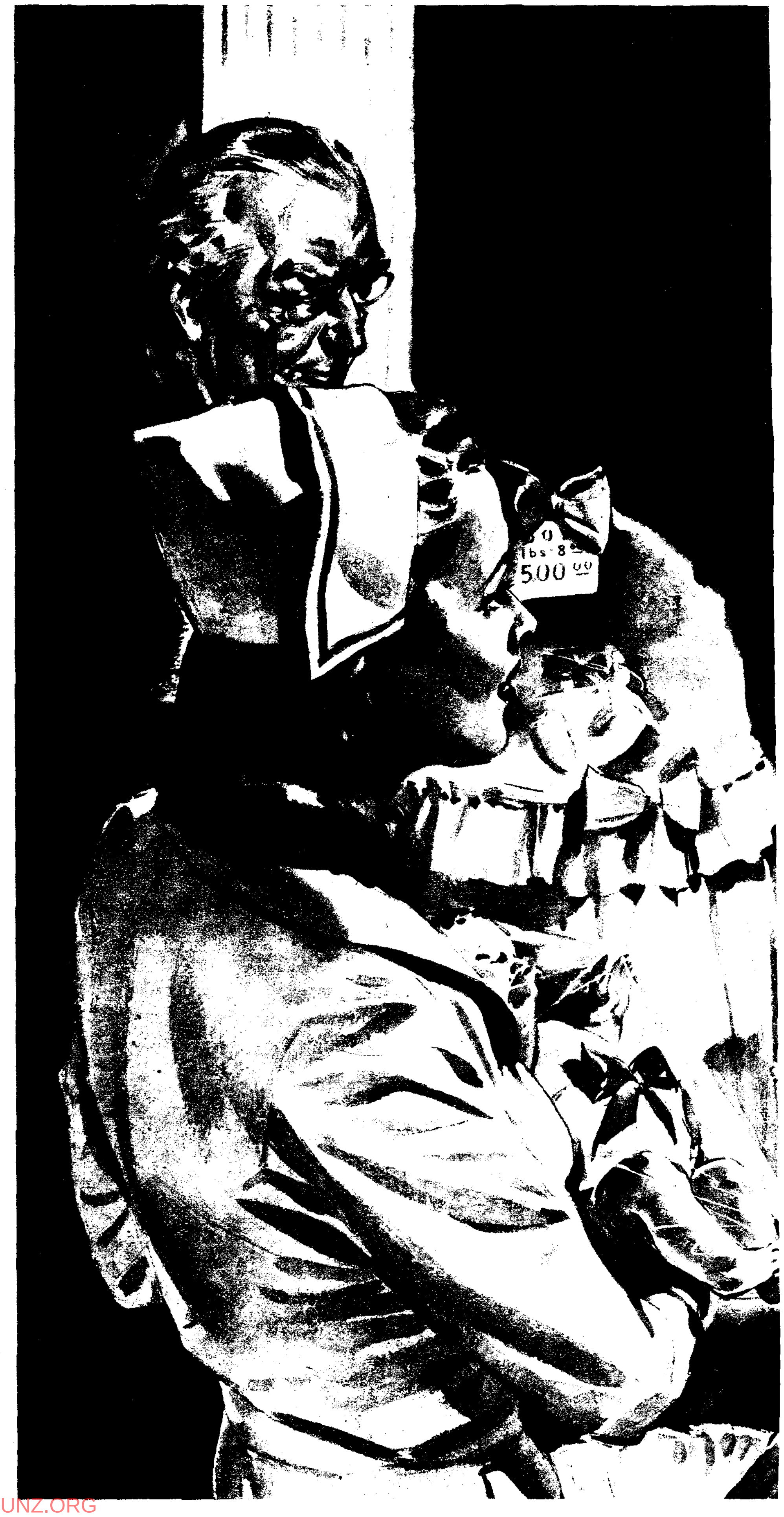
The Willows in Kansas City has been operating on the Kansas side and then on the Missouri side of the city for more than fifteen years. There is no hush-hush about its business. Recently it was found girls from eighteen states were registered there, mostly under fictitious names. They came from Massachusetts, New York, Florida, Washington and California, as well as from bordering states. They had a corner room on the garden, or a brick-wall exposure over the kitchen, according to their pocketbooks.

The Willows, from time to time, employs a publicity staff, advertises in several state medical journals, and circularizes obstetricians from coast to coast.

This home operates apparently within the Missouri state laws. Or, perhaps a more exact way of saying this is: the Missouri laws make it difficult for the public health and welfare officers to limit its practices.

Colorado laws are more stringent. The commissioner of public welfare has enough power to put the screws on commercial maternity homes. So he does. And what happens?

Before the screws get the final twist, the maternity home slips out of existence. A For Rent sign is in the barren



windows. It is finished: it is through.

Forever? Oh, no, just until next week, until a different name and a different house is chosen; and until those busybodies, the health officers, are thrown off the scent. Then business as usual—scared, heavy-bodied girls tilted back on their heels, walking up the driveway, and couples driving off at night with a blanketed something in their arms.

One tough commercial outfit in Denver has a twelve-year record of changing names and addresses. During one reincarnation it scattered handbills to tell the general public how secluded and confidential it was. Its cut-rate prices were $5 a week before confinement, and $65 for the confinement itself.

The Veil is the most notorious of them all. It has operated twenty years; maybe longer. It has a record in Missouri, Kansas, New Jersey, and in two towns in Pennsylvania. During that time it has sold secret maternity to some 5,000 mothers, and has then, in turn, sold almost as many babies into foster homes.

In 1931 the Pennsylvania Commissioner of Public Welfare refused it a hospital license. He did the same in 1932, 1933, 1934, 1935, 1936 and 1937. But that didn't stop The Veil. Girls continued to go in through the front door and babies went out by the back.

What Happens to Sold Babies

It was not until the summer of 1937 that the doors shut firmly—in Pennsylvania. But not in other states.

And what about those thousands of babies sold? What kind of parents did they get this time? What kind of homes did they go to?

We know what happened to some of those Veil babies. Their names have appeared here and there on juvenile court records. Some have had foster parents who got drunk too often, others played the wrong horses, and still others tried to out-do Casanova. When townspeople and neighbors protested long enough, local judges have issued court orders removing children from homes and placing them in orphanages.

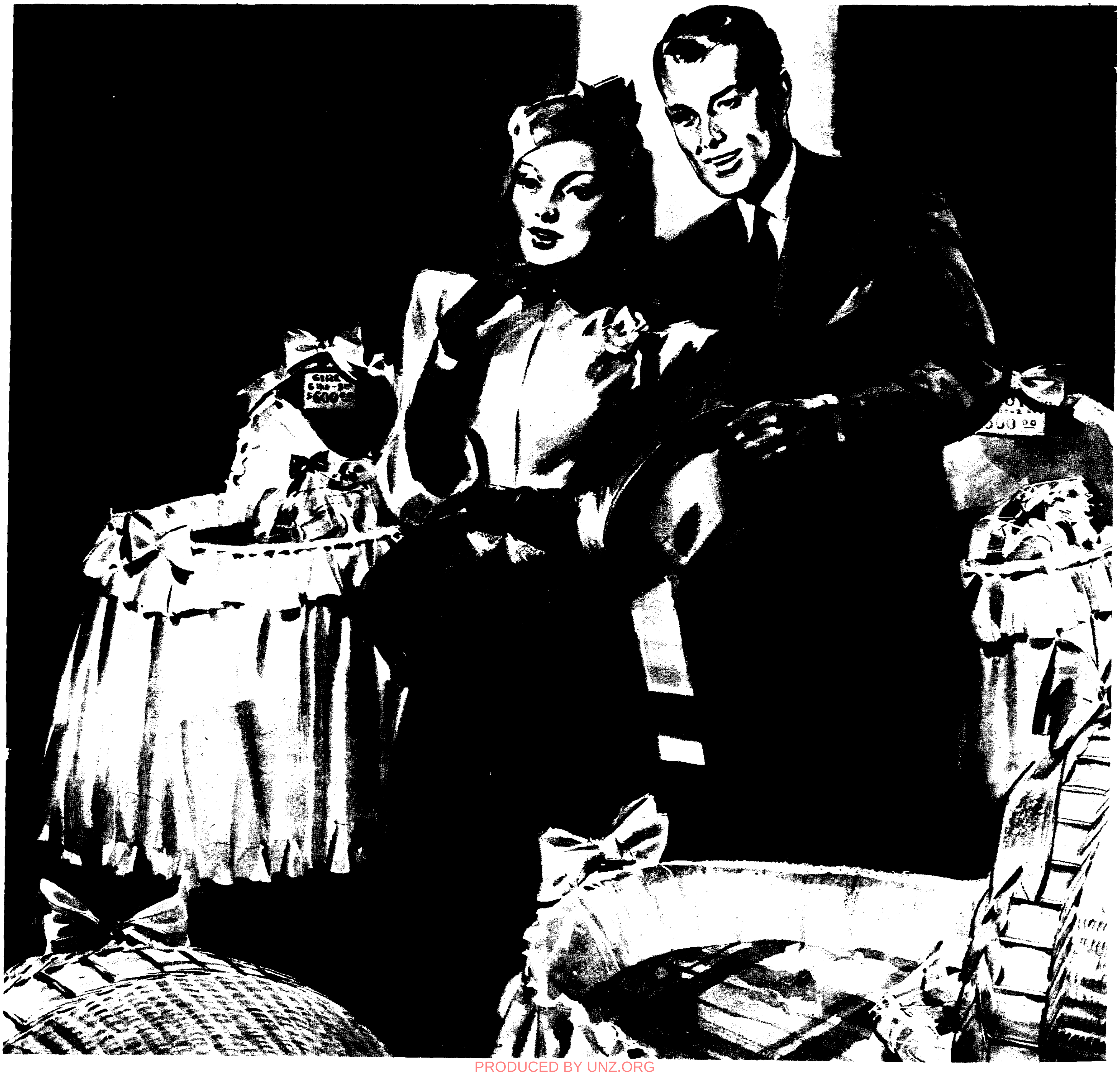
Paul Marks' story is different, although it starts out the same. He was bonny and handsome as a baby, and when he was adopted at eighteen months he had taken the governor's prize at a baby show. His foster mother had been married three times when she took him into her luxurious home.

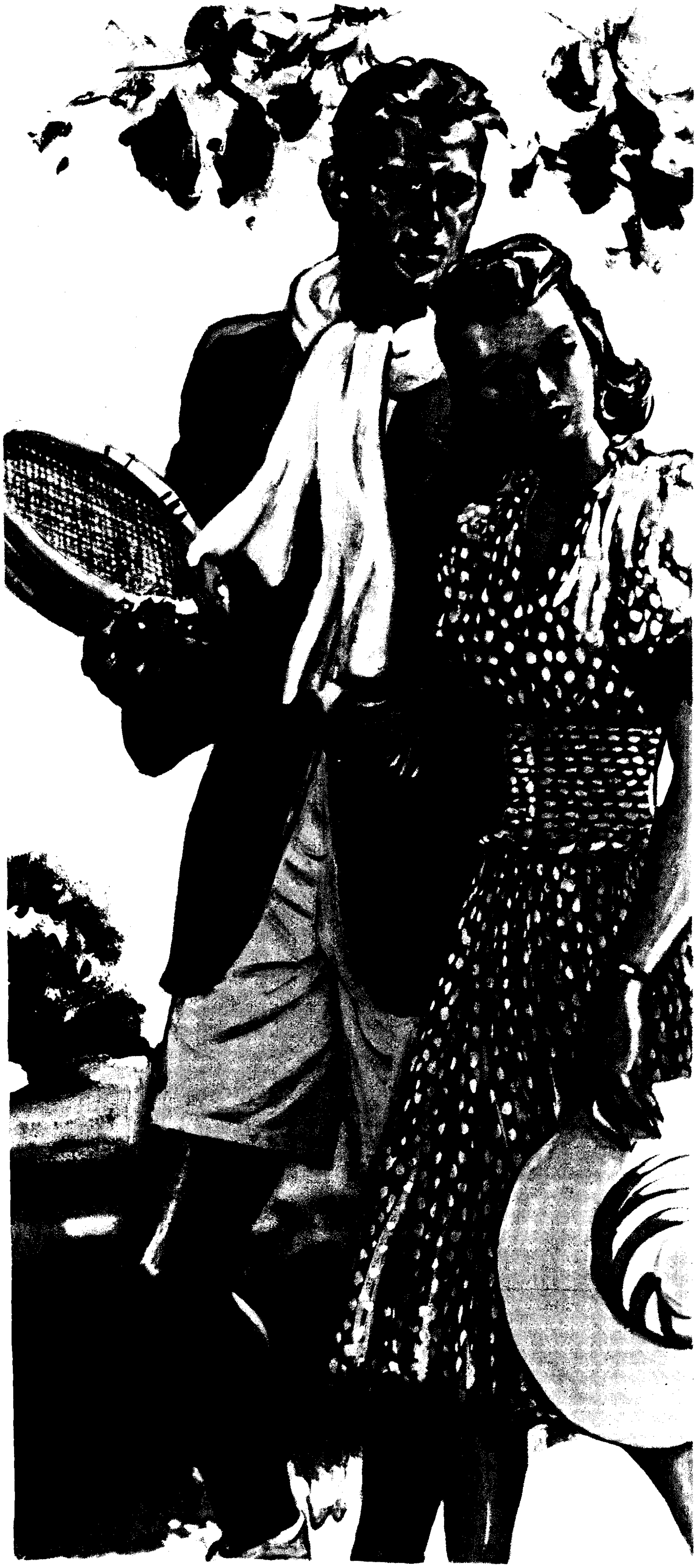
Paul is eight now. He has lived through one divorce with this mother, and another marriage, and in seven states. He even went with her when she went to get a baby from an institution in Kansas City, which she later attempted to pass off as her own in order to obtain money from the man who was her husband at the time of Paul's adoption. When the case went to court, this husband proved the baby was not his, and he also submitted evidence that his wife took dope. Paul and his "brother" are still with this mother.

Some of the young Veil mothers (and this is a ditto in plenty of other maternity homes) wanted their babies desperately. They paid for secrecy, for using a fictitious name, and then crept out to earn a living for a mother-and-baby family. They sent money regularly for baby's board. But when they returned, in a month or in a year, baby was gone, absorbed into some other family, unidentifiable and untraceable.

One mother fought this. We won't name her here, although the case is a matter of public record. She demanded her baby from the maternity home.

(Continued on page 43)





Song of the Rackets

By Harry Sylvester

ILLUSTRATED BY JAY HYDE BARNUM

Joe Wood's choice between the great game of tennis and a rich girl. No spot for an idealistic poor boy

IN THE narrow strip of mirror behind the elegantly paneled bar, Joe Wood saw Morgan Wells and the girl approaching through the wide door that gave on the porch that overlooked one side of the outside courts. Like the others, Joe knew, she wanted to meet him and had cornered Wells and made him promise an introduction. If she were callow enough, or young enough, she would ask him to autograph a slip of paper or a tennis ball. If she were a deb or an imitation of a deb—it was hard to tell the difference—she would burble suitably and let him know she had traveled a bit by saying that she had seen him at Wimbledon or Stade Roland Garros. Joe would then be tolerant and ease away as soon as he could.

If she were a little older, and suitably well-groomed and fairly good-looking and perhaps entertaining, Joe would be definitely interested. But not for long. He was always careful to let them know that it was not for long. It was a pattern, or a series of patterns, that had repeated itself for him on three continents. So when Morgan Wells touched Joe's shoulder, Joe didn't turn but busied himself signing the chit for the drink he had just taken. That was part of the pattern.

Having signed it, Joe turned, looking suitably uninterested. "My cousin, Martha Wells," Morgan was saying. Joe looked at her while she said she was glad to see him. If you looked at her long enough, you saw that she was good-looking. She seemed to have a minimum of make-up on, so that you had to look at her a while to see the long, shapely mouth, the delicate, high bone structure under the face. Nice girl, Joe thought.

"YOU oughtn't to have too much trouble with Stevenson this afternoon," Morgan Wells said to make conversation.

"You know," Joe said, "that guy like to beat me last time. If you can't hit the lines when he comes up to the net, you have trouble with him."

"Now that your backhand is better, you ought to be all right," the girl said.

Joe looked at her. Hardly anyone knew his backhand was better. The change in it had been subtle, a matter of going in on the ball, taking it on the rise. "I hardly know it's better myself he said. "I hope you're right."

"I've been watching it a long time she said. He saw her flush almost imperceptibly and wish she hadn't said i

"Martha's down here visiting m folks," Morgan Wells said. "We'd lik you to run over for dinner tonight. Let see, you're staying with the Bradshaw for this tournament?"

Joe nodded. In the doorway, her ric figure outlined against the light, he sa Sandra Gordon, as he had seen her i twenty country-club doorways, whe ever he might be playing, and in th doorway of the Casino at Newport. Sh was twenty-six, he knew, two yea older than himself. Better than any c the others, she knew that his interes was, had to be, a thing passing. This wa early for her and the tournament small one. She must have wanted to se him badly.

"I'D LIKE to go," Joe heard himsel say, "but I already have a dat Maybe later in the week—if I last tha long in the tournament." He saw Martha Wells' face change so subtly that i might almost have been a change in th light. I didn't have to be quite that coy Joe thought. He went toward the doo a tall figure, spare and wiry, consciou of people watching him.

"How you doing?" he said to th woman in the doorway. Her hand in hi managed to convey her feeling for al its languidness. "Long time no see Joe," she said.

"I guess that's your fault," he said.

Her head shook and her mouth wit its drooping underlip quirked slightly "Not this time. I was at the indoors i New York and down at White Sulphu and you weren't there." The smil stayed at her lips, annoying him. It wa the one thing she had on him and sh made the most of it. He wouldn't sa it himself, though; he let her do it.

"You were trying to make a living— again, honestly," she said.

"Oh, all right," Joe said. "I was trying to sell bonds. Lovely pastime. Yo meet such nice people. And sometime they even buy a bond." He took he arm. "Let's get out of here."

He felt the people watching them an he was annoyed with her because sh deliberately stopped by the draw tacke o a bulletin board and looked at it, with is name seeded No. 1. But the annoynce was a thing passing, as it always as near her.

"I see that they still have great hope n you," she bantered.

"I'll be seeded No. 1 in the small ournaments for some time to come."

The annoyance recurred in him again. he was so sure of herself, of the power f that rich body, that she could afford o banter him. He considered in some emote way that he did not love her but hat she knew more about him than anyne else, even the aunt and uncle in hicago who had brought him up after is parents' early death. She knew as nuch about him as someone dearly oved might know, and he didn't love er.

All the while they were moving, in he oft-repeated pattern, toward where er car, incredibly long for a convertible, tood on the graveled drive near the igh privet hedges of the quiet Jersey ennis club. She sensed that she had nnoyed him and was silent. He meant omething to her, too; something not uite passing. She had been married at wenty and divorced at twenty-three, nd belonged to that curious group of women who find aviators, Army officers, athletes and artists more attractive than ny other men. Like the others of this roup she would marry in time the security of a business or professional man, but for a while she would play with these others. Joe Wood was, most of the year, the most important of those she knew.

She was saying, as they were getting into the car, "Would you care to drive?" and he was shaking his head. He could see the thing, the pattern, repeating itself as in a succession of mirrors, in England, in France, in Florida, in weariness, in exuberance. But he would not drive her car. He had tried it once and the sense, however unreasonable, of being hired, of being even slightly tolerated, was too strong. The car was too big, too rich.

She even remembered the dirt-road short cut to the pike to Remson and the dip where the great trees met overhead and cast, even by spring, a heavy shadow. Then the blood was moving faster in him as she slowed the car in the shadow and turned to him and a lot of things were forgotten with that full mouth against his own.

When she brought him back to the Bradshaws' late, she was cool again and could banter once more. "I'll be the ruination of you, Joe," she said, "even as a tennis player. . . . Here you are with a toughy to play tomorrow, and you've been out with me until four."

HE STOOD looking at her. He felt weary and a little annoyed. "You're too sure of yourself, Sandra," he said indistinctly and turned away. He felt her waiting for him to turn back and kiss her and then, as he kept on into the shadow of the wide porch, he heard the car start. Before he slept, he felt displeased with himself, but even here, on the edge of sleep, he knew that by day, after victory, with the first whisky moving warm in his empty stomach, he would feel good again and she desirable.

He beat Stevenson in straight sets the next day, 6-2, 6-4. The backhand which had come suddenly at Cannes, after much trying, was fluent and sure and he passed the other man regularly with it as Stevenson came charging in to the net. And Joe was standing again at the bar and signing for maybe the thousandth time a chit he would never pay nor be expected to pay.

He turned his back to the bar and stood that way, people watching him, his large hand wrapped around the frosted glass, and the feeling of the moment was good in him. Any minute now, Sandra would appear in the doorway. A little time passed and a steward handed him a note, addressed in her heavy, slanted writing: "You mustn't be that way with me. You have from now until Southampton to think it over. I'll see you there if your disposition has improved."

He felt at once annoyed and relieved. Later there would be only annoyance, he realized obscurely, with both her and himself. Morgan Wells was there again and the pretty girl, his cousin. Patronizingly, Joe tried to compare her in his mind to Sandra Gordon's richness. This girl didn't suffer. Younger, yes, and, he admitted grudgingly, beautiful if you looked at her long enough and saw the unaccentuated details of her face. Something was there that another generation would have called innocence.

"You were really hot today, Joe," Morgan Wells said, shaking his hand.

"Glad it didn't go three sets," Joe said. "I was finished."

"You were grand," Martha Wells said.

"Thanks," Joe said, nodding. He paused, then thought, what the hell, I've bought people these kind of drinks all over the world. "Have a drink?" he said.

"Sure," Morgan said. The girl drank sherry. She looked at Joe as he talked to Morgan about tennis.

"How about dinner with us tonight?" Morgan said. "No date this time with your perennial pal?" He grinned a little.

"My perennial pal has gone home for a while," Joe said. "Good riddance."

Morgan Wells laughed. Joe, with the corner of his eye, could see that the girl didn't know what they were talking about. He envied her something; he didn't know what; his generation had no name for the thing called innocence.

AFTER dinner Wells had a date, and when the older people retired, Joe was alone with Martha Wells on the wide porch. The last lilacs shed a watery fragrance and the thin starlight barely showed their outline. Joe was facing her profile where it looked out across the rolling lawn, and was at a little distance from her. He thought it was curious that he had no wish to make a pass at her. He had an idea he might feel toward his sister as he felt toward her, if he had had a sister.

The thought displeased him. Like all young men he despised girls who wanted to be a "sister" to him. It was not possible between the young, he knew obscurely; either you weren't particularly interested in a girl, or you liked her intensely, perhaps loved her. There were no "sisters." So he could not understand why he liked her and still did not particularly want to kiss her.

"I suppose you want this to be your big year?" she said.

"Every year," Joe said. "Every year I want to be the big year."

"Until when?" she said.

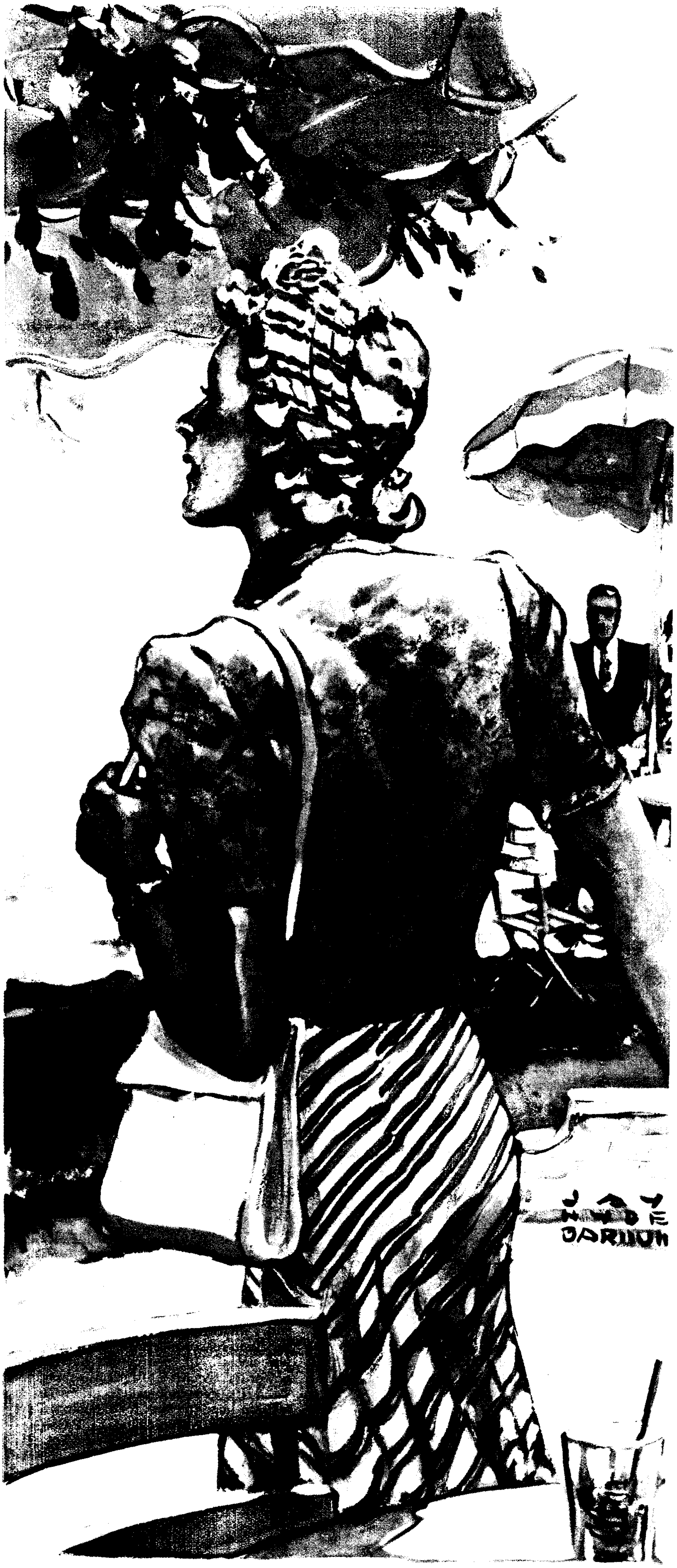
"Until always, I guess." He felt pleasantly tired and did not try to think. He spoke the first words that came to him.

"But one plays top-flight tennis for only so long. Then what?"

"I haven't even bothered to think," Joe said. "My aunt and uncle were religious people. About all I remember from them is something about sufficient unto the day is the evil thereof—and not thinking too much about tomorrow. I'm leading the best life I know of. Whenever I try to change it by working all I can get is selling bonds. That's a laugh."

When Martha Wells made no answer, Joe went on: "In the winter it's Florida and Cuba or the south of France. In the spring you work north through White Sulphur Springs and Asheville; in the summer there's these tournaments and maybe a crack at Wimbledon and the Cup team and then in the fall you're on the west coast and wondering whether you'll go back to France again or try Australia." He sensed that she was disapproving of something and when he went on he was deliberately trying to

(Continued on page 49)



He had the feeling that the older woman was laughing at him. He saw again the difference between them, that Martha was the superior person

Texas Tells 'Em

By Selma Robinson

The Neiman-Marcus mannequin is specially designed to typify the store's customers

Style leadership starts with the staff. Right to left: H. Stanley Marcus, Merchandise Manager; Secretary Edward Marcus; Public Relations Director Elizabeth Kennard, and Buyers Nina Randell and Elizabeth Bohanna

What Dallas, Texas, picks the American woman will wear. For Dallas is a popular testing ground of fashion—thanks to its money, geography and local Marcus family

AT THIS moment, the eyes and ears of the fashion world are focused not on Paris. Not on New York. Not on Hollywood. But on Dallas. Yes, Dallas, Texas. Here, in a city of 300,000, fashion experts will see what the rest of the nation's women will be wearing next month or the month after. The manufacturer will know with comfortable assurance which fashions to promote and which to forget.

Because Dallas is the prognosticator of fashions in America. It shops three to six weeks ahead of the rest of the country. Chic, wealthy and positive, its shopping population comes from all over the Southwest and represents a vast section of America. New York and Paris may create fashions, but Dallas tells them what American women will wear.

What New Haven with its tryouts is to the theater, Dallas is to the fashion world. It is the proving ground, the court where fashions are tried. And for excellent reasons—economic, geographic and social. Its per capita purchasing power is second only to Washington. Take its geographical location: It is fashion headquarters for Houston, Fort Worth, San Antonio and El Paso—indeed, for the whole Southwest. Take its climate, varying from freezing to steaming. In January, spring arrives in pastels and prints. In mid-July and August, while the rest of the country is buying its second bathing suits, the women of Dallas buy fur coats and fall dresses (with the thermometer at 100 degrees in the shade) to take out of town with them.

Take one more fashion factor for a complete picture—the Marcus family of Texas: Herbert Marcus, three of his four sons, Stanley, Edward and Herbert, Jr., and his sister, Carrie Marcus Neiman. Together they make up Neiman-Marcus, most important specialty shop in the American Southwest and one of the five largest distributors of high style in the United States.

In manufacturers' showrooms in New York, to say "Neiman-Marcus ordered this" is almost enough to clinch a sale. A whisper travels along the grapevine: "Marcus is buying bright brown for fall." And from fabric maker to coat maker the word goes that "bright brown will be good." The salesman, pencil poised, advises confidentially, "Stanley Marcus just reordered on this one." It gets so irritating to other merchants that one of them in self-defense nailed an irate sign on his wall for all salesmen to see. "I don't care how many Neiman-Marcus ordered," it reads belligerently.

The visitor who expects to see oil wells and ten-gallon hats on the streets of Dallas is awed into silence by the classic austerity of the white terra-cotta

(Continued on page 76)

Dallas working girls as a class are probably better dressed than those of any other city. This is a group of employees of a bank

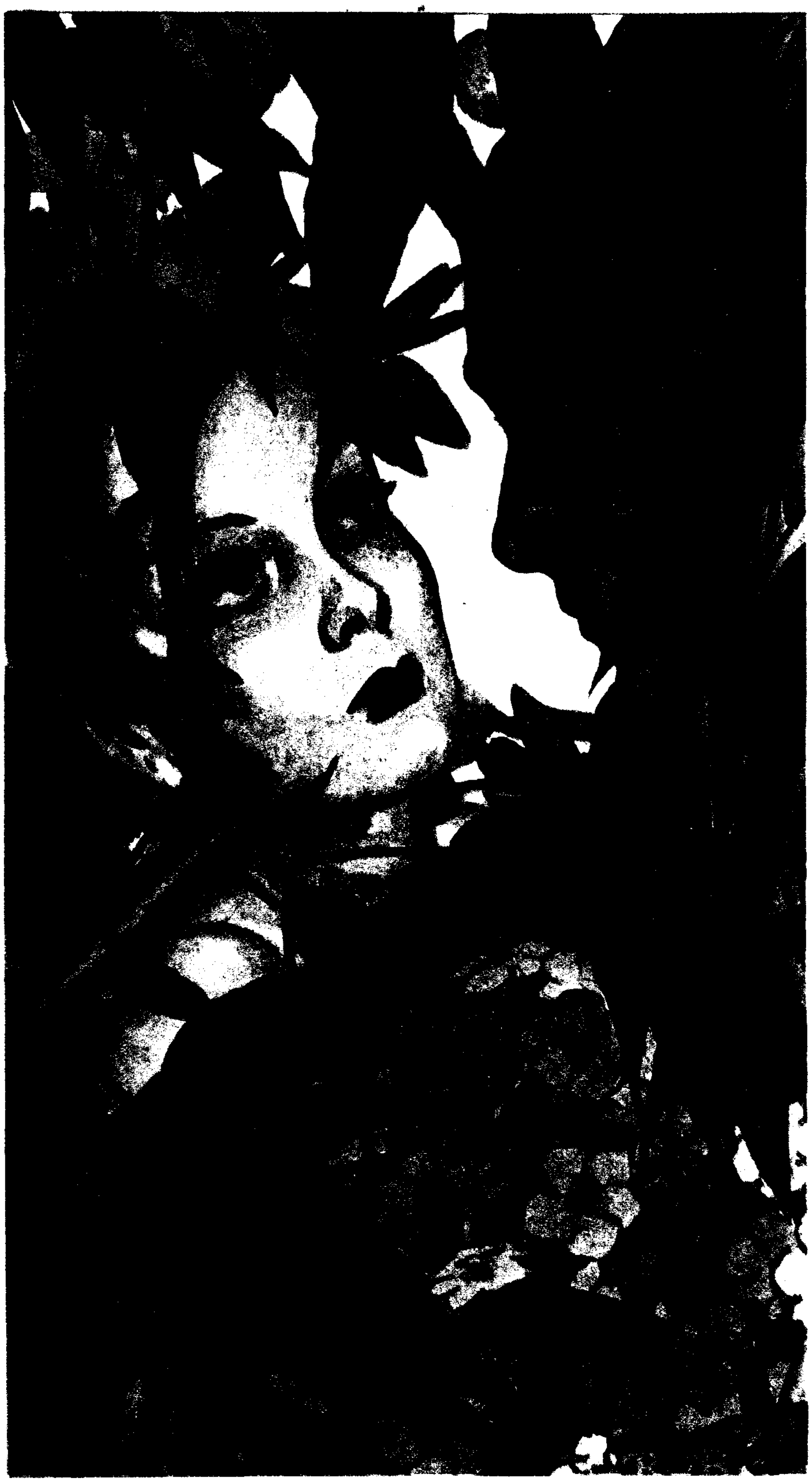
From nearly every state fashion-conscious women come to Dallas to shop. Here Mrs. William Green of Colorado Springs, Colorado, considers a fine silver-fox stole

Colorful displays of luxurious merchandise mark Neiman-Marcus. The Boudoir Shop sells bedroom accessories. Bedspreads here may cost $500

Some Like It Here

By Frederick Hazlitt Brennan

ILLUSTRATED BY ROBERT O. REID



"I'm going to have Daddy give you a million dollars," she said, "just to see if it doesn't change your ideas"

The Story Thus Far:

FROM Los Corrigana, her Texas estate, Daniel J. (D. J.) Corrigan's determined wife, Diana, wires D. J. (in New York), her daughter Peggy (in Washington), and her son Shane (in Chicago), that she is leaving America forever (with the family, she hopes). It appears that Diana is peeved because she must pay quite a sum for having attempted, unsuccessfully, to smuggle certain items of value into this country.

Shane welcomes the telegram. The Washington officials have rejected his great invention (a device which *may*—if it works—protect the nation against air raids). He, too, is ready to depart from the U.S.A. . . . Peggy is pleased by her mother's wire; she has just broken her engagement to Mr. Robert Derrill, Assistant U. S. Attorney General, because Mr. Derrill (an ardent New Dealer) has said some dreadful things about that rabid anti-New Dealer, D. J. Corrigan. Peggy wires her mother that she will be glad to accompany her.

Unfortunately, due to a concatenation of circumstances, it so happens that not a single member of the Corrigan family is entitled to the rights of American citizenship! After making this painful discovery, D. J.—suspecting that the people in Washington are plotting to oust him from the country—makes an important decision: He will *not* leave America, he will stay, apply for citizenship for every member of his family, and (if the applications are favorably acted on) circumvent his enemies.

The applications are prepared and presented. In the town of Constitution, Texas, the Corrigans are examined by Old Cactus Brumby, a federal judge who is noted for his severity. And in the town of Constitution, Texas, Mrs. Corrigan makes a fatal blunder—she actually attempts to bribe honest Old Cactus! Then, in the course of the hearing, D. J. loses his temper and insults the government of the United States before witnesses!

When the case is adjourned, no one (except Cactus) knows what the verdict will be. But D. J. suspects that it will be adverse, and that his enemies will then take pleasure in deporting him. Not caring to be kicked out, he decides to leave at once for Bermuda. . . . Meanwhile, Shiner Rowan, leader of a gang of foreign spies, has been making his plans for stealing Shane's great invention; and Mr. Derrill has come to Texas, by plane. . . . The moment arrives for Judge Brumby to bring in his verdict. He does so. All the applications are granted—except D. J.'s; Mr. Corrigan must prepare another application.

But the Corrigans do not hear the decision. They have departed for Bermuda!

Conclusion

THE Diesel-motor freighter Continental Prince chugged sedately through the placid blue-green waters of the Gulf, three hours out from Galveston and bound for Bermuda and New York. A squat, ungainly ship, the Continental Prince was characterized by a festoon of derrick booms above fo'c'sle and well deck and an oversize superstructure aft, which provided unusually commodious passenger quarters. Continental Oil Corporation officials and engineers had made frequent use of the ship for business trips and pleasure junkets. But the Continental Prince was no bark for high adventure; her lines were bad, her color was an ugly blue and she stank of engine fumes.

Mrs. Daniel J. Corrigan and Miss Edith Chivers, her secretary, sat in rickety deck chairs on the port side of the ship. They were very unhappy. Miss Chivers suffered from a touch of seasickness and a strong sense of anticlimax. Miss Chivers felt that a family without a country leaving the United States forever should have dashed away in a Navy destroyer or, at worst, a swift private yacht. There had been utterly no élan, none of the beau geste about sneaking aboard an old oil-company freighter. Even the excitement of a touch-and-go race with newspaper reporters had failed to satisfy Miss Chivers.

"I'm sure you aren't going to like Bermuda, darling," Miss Chivers said plaintively. "Relly."

"I *shall* like Bermuda," said Mrs. Corrigan with grim firmness, "or know the reason whyever not!"

"They don't allow motah cahs theah."

"Indeed?"

Miss Chivers perked up.

"Darling! You didn't manage to get the two cars aboard this ship?"

"No. D. J. wouldn't wait. But we shall see!"

Shivering, Miss Chivers felt better.

"Are they coming on anothah boat?"

"Never mind."

"Oh, darling, you mus'n't try it! Relly, you mus'n't—"

"Shut up!"

While neither wild horses nor the rack could have drawn the admission from her, Mrs. Corrigan was definitely becoming provoked at the British Empire. She had cabled her sentiments to the secretary for the colonies in London, pointing out that the no-automobile rule in Bermuda was a stuffy, provincial prejudice; that it would cause Mrs. Corrigan no end of inconvenience; that steps must be taken immediately.

THERE had been no response from the secretary of the colonies, as yet, and Mrs. Corrigan was in a testy mood. Smuggling an automobile and a colored chauffeur into Bermuda would require some *thought* but Mrs. Corrigan assured herself, "I dare say it could be managed." In the meantime, Mrs. Corrigan's lifelong loyalty to the crown hung in the balance—and the suspense gave Mrs. Corrigan a nasty, irritable feeling.

"Bring me a straight whisky, Edith," she directed; "my stomach wants settling!"

"Right-ho, darling."

Miss Chivers left on her errand with alacrity. The ship's small bar was situated right outside the men's smoking room. And in the men's smoking room, Miss Chivers knew, there were six extremely interesting characters. They had come aboard as passengers at Galveston, despite Mrs. Corrigan's protest that the entire accommodations of the Continental Prince should be reserved for the Corrigan family.

"These are company men going to Tampa," Miss Chivers had overheard Mr. Corrigan explaining. "I can't very well ask them to wait for the next boat." The six young fellows had intrigued Miss Chivers mightily. They were a new type to her—strong, silent he-men all; men who worked in oil fields and built derricks and dynamited wells. They looked quite hard, perhaps *ruthless*. Perhaps one of them might . . .

Alas, when Miss Chivers reached the bar the smoking room was empty.

On the starboard side of the Continental Prince, Miss Peggy and Mr. Shane Corrigan were engaged in a bitter argument. They had spread blankets on the deck and lay sprawled at right angles and at cross purposes:

"Well, it'll be on your head, then!"

"What'll be on my head?"

"The blood of innocent women and children. Let me show you these air-raid pictures again—"

"I won't look at them!"

"Look . . . little Spanish kids . . . and Chinese—"

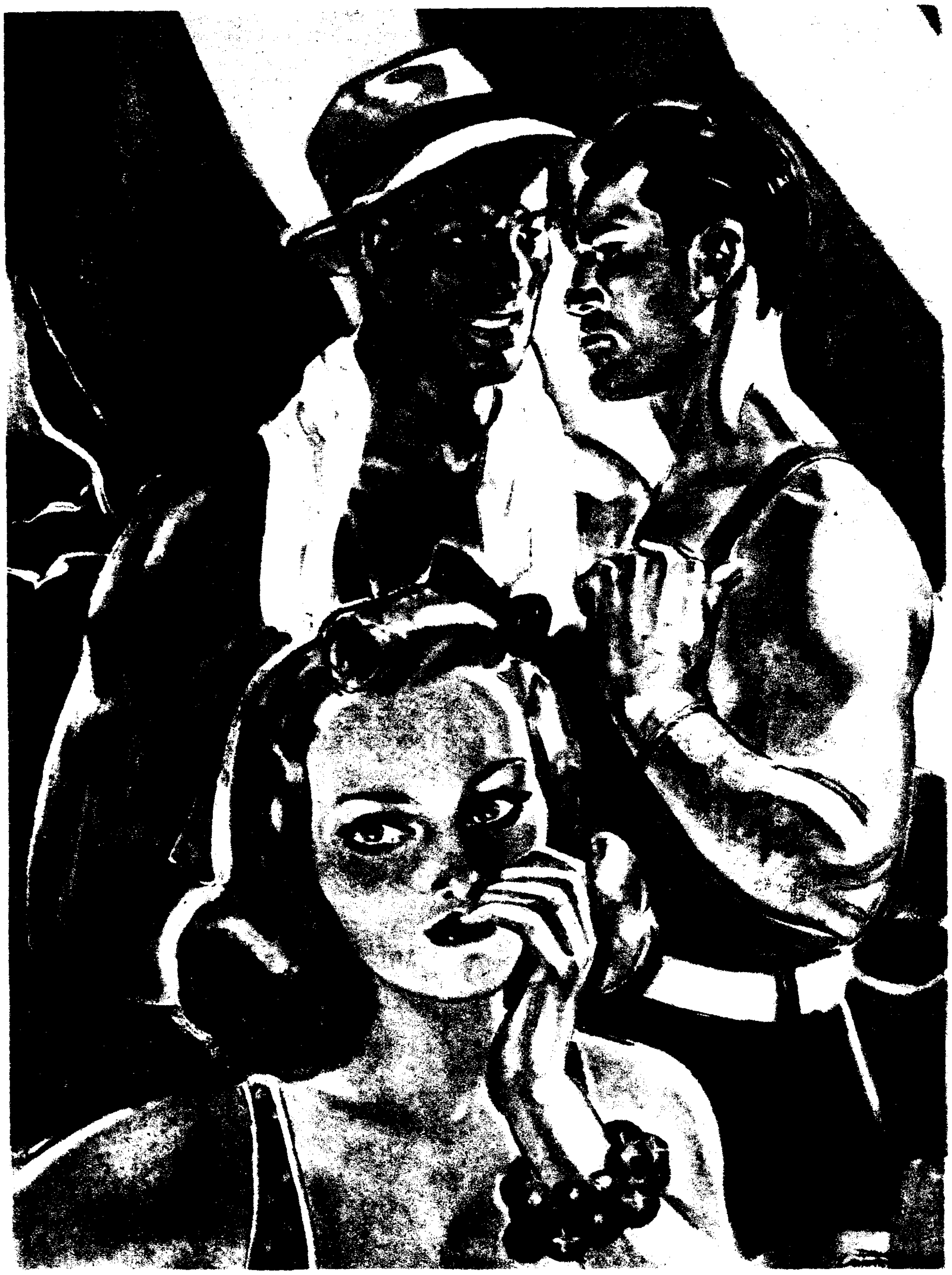
"No!"

Peggy hid her head in her arms. Shane

(Continued on page 29)

Grudge Fight

By Eddy Orcutt



It was disgraceful, Johnny said; if it had not been for business reasons they would have started slugging

"OH, THAT one," Johnny Marin said. He was loafing back of his bar, just thinking, and I wanted to settle this argument about him and Joe Brannan. Johnny examined the ceiling for a while with his good eye. "That fight," he said finally, "Joe and me broke even."

"Well," I told him, "the book says Joe won it."

Johnny salted my quarter into his cash register and started fixing me a bourbon and soda. "Did you ast me what the book says, or did you ast me what happened?" he wanted to know.

"We broke even," he added.

Well, have it your own way, I thought. The record book may be wrong, and that grudge fight was a great battle anyway, and who am I to argue with two hundred and twenty-five pounds? Joe Brannan still is tanking around, but Johnny got his bum eye out of it and had to quit. They half killed each other. If Johnny thinks it was a stand-off, okay, I thought.

"What started the grudge?" I asked.

"A blonde started it—ain't that funny?" he said.

But finally Johnny got to talking, and this grudge fight was an actual case where two fighters fought for a blonde, her to marry the winner, like you read about.

"Joe and me both," Johnny said, "was an unusual type."

He first boxed Joe in '35, a couple-three times around El Paso, not thinking much about him. But then he started west, hitching, and he met Joe in Prescott, Arizona, doing the same, so they boxed again at Whipple Barracks for seventy-five bucks apiece. Next evening they thumbed the same Army truck. But when they got to Needles it was full of California cops, bulldozing bums at the state line, so finally the only way Johnny could get through was flashing his postal savings pass book, with eight hundred and twenty-seven bucks in it. Imagine a hitch-hiking pug with a postal savings book on him.

"An' when Joe pulled a postal savings, too," Johnny said, "you could of knocked my eyes off with a ball bat!"

IT WAS dramatic, see, meeting another savings-account fan like that, out in the middle of the Mojave, and from then on they become friends. Close friends, I said, ha-ha. They went on into L. A. together. First they slept in flops and ate light, and their roadwork was pounding pavement to the fight clubs, asking for a start. Even then, though, they socked away a little, sparring local boys for a dollar a round. And finally they got on together at the Olympic—four rounds for thirty-five bucks. It was a start.

"We showed 'em a hell of a fight," Johnny said. "A rodeo, see? So next week they brought us back for fifty buckos."

He talked a lot about how good they went, once they got started—they did beat some good fighters, for a fact. They had main events all up and down the Coast. And when they got matched against each other, Johnny said, they always put up a nice, honest fight. Not too tough, but they gunned each other plenty.

But mostly he talked about the dough they took down, and how much they salted—that was what they both enjoyed most. And they kept on being chums. I was nursing my second highball before Johnny got around to the blonde.

At first it was just fine, he said. Bessie was Joe's pickup, but she liked them both, and they both fell hard, also—she was nifty enough to be an usherette, but bigger, so she was a cashier. Every Sunday they were in town, and not training too close, they would go out to some beach in a threesome, having fun. And before they knew it, Johnny said, they all fell in love.

"All three of us," he said. "It was the nuts."

They had begun by the boys taking along only one buck apiece, plus carfare, and that was okay. But pretty soon Joe broke out an extra four-bits, and the next Sunday Johnny had to, and so on.

"You know how blondes are," Johnny said.

It went on like that—him and Joe getting nutsier, and her loving them both—until finally Joe got a good fight in Seattle and Johnny had the blonde to himself for three Sundays. It increased the expense, he said, but with Joe making a good score in Seattle and him running behind nearly five bucks per Sunday, Johnny did not dare grab the blonde and marry her. But at the same time, he said, he began not wanting Joe to come back and make it three again. And then Joe did come back—and the next Sunday, right in front of Johnny, he asked Bessie to marry him. At that, Johnny went straight up.

So Bessie began crying, and him and Joe called each other everything in the library. It was disgraceful, Johnny said; if it had not been for business reasons, they would have started slugging each other.

WELL, skip the details, he said, but there was their grudge, only at first no promoter would believe it was on the level. It was November, Johnny said, before the stadium signed them—twenty-five hundred for the fight, he claimed, with a 60-40 split, and Bessie agreed to marry the winner. It was a sellout.

"Then what?" I asked finally.

Johnny dished up my third highball. "There is a state law against it," he said, "or this would be on the house." He rung up my quarter. "Boy, what a fight!" Johnny said. "Elbows, backhands, glove laces—even the knee sometimes. An' every time Joe got in close, he would come up with the top of his head an' give me the Brooklyn kiss. This eye," Johnny said, as if I never noticed it before, "is no good now." He kind of sighed. "Bessie yelled for me to kill Joe."

"Romantic," I said, and Johnny nodded.

"Both of us was dead when the bell rung and all bloodied to hell, an' I could hardly see. The ref looked at Joe, and he was leanin' on the ropes. Then he looked at me, and I was standin' on my feet. But just as he grabbed for my mitt, see, I hauled off an' busted old Joe on the lug with everything I had left!"

"After the bell, hey?" I said. Johnny come near grinning.

"So the ref hadda give Joe the fight. But, boy," Johnny said, "I knocked him bowlegged!"

"But still and all," I said, "Joe won the marbles. How do you figure you broke even?"

Then I got the look in Johnny's good eye.

"O-ho," I said, "so you copped the blonde, after all!"

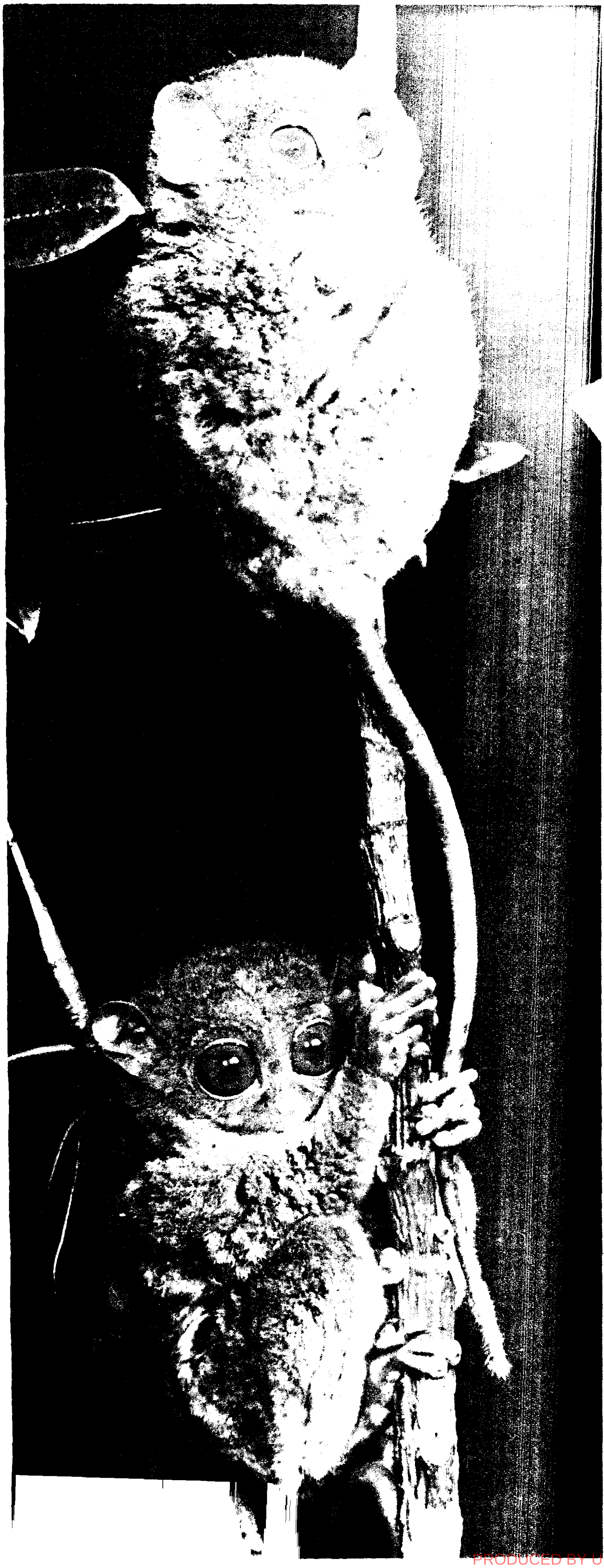
"Hell, no," Johnny said, "he won her." This look in his eye got very bright. "I blew the duke, but Joe won Bessie. And y'know," Johnny Marin said, "from the day he married her, he ain't been able to lay up a cent!"

A SHORT SHORT STORY COMPLETE ON THIS PAGE • ILLUSTRATED BY DAN CONTENT

Root of Our Family Tree

By Dr. Leona Baumgartner

Meet Yale's two distinguished foreign visitors—Mr. and Mrs. Tarsius, who are duplicates of a remote ancestor of ours



THOMAS

When Tarsius wants to see what's going on back of him, he turns his head halfway round. Those goggle eyes are immovable. These monkeys, first of their kind to leave Malaya, are here life-size

THE story begins roughly 50,000,000 years ago with a strange little goggle-eyed animal making its way through the tropical jungles in incredibly long jumps.

The story then moves abruptly up to the present and into Yale University, where this same strange little animal, or rather a pair of his descendants as like him as two pins, entertains distinguished scientists by darting with incredibly long jumps around a specially heated and humidified apartment.

The point of the story is that, if evolutionists are right, not only the two tiny monkeys but the distinguished scientists as well are descendants of the furry little animal of fifty million years ago. Tarsius, the monkey, has not changed. Man has.

And so, in effect, the scientists who come to look at Tarsius are seeing man's oldest surviving ancestor, a living fossil. The phrase "living fossil" was applied to Tarsius by Chester Stock, the paleontologist from California, when he first saw the two Tarsiers in the torrid room at New Haven.

The explanation is this: in the Eocene period—that's the time 50,000,000 years ago we've been talking about—Tarsius monkeys in great numbers were bounding about in many parts of the earth. Fossil hunters in North America and Europe have found twenty-one different kinds.

Then, to all appearances, they died out. No fossil remains were found in the rock deposits of later geological periods. They were put down as an extinct species—until modern zoologists found living specimens in the Malay states.

Then came the big surprise. Experts who compared modern Tarsius with those fifty-million-year-old remains found only trivial differences. To understand how startling that was, consider what has happened to the horse. In the Eocene period it was an animal about the size of a fox with four complete toes on each forefoot and three on each hind foot. The descendants of the mammals of that period have all changed almost beyond recognition. All except Tarsius.

Tarsius alone of the higher animals has lived in our changing world without changing too. Some scientists refused to believe it possible. But the proof is now sitting at New Haven or can be found, for that matter, in the accompanying photographs, the first to be published of a captive Tarsius in this country.

About the size of a two-weeks-old kitten and weighing less than half a pound at maturity, Tarsius is a fantastic-looking creature. His huge eyes, covering nearly two thirds of the face, are his most remarkable features.

They are immovable, for they have no muscles to direct them up or down or left or right. They stare constantly straight ahead. The only way Tarsius can see what's going on to one side is to turn his head. But this he does very handily; it's no trick at all for him to swing it through a full half circle and rest his chin on his backbone.

He has prominent, almost transparent ears, delicate, long wrists, ankles and fingers; his body is a compact little gray-brown ball of fur and his long tail is tipped with a tuft of fine hair.

Jungle Jumping Jacks

In the bamboo trees of their native haunts, these monkeys live discreet and retiring lives. Seldom venturing about by day, they are practically invisible except when they launch themselves on one of their long, high, grasshopperlike leaps. The feet and hands, which resemble a man's in structure, are equipped with large pads, making landing more certain and helping the animals to cling to the smooth surface of the bamboo.

Tarsius gets his name from the very long, delicate ankle bones, called "tarsals," that enable him to jump a distance equal to more than twenty times his own length. In some areas the natives worship and protect these queer, small animals in the belief that they are reincarnations of their own grandmothers.

Many Malays also entertain the belief that Tarsius exists on a diet of charcoal (the monkeys have been seen carrying away coals from abandoned campfires) and this accounts naturally enough for the fact that they have never been able to keep him alive in captivity.

This matter of diet was one of the principal problems that faced Dr. John D. Fulton, professor of physiology at Yale, when he decided last year to capture a pair of the monkeys in the southern Philippine Islands and bring them back alive. Tarsius eats only live food, the livelier the better. And he eats a lot of it—about one tenth of his own weight each day. Could the Pacific islands where the Pan American Clippers land supply lizards, moths and grasshoppers in sufficient numbers? The professor set out by plane, stopping en route to take an insect census of Midway, Wake and Guam.

From Manila he flew 450 miles south to the island of Bohol in the Sulu Sea. But Tarsius proved even more elusive than had been reported. Six months before, word had been sent out that the professor wanted specimens, but no specimens were to be found.

(Continued on page 28)

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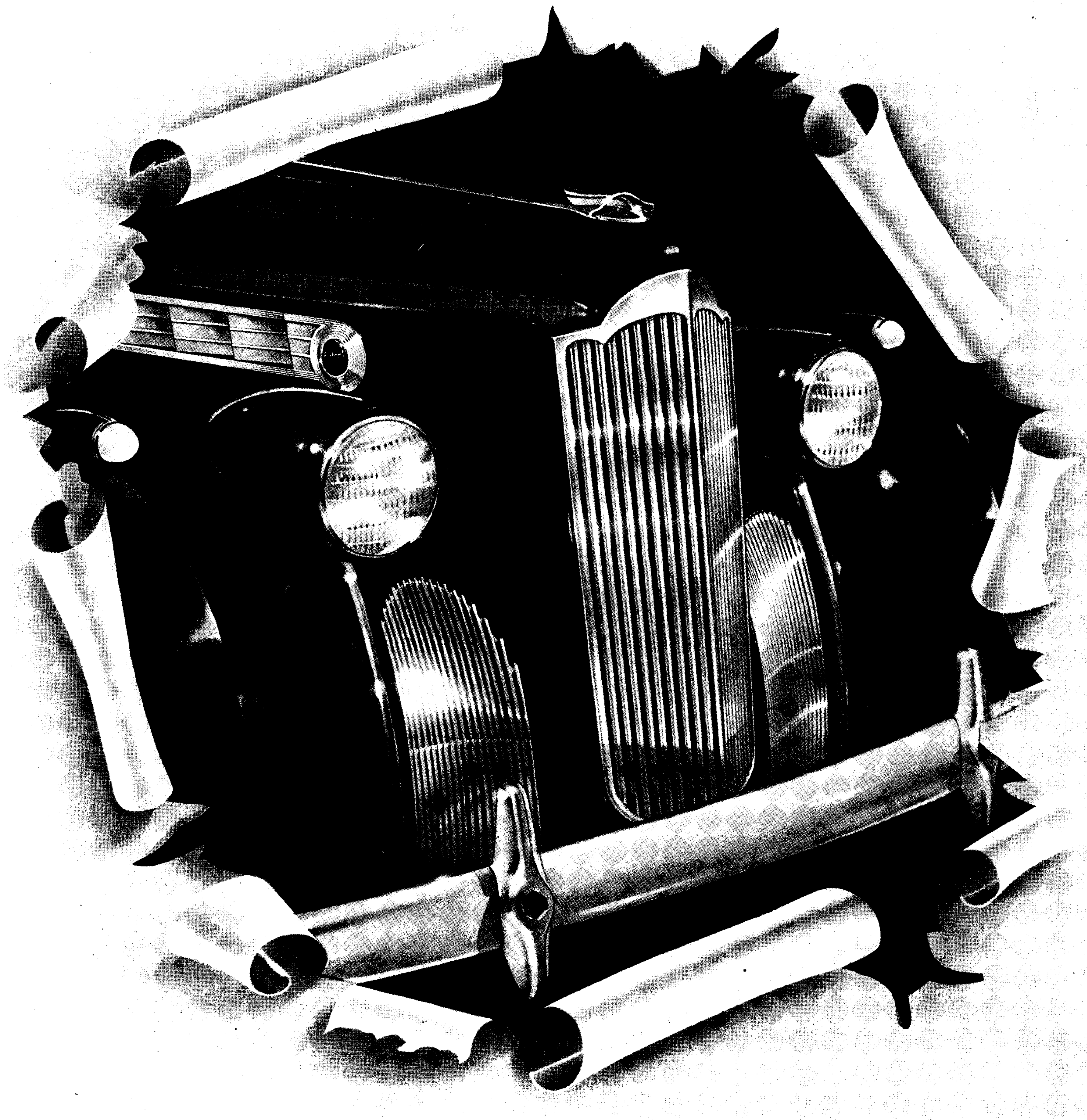

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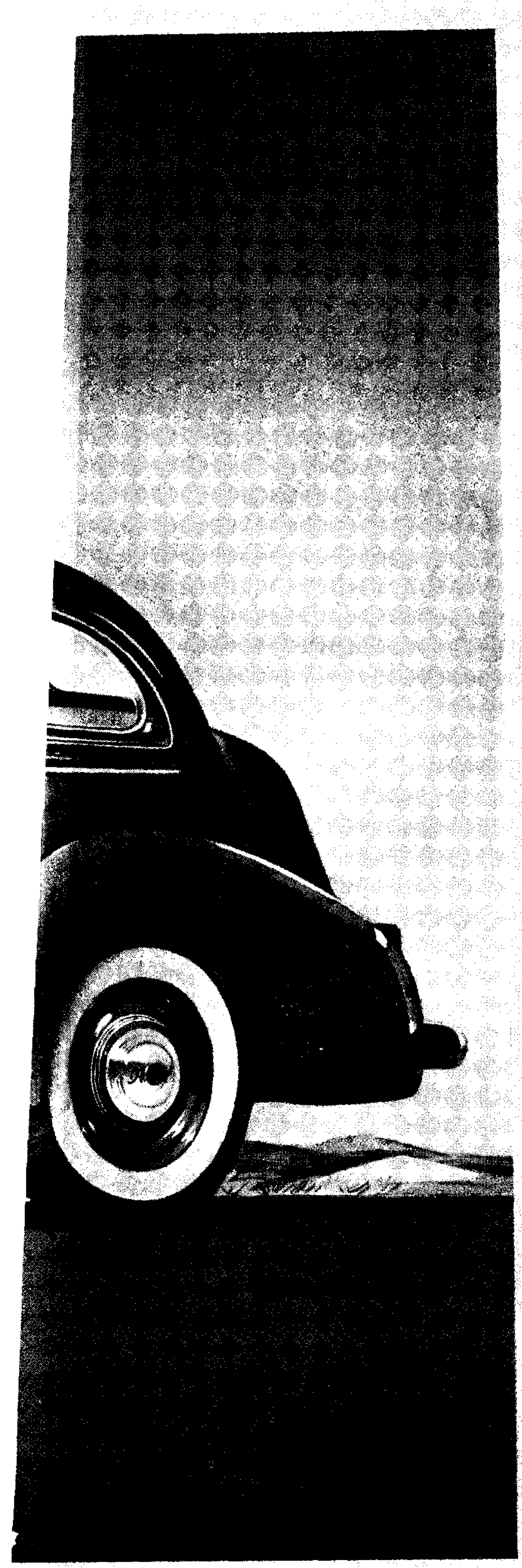

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The glamorous, new beauty of this 1940 Packard will bring you more admiring glances than you've ever had in a car before. For Packard has made the world's most beautiful car more stunning than ever.

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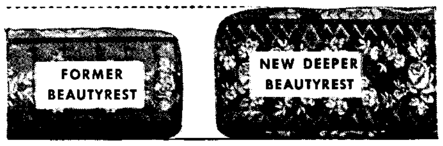
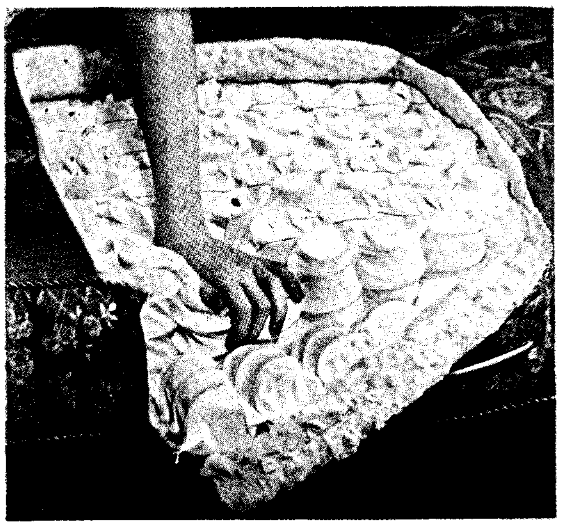
What a thrill to relax on this deep, luscious mattress. How wonderful it feels just to lie there . . . drifting peacefully off to sleep in the embrace of this new kind of comfort.

SEE THE NEW BEAUTYREST!

Deeper...more comfortable...guaranteed for twice as long!





Secret of New Beautyrest's "luxury comfort." Beautyrest has *independent* spring action. Each of the 837 springs in Beautyrest is enclosed in its own cloth pocket . . . *separate* from the others. Each yields *independently* to the slightest pressure. Thus, each part of your body receives exactly the right "give." How different from springs *tied together by wire* . . . that can't yield freely to your body!

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The Beautyrest Box Spring, for use with the New Beautyrest Mattress, is $39.50. Or get the Ace Coil Spring at $19.75.

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Why Beautyrest's "luxury comfort" costs LESS! Your New Beautyrest costs $39.50 (easy time-payments, of course). This price figures down to about a penny a night, based on our 10-year guarantee.

Since Beautyrest lasts 3 times longer than other mattresses *in tests,* Beautyrest should outlast other types of mattresses *in your home* . . . particularly "cheaper" mattresses.

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IMPORTANT: If you are shown other mattresses supposed to be "just as good" as Beautyrest, remember that no other mattress in the world has ALL of Beautyrest's advantages.

Beautyrest is made only by the Simmons Co. So insist upon seeing this label on the next mattress you buy.

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REG. U.S. PAT. OFF.
BUILT FOR SLEEP
PRICE $39.50
GUARANTEED AGAINST STRUCTURAL DEFECTS FOR 10 YEARS
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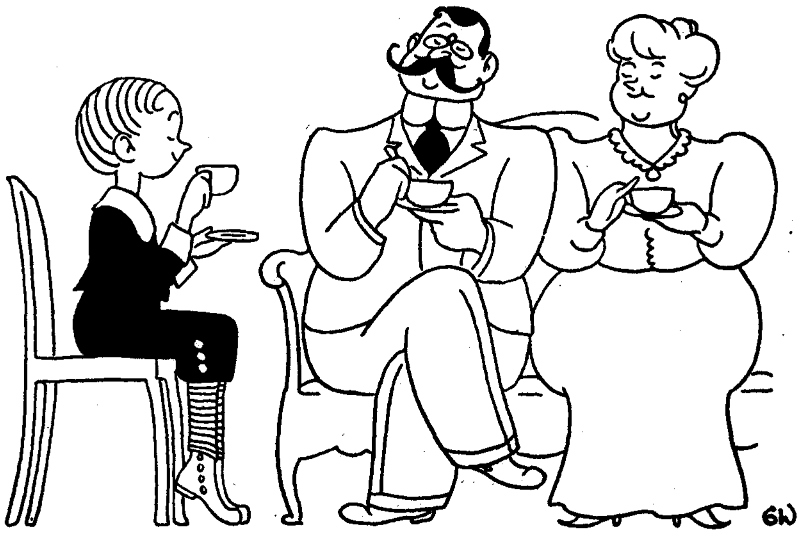
Oh, How They Ran!

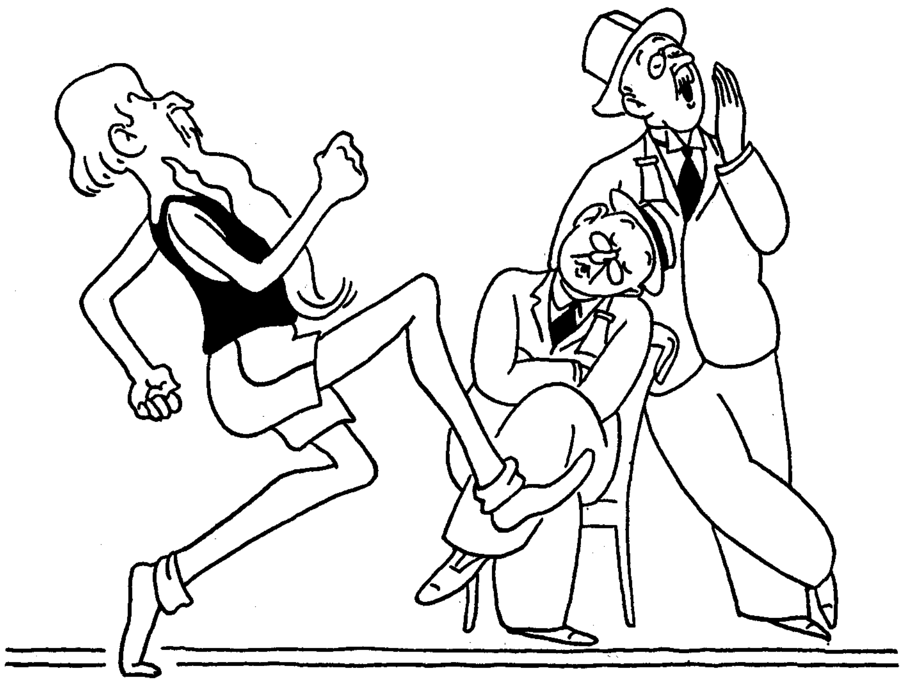
By James B. Connolly

ILLUSTRATED BY GLUYAS WILLIAMS

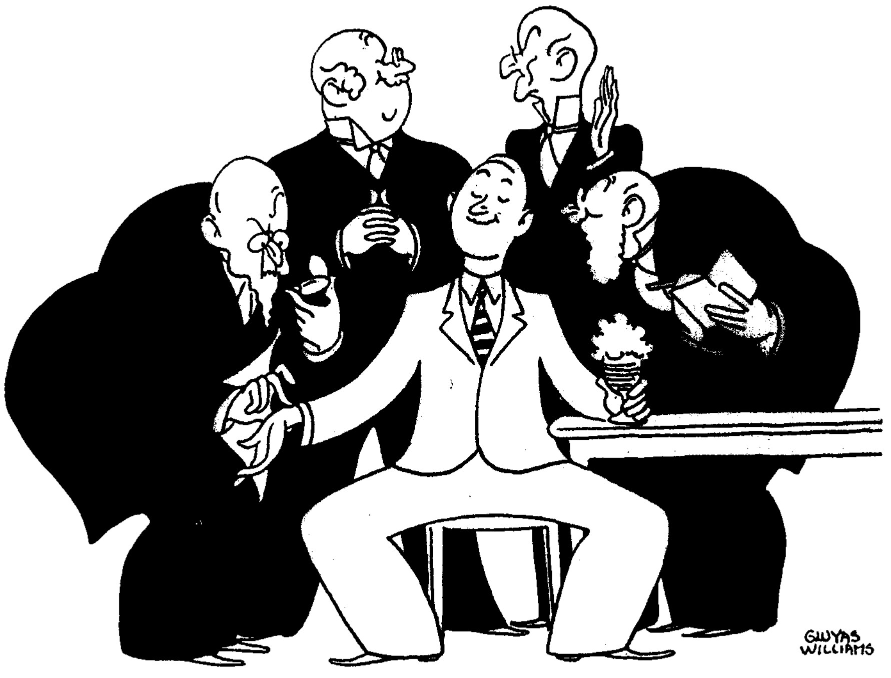
What's alcohol's place in conditioning athletes? Out the window, say most trainers, but here's our very first Olympic winner insisting they're wrong



The author is no rum hound—he says he was brought up on tea



You might live to be 150 on milk, but you won't win races



Even the medicos cannot agree on the effect of alcohol on stamina

WHEN, if ever, is an alcoholic drink good for a man?

Offhand, a ringside observer would say that here is where the medicos should be the judges and referee. But the medicos don't agree as yet and while we're waiting for their final decision it might not be amiss to look at some competent lay evidence. Couldn't the physical accomplishments of the drinkers and nondrinkers be measured up and submitted as evidence? Thus:

If one man runs faster or leaps higher or throws a hammer farther or outlasts another man in an endurance contest, shouldn't we consider the winner a better man physically? Or at least a better-conditioned man? And if one group of men wears down another body of men, should or shouldn't we accept the victors as physically superior men?

High physical condition was a thing that interested me from boyhood. I was born and brought up in South Boston, a great place for athletes. Oarsmen, boxers, runners, jumpers, weight throwers—all kinds of champions were living there in my time.

There was Hugh Duffy, who made and still holds that big-league batting record of .438, and there was Arthur Duffey, the first 9⅗ amateur sprinter. There was Charlie Brickley, the Harvard halfback who made that record of drop-kicking five successive goals in one game against Yale, and there was Johnnie Daley, who died so young but was rated by many judges as the best ring man of his weight in the country.

There was Billie Conley, the perfect oarsman, the picture boy in a boat, who outrowed the amateur world at eighteen years of age; and there was Tom Keane, professional sprint champion of the world. The first man to win a modern Olympic championship was a South Boston boy.

Though it may read like a lot of publicity for my old home town, I offer them as evidence that a fairly healthy and vigorous lot of people were living in South Boston and that boys there must have interested themselves in the matter of keeping in good condition.

Safeguarding the Old Punch

In the matter of liquor, we had in the community a few horrible examples of men who drank to excess. But to offset that we had plenty of men who took a drink now and then and seemed to be none the worse for it.

There was the professional oarsman, Jerry Casey. Jerry may have weighed 140 pounds—no more—yet he was regularly rowing world-famous 180- and 190-pound oarsmen to the finish line. Sometimes he would outrow one of them; an achievement for a man of his size in the tough test of a three- or four-mile single-scull race, and he rowing as heavy a shell as the big fellows.

Now every half-grown person in South Boston was well aware of Jerry's custom of putting away half a dozen bottles of ale after a race, and we all knew that he had his ale pretty regularly between races. I was breaking into amateur athletics in Jerry's day, and I was curious to learn how Jerry justified the ale drinking.

Said Jerry to my question: "You don't ever take a drink yourself, do you? No, of course not. You're too young, and you're not feeling the need of it yet, but you will if you stay long enough in athletics."

"Long enough? How long is that?"

"Oh, you give yourself six or eight years of stiff competition, say, and some day you'll find yourself wondering what's wrong with you. You'll be taking your exercise regularly, you'll be eating regularly, getting your proper sleep, but there'll be something wrong. The old punch won't be there."

"You mean I'll be stale?"

"Call it that, though I call it being dried out. Your only way then will be to take a long layoff. But if you turn professional like me, you can't be laying off too long—not and make any real money at it. When you get like that you want to start in taking your bottle or two of ale after competitions, and sometimes in between.

Consider the Continentals

"I'm closing in on forty years," continued Jerry, "and if it wasn't for taking my ale regularly I'd have been done with rowing races long ago. And that goes for others besides me. I'm no doctor and maybe I ain't explaining it right, but supreme efforts take something out of your blood that a bread-and-milk diet won't put back. Concentrated food is what's needed then. Ale is concentrated food. There may be something better, but ale is my choice, and it's been working out all right with me so far."

I did not stick to my athletics long enough to become dried out, but I was in there long enough to compete in scores of athletic track meets in this country and in two Olympic meets abroad. After quitting athletics, I had a job that allowed me to make trips to Europe and to take in important meets.

From my first Olympic meet, I had taken an interest in Continental athletes. The prevailing belief of that day in our country was that the Continental

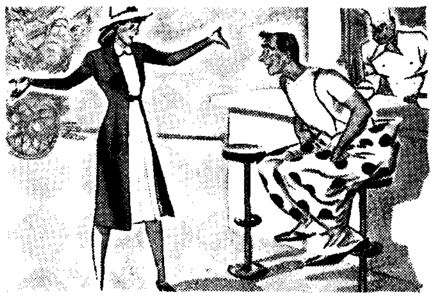
(Continued on page 74)

"Imagine getting flowers from an Elephant!"

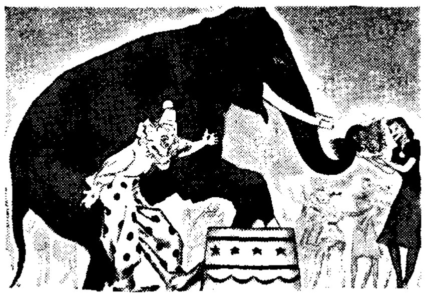
1. Here's the story. Yesterday I found a memo on my desk: "Get circus clown named Gustav to perform for kids with Algernon, his trained elephant!" Such is life in a Children's Hospital!

2. So I trudged over and located Gustav at the circus lunch counter. Heavens! Without his make-up, he didn't look at *all* funny... just tired, and terribly peevish. But I got my spunk up and asked him to perform.

3. "Mam'selle, I mus' refuse. I am too tired to work," he sighed, with a weary gesture at the coffee urn on the counter. "It is because of that coffee. I love the coffee so much. But when I drink it I cannot sleep."



4. "I can fix that," I said. "If caffein keeps you awake, you should drink Sanka Coffee. Perfectly gr-rand coffee! But 97% of the caffein is taken out. You can drink it and sleep." "Hmmm," said Gustav. "We will see."



5. Well, who showed up this morning but Gustav and the elephant! After the show the elephant gave me a big bouquet. On it was a note: "Thanks for marvelous Sanka Coffee. I sleep like top! Gustav."

6. So I quickly scribbled a note for Gustav. It read: "The Council on Foods of the American Medical Association says, 'Sanka Coffee is free from caffein-effect, and can be used when other coffee has been forbidden'."

REGULAR GRIND
SANKA
COFFEE
DRIP GRIND
SANKA
COFFEE

SANKA COFFEE

REAL COFFEE...97% CAFFEIN-FREE...DRINK IT AND SLEEP

"Drip" or "Regular" Grind. Get a Can at Your Grocer's Today!

TUNE IN "WE, THE PEOPLE"...laughs, pathos, thrills, drama, as real people tell true experiences!—Tuesday evening—*Columbia* network—see your local paper for time and station.

Root of Our Family Tree

Continued from page 22

For ten days he traveled frantically and uncomfortably by raft and muleback through the forest. No Tarsius. He spent nine miserable nights in native huts, promising himself that the tenth—specimens or no specimens—would find him comfortably installed in the famous Hotel Rainbow, the island's one hostelry.

The tenth night found him at the Rainbow, or rather at the foot of a precipitous ladder that led up to a single dilapidated room containing ten cubicles. This was the hotel whose name had sounded so comforting.

Empty-handed and slightly irritated, the professor returned next day to Manila. But in the end the native guides of Bohol did not let him down. Just before he was to take off for Honolulu they arrived with two fine specimens of Tarsius and five flying lemurs. Halfway across the Pacific, Dr. Fulton nursed his small charges, offering them such dainties as cockroaches, locusts, worms and shrimps, only to have them die of exhaustion in Honolulu.

The expedition, however, was not in vain. Friends that the professor had made in the islands succeeded in finding another pair, and these, traveling halfway around the world, finally arrived safely in the laboratories at New Haven. To all appearances they like it there; they have been putting on weight.

At Yale, as in their native jungle, the animals are nocturnal, hopping about briskly at night and usually sitting quietly or snoozing during the day. The female is the older and more friendly of the pair, belying the rule that younger animals are more easily trained.

According to Dr. Hubert R. Catchpole, under whose special care the monkeys have been placed, the female is a delightful creature who likes attention, loves to play and was readily tamed. The male, on the other hand, struggles and bites to get free when caught. Both animals are meticulous about personal cleanliness, licking themselves thoroughly every day, much as a cat does.

It has been found by special tests that the sexual cycle of the female is of similar intervals to that of the human. Tarsiers do not have a mating season, and it is believed that they take only one mate for life. One young, or occasionally twins, is born at a time. It is the hope of the Yale physiologists that the pair they now have will breed.

The importance of these two foreign visitors at New Haven is less that they shed light on man's very remote past than that they are expected to contribute significant new information about the brain of modern man. This may seem like a roundabout way of finding out what the human brain is like, but it is simply an example of the "comparative method" often used to investigate biological problems.

Scientists know that animals closely related to one another are similar in form. Moreover, organs and parts of such animals function in much the same manner. Thus it is possible to predict by experiments on a series of animals just how some other member of the series will behave. This is a particularly valuable method for the study of humans, who object to being taken apart.

Thus, most of the modern knowledge of the human brain has come from a study of animal brains, particularly the brains of those animals most closely related to man—the monkeys. Man's brain is, of course, the most highly developed of all, but in some respects it differs very little from that of the baboon or the chimpanzee.

It is this method of comparative investigation that has been carried on for the past ten years at the Yale physiological laboratories. The physiologists there are all well-trained brain surgeons. Dr. Fulton, for example, was taught by Dr. Harvey Cushing, the greatest modern neurosurgeon.

The animals used in the experiments are all cared for as carefully as if they were human beings. The laboratories have special monkey operating rooms as modernly equipped as any hospital operating room. Year after year the scientists have explored the behavior of man's next of kin—chimpanzees, orangs, gibbons, baboons—more than forty different kinds of monkeys so far. Each has added something to our knowledge of how the human brain works. But thus far they have never had a specimen as rare as Tarsius. Just what they will learn from him they do not as yet know, but their hopes, based on Tarsius' central position in our family tree, are high.

Thus two tiny, slightly amazed and goggle-eyed monkeys, who made an aerial journey halfway around the world, may prove to be important pieces in that enormously complicated jigsaw puzzle, the human brain.

BEGINNING NEXT WEEK A NEW NOVEL

WITH THE COLOR OF WEALTH AND LUXURY

WITH THE RECKLESSNESS OF MODERN YOUTH

WITH THE QUALITIES OF WARM HUMANITY

THE WORLD IS LIKE THAT

BY KATHLEEN NORRIS

Some Like It Here

Continued from page 20

sat up for greater emphasis; he could wave his arms sitting up.

"You're afraid of D. J., that's the trouble! You're yellow. I've told you just what to say. You go in and you say: 'What are you going to do with all this money you'll get when you sell out? Dig a hole in the ground and bury it?' Supposing he makes some wisehead comeback? Then, you show him these pictures—"

"Oh, shut up!"

"Can't take it, hunh? All you've got on your mind is that New Dealer. Love. Ha! What's love of one insignificant seventeenth assistant attorney general compared to love of all humanity? No . . . oh, no, let 'em eat bombs!"

"Your old invention's no good."

"No good? Let me show you the plans for the generator again—"

"Go away. They've already given me one headache!"

SHANEY was about to shove the plans for the generator under Peggy's nose when he saw Koba approaching with a tray of drinks. Hastily pocketing his blueprint, young Mr. Corrigan scowled at Koba.

"What you prowling around here for?"

"Excuse, please . . . wanta whisky-soda, Mistah Shane?"

"No! Beat it, Lieutenant Commander Koba—"

Peggy sat up.

"I'll take one, Koba, thanks," she said kindly. "Could you spike it with opium, please?"

"No opium, I sorry, Miss Moggret."

"Be a good little bruvver and give Peggy some of your opium, Shaney!"

"Very poor taste—"

Just then the ship's motors stopped. Looking toward the bridge, Shane saw two officers and a quartermaster being marched down the bridge ladder by a man holding a submachine gun. Somewhere below deck there was a heavy thudding sound as of a pistol shot in close quarters.

"Why, we're stopping. S-something's wrong—" Peggy faltered.

Her brother did two things with astounding abruptness. He hit Koba with his fist on the point of the jaw and knocked him into a crumpled heap by the rail. Then, he handed Peggy his blueprint packet and said: "Quick. Lock yourself in your cabin and hide these!"

"H-hide 'em—"

"Spies, you little idiot! Run!"

Peggy felt herself shoved and was forced to run to keep her footing. She brought up against the deckhouse door. She heard someone say: "All right, Bub. Come on!" Looking around, Peggy saw a hard-faced man in a linen suit and gaily banded Panama pointing an automatic pistol at Shaney.

As the man and Shaney moved forward along the deck, Peggy stepped out.

"What's the matter? Why are you arresting him?" she demanded.

The man said: "You come along with us, sis. And don't ask so many questions!"

Shane said: "You don't want her. You want me."

"I want you both," the man said.

"Are you a detective?" Peggy said.

There was no answer. The man shoved her and Shaney toward the deckhouse door leading into the passengers' dining room.

"You little simp!" Shaney said bitterly. "Why didn't you run?"

"You pushed me and I couldn't," Peggy said. "What *is* this, anyway?"

"International spies!" Shaney said.

The scene which confronted Peggy and Shaney in the passengers' dining room silenced them both. Five ship's officers and about two dozen members of the crew had been rounded up. Three men, each armed with a submachine gun, guarded the three doors. As Peggy and Shaney were shoved into the room by their captor, a fifth gunman appeared at the port doorway in charge of D. J. Corrigan and Captain Henderson. The ship's skipper was red-faced and glum; but D. J. Corrigan was having his say:

"Department of Justice—that's who you are, and don't lie out of it! And I'd like to know what you think you're going to frame up on me. I haven't any gold, if that's it. We're not carrying any Chinese either and all our oil is legal quota oil. I'd like to know just what Washington thinks they've got on me! Or did Hoover tell you boys?"

One of the gunmen, a consumptive-looking fellow with owlish brown-rimmed eyes, said: "We got our orders, Mr. Corrigan. Just take it easy; we don't want nobody to get hurt, see?"

Shane found his voice.

"Oh, are these guys G-men, Dad?" he said.

His father nodded. He looked at Peggy.

"Wire that attorney general of yours my congratulations," he said. "This is the slickest scheme they've tried yet. Maybe he thought of it himself!"

Peggy ignored this remark.

"Where's Mother?" she said.

The gunmen's leader turned to one of the door guards.

"We've overlooked the old lady. Go get her, Oofty!"

Oofty nodded and went out the door with his machine gun. Shiner turned to young Mr. Corrigan.

"Come along, sonny," he said, "we'll take you first!"

"Tell 'em nothing, Shane!" said D. J. Corrigan.

"Don't worry!" said Shane.

PEGGY eyed Shiner and Satin Pants and Jidger and The Cork.

"They don't look like government men to me," she said. "I think they're gangsters, Daddy."

Captain Henderson nodded.

"That's what they are, Mr. Corrigan," he growled. "This is just plain piracy."

"We'll soon know, Captain," said Corrigan, ominously. "But they're G-men, all right."

Shiner motioned to Shane and he and The Cork ushered Shane out the door.

Meanwhile, Oofty had walked aft to find Mrs. Corrigan.

When the Continental Prince stopped engines, Mrs. Corrigan had finished off her straight whisky and was engrossed in a detective novel entitled The Head on the Platter. Miss Chivers remarked that something must have gone wrong with the engines and that she heard what sounded like an explosion. Mrs. Corrigan said: "Go ask Mr. Corrigan," and went on with her reading. Mrs. Corrigan had just reached the point where the eccentric Dr. Siranian takes the lid off what his dinner guests expected to be a beef roast with Yorkshire pudding. It turns out to be the head of a redheaded Eurasian girl and Yorkshire pudding—

"We want you in de dining room, lady!"

Mrs. Corrigan looked up.

"Oh, is dinner ready? Why, it can't be—who are you?"

"Never mind dat, see? Come along wit' me, lady!"

Blinking, Mrs. Corrigan removed her

NOW WHAT DOES HE MEAN BY THAT?
Kellogg's PEP VITAMIN ENRICHED 30% BRAN FLAKES
1.
Peggy— So you're too played out to go dancing any night this week! What's the matter—not getting your vitamins? Maybe this little present will perk you up. Hope it helps you to change your mind! Jack
2.
DON'T BE PEEVED AT HIM, SIS. MAYBE HE'S GOT SOMETHING. WE ALL NEED VITAMINS FOR PEP, AND RIGHT HERE IT SAYS KELLOGG'S PEP IS "ENRICHED WITH VITAMINS B1 AND D." BE A GOOD SPORT AND TRY IT.
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I WAS PLENTY MAD WHEN THAT "PRESENT" CAME — BUT, GOSH, I GOT OVER IT AS SOON AS I DISCOVERED WHAT A GRAND-TASTING CEREAL PEP IS. WHY DIDN'T YOU TELL ME IT WAS SO DELICIOUS?
IF YOU HAVE LACKED VITAMINS, AS I DID, DISCOVER THE GRAND THINGS THEY CAN DO FOR YOU! AND TO HELP GET YOUR VITAMINS, EAT KELLOGG'S PEP! IT'S A REAL TASTE-THRILL — CRISP, CRUNCHY FLAKES OF BRAN AND OTHER PARTS OF WHEAT ENRICHED WITH VITAMINS B1 AND D. GET PEP AT YOUR GROCER'S. EAT IT EVERY DAY AND SEE IF YOU DON'T HAVE MORE ZIP AND ZEST!

Vitamins for pep! Kellogg's Pep for vitamins!*

**Pep contains vitamins B_1 and D. Each ounce contains 1/5 of an adult's and 4/5 of a child's daily requirement of B_1, and about 1/2 the daily requirement of D.*

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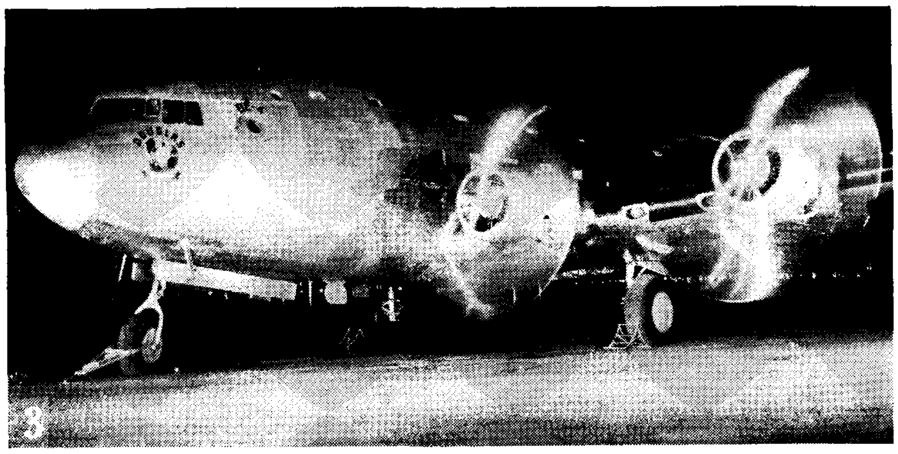
Irene Hervey, star of the New Universal picture, "Missing Evidence," is . . .

. . . pictured comparing the difference in size between a tire of an ordinary plane and that of the gigantic new Douglas DC-4. The new DC-4, forty passenger plane, is typical of the larger ships contemplated by . . .



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close-up reading pince-nez and stared at Oofty.

"Young man!" she said, "what are you doing with that gun?"

Oofty was growing impatient.

"Never mind de gun, lady," he said. "G'wan, now git movin'. I ain't got all day!"

Mrs. Corrigan laid aside her book and stood up.

"Stop pointing that gun at me!"

"Come on, now—"

"Give *me* the gun. You must be out of your mind. Does Captain Henderson allow passengers to go about this ship pointing guns?"

"Lady, don't get me sore—"

Oofty poked Mrs. Corrigan in the stomach with the muzzle of the machine gun. Mrs. Corrigan promptly grabbed the barrel and started to yank on it.

"I'll teach you to—"

"Quit it, lady! Dis is *loaded*—"

Mrs. Corrigan yanked harder on the gun and Oofty, fearful that it would go off, let loose of it.

"You gimme dat back!"

"I'll take charge of this—"

Swinging the gun around, Mrs. Corrigan got her hands on stock and trigger. The gun did go off, a short burst. Oofty dropped to the deck and Mrs. Corrigan dropped the gun. It stopped firing. Mrs. Corrigan promptly picked the gun up again but avoided the trigger.

"Lady, you might of shot me! Gimme that gun!"

"*I* shall take charge of it, thank you! And I shall tell Captain Henderson what I think of him—right now!"

CARRYING the machine gun gingerly, Mrs. Corrigan started along the deck toward the bow. Oofty walked after her, with wary stubbornness.

"You gimme that gun, lady—"

"After you've almost shot yourself and me, too? Nonsense!"

Oofty was now desperate. The mob would kid the life outa him. He crept up behind Mrs. Corrigan as she reached the first deckhouse door. But just as he was about to make a grab for the gun, a hand reached out and pulled Mrs. Corrigan into the cabin passageway. It was Heart of English Rose, the dear lady Miss Chivers.

"Darling! I thought you were k-killed—"

"I *might* have been—"

"Oh, there's one of them, now! Run!"

Miss Chivers jerked Mrs. Corrigan and the machine gun toward their cabin door. Oofty rushed after them saying: "I'm gonna hafta clout you—"

But Miss Chivers had risen to the emergency with true British pluck. She yanked Mrs. Corrigan and the machine gun into their cabin, slammed the door in Oofty's face and locked it.

Oofty pounded on the door.

"You gimme back that gun, now!" he said. "Or I'll bust this door down!"

Miss Chivers yanked the gun away from Mrs. Corrigan.

"Oh, no, you don't, my man!" she quavered gaspily. "If you attempt such an act I shall most certainly shoot you!"

Oofty paused to consider.

And, while all this was going on, Shiner and The Cork were having a little session with Shane Corrigan down in the engine room. . . .

"You've invented a bomb sight, ain't you?"

Shane snorted.

"I get it!" he said. "You guys aren't G-men!"

"Agh, what makes you think that?"

"G-men can talk good English, for one thing. Most of them have law degrees. And for another thing the government turned down my invention and they wouldn't send G-men after it now!"

"Wise guy, ain't you?"

"You're spies, that's what you are!"

Shiner grinned.

"Okay, sonny boy, have it your way. So what? You gonna act sensible?"

"I'm not going to talk about my invention, if that's what you mean."

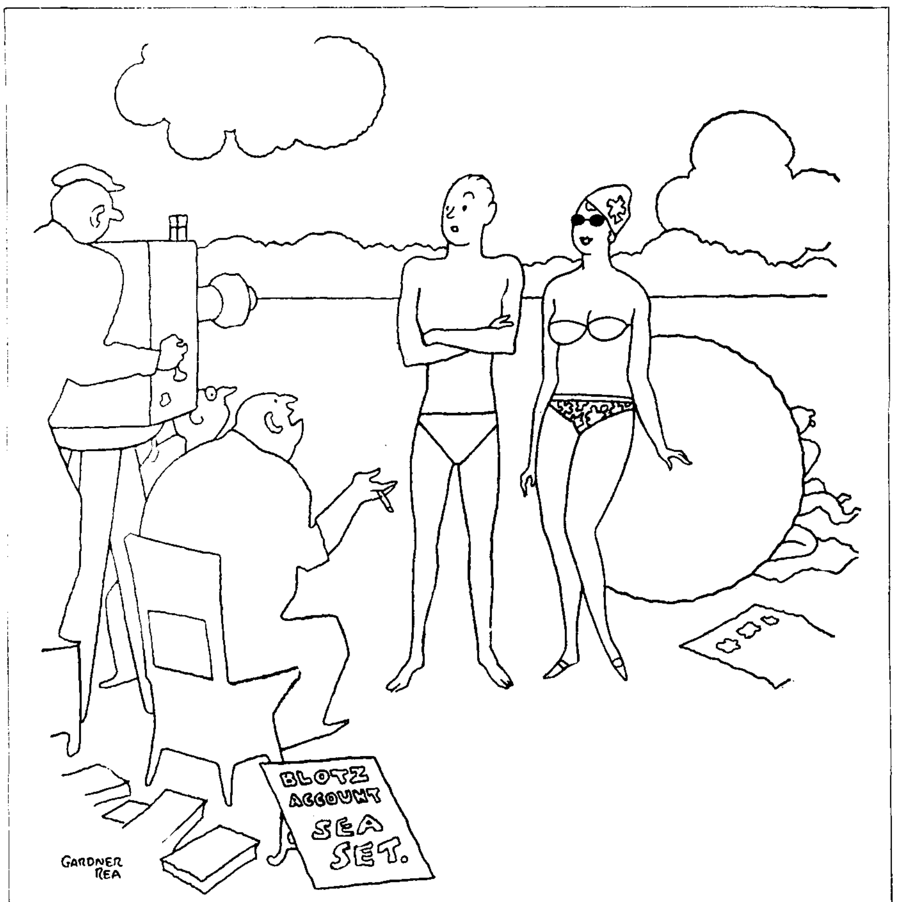
"Oh, you ain't?"

"No."

"I'll make him talk, Shiner—"

"Naw. Wait a minute. This is a sensible kid. Look, Corrigan, you can save yourself and your family a whole lot of grief by handing it over. We don't want to hurt nobody, see?"

"What country do you represent?"



"You look at her, see, and then suddenly you become interested in her, when you notice that the sunglasses she's wearing are Blotz sunglasses"

GARDNER REA

PEACE OF MIND

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FOR COMPLETE SAFETY YOU NEED-

GOODYEAR LIFEGUARDS

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4-WHEEL BRAKES...ALL-STEEL BODY SAFETY GLASS

LIFEGUARDS prevent accidents! Now you can enjoy real peace of mind while driving . . . in congested city traffic . . . on mountain grades . . . on open highways . . . on sharp turns . . . wherever blowout dangers threaten!

For no blowout can harm you or yours, if you ride on LifeGuards! No blowout can rob you of steering control . . . nor interfere with the safe, normal use of your brakes!

A Safety Tire Within Your Tire

Between you and danger, there's the LifeGuard safety tire . . . a tire that stays inflated, no matter what happens to the outer casing and tube.

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That's why you don't have to buy new casings. You take your present tubes out . . . slip LifeGuards in . . . and you're fully and completely protected against blowout dangers!

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Don't confuse LifeGuards with what are known as "puncture-proof" tubes, *designed for an altogether different purpose,* and which offer no protection in case of a blowout!

LifeGuards, in sizes available, fit any make of tire, new or now in service.

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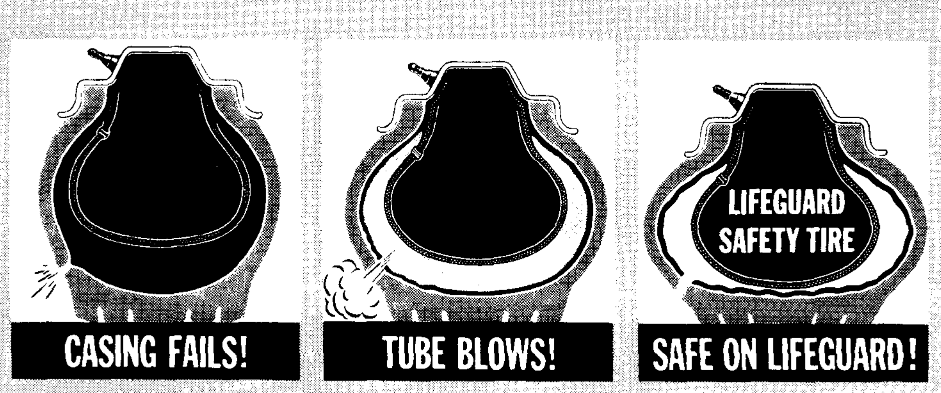
Best of all, you'll enjoy the peace of mind that comes from the certain knowledge that *LifeGuards prevent accidents!*

LIFEGUARDS PREVENT ACCIDENTS



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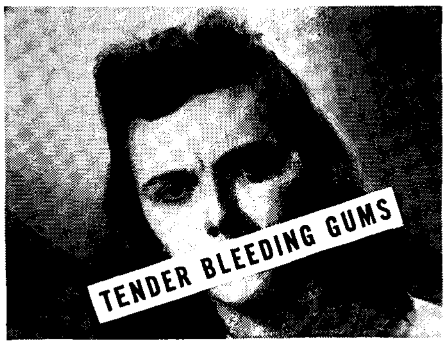
EVERY 3 MONTHS!

Nowadays smart folks go every 3 months to their dentist. In the long run, this not only saves dental bills and needless pain, but it enables your dentist to keep a close watch for any gum disorders that so often result in terrible suffering and loss of teeth.

WARNS 4 OUT OF 5 ABOUT GINGIVITIS

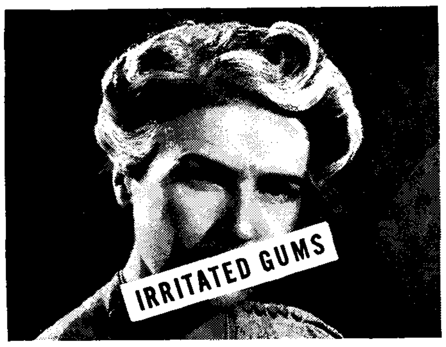
[A common gum inflammation often a forerunner of dreaded Pyorrhea]

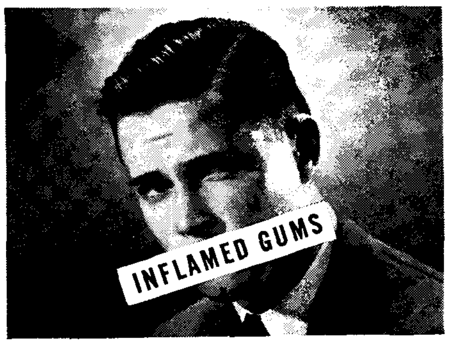
SPONGY, SHRINKING GUMS



PYORRHEA: One of the most distressing diseases of modern civilization—gums waste away—vile pus around teeth sockets—teeth loosen and can be picked out. Don't be fooled into thinking any toothpaste, powder or liquid can help this condition. There is no remedy for Pyorrhea except the care and skill of your dentist.

GINGIVITIS: A common inflammation of the gums where they join the teeth is often a forerunner of Pyorrhea. At the slightest sign of tender or bleeding gums—see your dentist. At home clean your teeth and massage gums twice a day with Forhan's Toothpaste, and the special new Forhan's Gum Massager.





BRIGHT, SPARKLING TEETH require healthy gums. To help keep gums firm, hard, healthy and more able to ward off infection MASSAGE daily with Forhan's Toothpaste.

JOIN FORHAN'S "SAVE YOUR TEETH" PROGRAM. *See your dentist every 3 months.* And every morning and night massage your gums and clean your teeth with Forhan's Toothpaste, special formula of Dr. R. J. Forhan, for the teeth and gums. It effectively cleanses dull, dingy teeth, revealing their natural luster—helps remove acids that cause decay. Used and recommended by many dentists for over 20 years! At drug and department stores. Weekend size, at all 10¢ stores.

The Original Toothpaste for Massaging Gums and Cleaning Teeth

FREE

50¢ GUM MASSAGER
Send the carton of giant 50¢ size Forhan's Toothpaste to Forhan's, Dept. B-1, New Brunswick, N. J., and receive this wonderful 50¢ Gum Massager FREE.

"Agh, no country. We work for the syndicate."

"Oh, you sell the stuff you steal to the highest bidder, hunh?"

Shiner looked at The Cork.

"See? Didn't I say the kid was smart?"

Shane lighted a cigarette. He was rather enjoying himself. It is always flattering to an inventor to have interest shown in his work. It is even more complimentary to have foreign governments send gunmen to try to steal your invention. Especially after you have been given the cold shoulder by the War and Navy departments and your sister has turned traitor and ribbed you about the thing's being no good.

"Uh . . . how much do you think you'll get for this job, fellows?"

"Plenty, if it's a good bomb sight."

"Bomb sight? Ha! You think I'd waste my time on a bomb sight when the Army's already got a pip? This is bigger than that—"

"Yeah? How big?"

"Wouldn't you like to know?"

SHINER and The Cork exchanged troubled glances. The dope the syndicate expected was a bomb sight. They had been given a bum steer. The thing smelled bad. Maybe this kid was just a screwball after all.

"Agh, he ain't got nothing, Shiner," The Cork said. "He's just a college punk shooting off his mouth. Let's grab that power lifeboat and get the hell outa here—"

"Maybe you're right. He don't look intelligent enough to invent nothing."

Young Mr. Corrigan was outraged.

"Yes?" he said. "Well, just tell your bosses that I've got a high-frequency radio wave that'll stop airplane engines cold at thirty-thousand feet. Tell 'em that and watch their eyes pop out!"

"No!"

"Say, that'd be worth a fortune!"

"Millions, my friends," said Shaney jauntily. "It'll give any country that's got it absolute protection against bombing raids. Tell your pals that when you get out of Leavenworth and watch their tongues hang out!"

The Cork grabbed Shaney and, after a struggle, handcuffed his hands behind his back. He and Shiner pushed Shaney down hard on a bulkhead seat.

"Where's the plans, kid?"

"In my head. Think I'd be dumb enough to put 'em on paper?"

The Cork started to give Shane a preliminary cuffing, but again Shiner stopped him.

"Get wise, kid," Shiner said. "You wanta go on living, don't you?"

"Yes."

"Well, you're acting noncooperative, see? Now, do I tell Cork here to hurt you or do you come across with the dope we want?"

Shane snorted.

"I guess I'm an American, after all. That ought to be funny—*me* going patriotic. But that's the way I feel. You don't get my idea to peddle to any other country. It belongs to the United States, whether they want it or not."

Shiner nodded to The Cork.

"Okay, work him over a little."

But there was interruption. D. J. Corrigan and Peggy came down the engine-room ladder followed by Slip with a machine gun.

"Mr. Corrigan wants to talk business, Boss," Slip explained.

Peggy ran over to her brother.

"Shaney! Have they hurt you?"

"No. Beat it," Shane said, "before *you* get hurt."

The elder Corrigan, grim-faced, his voice husky, said: "Why didn't you tell me about this invention of yours, son?"

"You wouldn't have listened."

"No, I suppose not. Have you given them your plans?"

"Ununh, Pop. I'm doing a Nathan Hale."

Corrigan turned to Shiner:

"Do you think you're going to get away with this? Of all the dumb, harebrained stunts I ever saw attempted—"

Shiner flicked the muzzle of a pistol under D. J. Corrigan's nose.

"The getaway is all arranged for, Mr. Wise Guy," he said. "The radio and the engines are on the blink. All we got to do is step into that power lifeboat and shove off. You folks will be floating around for days, maybe weeks."

"He said he wanted to talk business," Slip put in. "Shall I take 'em back upstairs?"

Corrigan shrugged.

"All right. What were you promised for my boy's invention?"

"A hundred grand, if it was a good bomb sight. But this is better'n that!"

"What makes you think so?" Peggy interjected, tartly. "Shane hasn't even made a working model."

Shane glared at his sister.

"That's fine, loyal talk!" he said, intensely, "trying to make these hoodlums think I'm a dumbbell. It's a damn' good invention, absolutely sound and worth plenty of dough to Germany or Japan—"

"Hear that, Boss? Gee!"

D. J. Corrigan exploded:

"A fine mess Washington makes of things. Get a good idea offered 'em on a platter and turn up their noses at it. So what! So I have to buy the thing back from a mob of gangsters, with my own money. And a lot of thanks I'll get for it, too. Those stupid, dilly-dumb so-and-sos. . . . All right, how much?"

Shiner relaxed.

"Two hundred grand, Mr. Corrigan."

"You're *crazy!*"

"Okay. Then, we'll just have to take the kid with us. He'll talk before we get through with him or else—"

"Don't pay 'em a nickel, Pop!"

"Shut *up*, Shaney. Oh, *please shut up!*"

Shaney jumped to his feet, glowering with rage.

"I know what Pop's figuring on!" he yelled at Peggy. "Revenge, that's what! He'll buy my idea back and then it'll be his. And he'll give it to England, just to get even with Washington—"

"Oh, no, he won't!"

"He will, too. He hates the United States. He'd like to see it bombed—"

D. J. Corrigan pushed Shaney down on the bulkhead seat.

"Hate the United States, you half-wit!" he roared. "I'm not smart enough to do that. I'm a hound for punishment. I could end this thing right now by giving 'em your blueprints. I know where they are! But there's just a chance that the thing might be good. So what? God help me, I'm going to pay out my hard-earned, depreciated, double-taxed dollars—"

Shiner rapped for order on an engine casing with the butt of his automatic.

"Two hundred grand, Mr. Corrigan. And we ain't got all day to listen to speeches."

"I'll pay you fifty thousand cash. Not a penny more!"

WHILE Shiner and D. J. Corrigan were loudly dickering in the engine room of the Continental Prince, and the ship drifted, a fast fifty-foot cruiser was rapidly bearing down on her. Assistant U. S. Attorney General Robert Derrill stood beside the cruiser's bow rail.

"They aren't moving!" he reported. "They must *have* got the radiograms and are turning back!"

Cap'n Sam Hough, skipper of the cruiser, took a squint at the Continental Prince. He had long ago reached the conclusion that his charter employer was cuckoo and the whole business nothing but tarnation foolishness. If folks want to leave the country, let folks leave the country. And if a man's gal wants to jilt him, let a man go find another gal.

"Them Diesels quit on 'em, most likely," said Cap'n Sam Hough. "Ye don't put a ship about without no way on her, young feller."

Derrill looked at the ship through binoculars.

"I don't see anyone on deck!" he said excitedly. "Something *is* wrong. Step on it, Cap'n!"

"Doin' all she'll handle right now," said Cap'n Sam Hough.

And at that moment, in Mrs. Corrigan's cabin, affairs had reached a crisis. Oofty was still banging on the door, only now he was using a chair, and Mrs. Corrigan had come to a decision. She and Miss Chivers and the machine gun were locked in the bathroom.

"The situation is ridiculous, Edith," said Mrs. Corrigan. "I am going to call Koba!"

"He's dead . . . they're all dead!" wailed Miss Chivers, whose nerves had cracked under the strain.

"Nonsense!"

So saying, Mrs. Corrigan unlatched the bathroom door. She stepped into the cabin, carrying the machine gun. Oofty's chair splintered a panel in the door.

"Stop that!" said Mrs. Corrigan, "or I shall shoot you at once."

She swung the machine gun around and Oofty ducked. Mrs. Corrigan moved to the nearest port window and swung it open.

"Koba!" she called. "Koba! Come here, immediately!"

Out on the deck, Koba heard his mistress' voice as through a haze, redly. He staggered to his feet.

"Koba!"

"Yes, Missus Corrigan—"

"Here . . . at the window!"

"I—I got headache ver' bad—"

"This is no time to complain of headaches, Koba. There's a madman outside our door trying to break in. Go at once and tell Mr. Corrigan and Captain Henderson—no, wait—"

Oofty was banging at the door again.

"Koba, you'll have to shoot that man or subdue him. Here—can you shoot this?"

Mrs. Corrigan pushed the machine gun through the porthole.

"No, please—I nevah shoot gon, please. I got ver' bad headache—there was explosion, aie, aie, aie!"

Angry, Mrs. Corrigan said: "Somebody hit you on the jaw, stupid! It's swollen. I am definitely disappointed in you, Koba—"

"You gimme that gun!"

Mrs. Corrigan turned, yanked the machine gun around and pressed the trigger. Several shots ripped the ceiling and upper portion of the door. Oofty disappeared.

"There!" said Mrs. Corrigan. "*I* have had to shoot him. Now, you run and get Mr. Corrigan!"

AT THIS point, young Mr. Bob Derrill threw his leg over the well-deck rail. He looked aft and saw the barrel of a machine gun waving out a porthole while a small, fat Oriental cowered before it. . . .

"What's going on here?"

"I—I got headache ver' bad—"

Seeing Mr. Derrill, Mrs. Corrigan breathed a sigh of relief.

"Can *you* shoot a machine gun, young man?" she inquired. "Everything is so *confused*, but I fear something is wrong with the ship—"

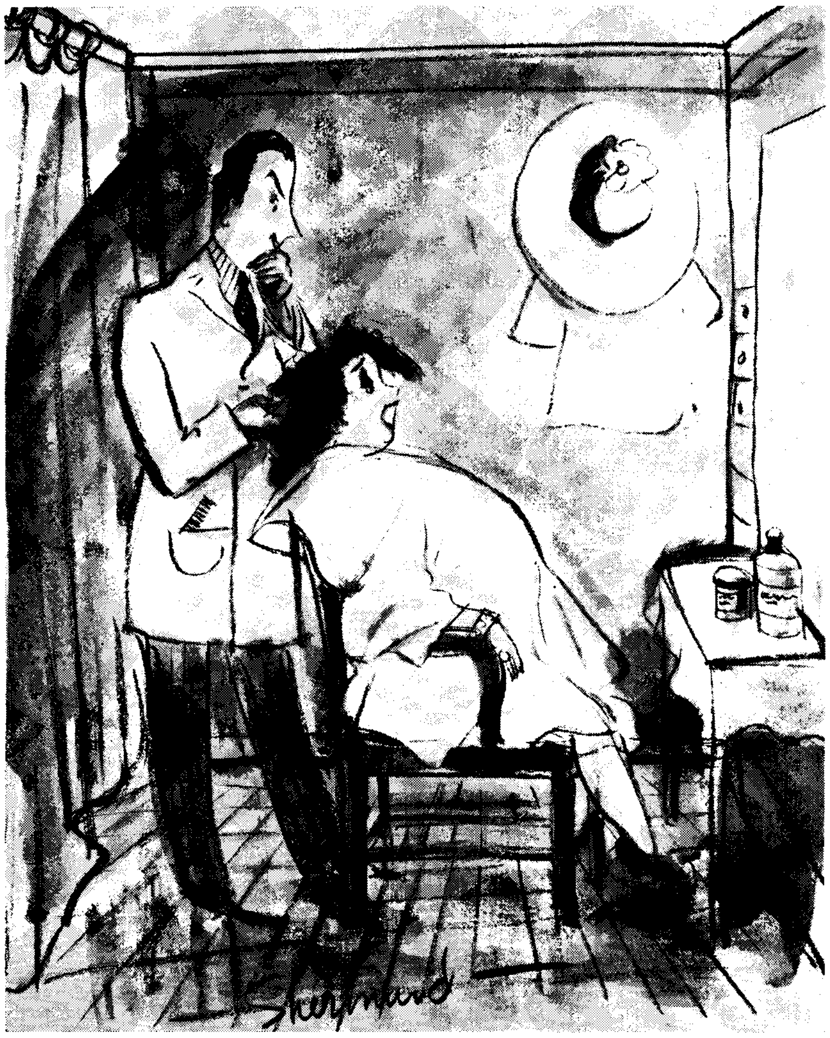
Miss Chivers joined her mistress.

"It's a mutiny—oh, darling, don't give him the gun! He's one of them!"

"I'm Bob Derrill, Mrs. Corrigan. Better let me have the gun—"

"Derrill? Any relation to that New Dealer Peggy was engaged to—"

"Oh, it's all right, darling!" said Miss



"Got a picture of Ginger Rogers? I'll show you what I had in mind"

BARBARA SHERMUND

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FANCY
TOMATO JUICE

In the ruddy juice of PRIZE TOMATOES!

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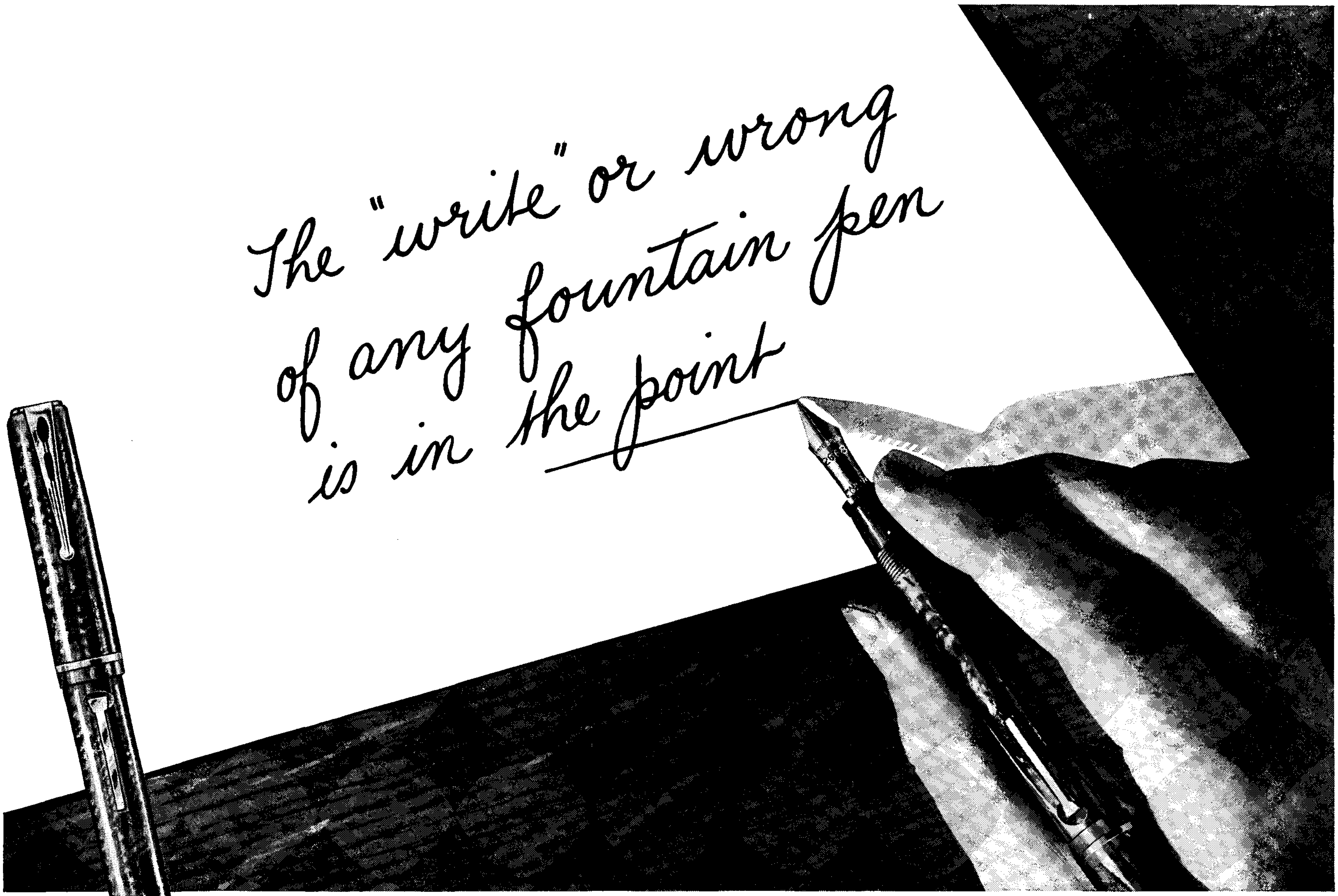

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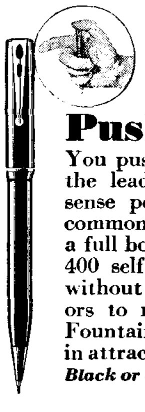

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THE COMMON SENSE FOUNTAIN PEN

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QUALITY ...Writing points by Esterbrook **UTILITY** ...You can change the points yourself **ECONOMY** ...Priced at $1.00 and up

Chivers. "Give him the gun." She pushed the gun through the porthole herself. "I think you'll find everybody locked up—but first you'd bettah make sure that man in the hall is dead, relly, you'd better!"

The *beau sabreur* of the New Deal, who was a National Guard officer, took the machine gun and nodded. "How about this fellow?" he inquired. "Is he all right?"

"Koba. My butler."

"Okay. Come on, Koba. Let's look around." Then, as Koba hesitated: "You sneak forward and see where everybody is. I'll attend to the chap in the hall."

"Yas, sah. I go!"

When Derrill reached the cabin hallway, he found Oofty warily reconnoitering for another attack on Mrs. Corrigan's door. Unless he got his machine gun back, Oofty knew, the boys would never let him hear the end of it. . . .

"All right, buddy. I've got your gun!"

"Where?"

"Right in the middle of your back. Feel it?"

"Gee, I t'ought you was Satin Pants. You got a voice jest like Satin Pants!"

"Get going!"

Derrill was marching Oofty in front of him along the port rail when Koba came trotting up.

"All people in dining loom!" he reported. "Guarded by two fellas with gons."

"Say-y-y, you ain't goin' in dere?" Oofty said. "You'll get hurt, mister."

"You'll make a good shield," Derrill answered cheerfully. "I don't believe a .45 could go all the way through you! March! . . ."

D. J. CORRIGAN had just agreed to purchase his son's invention from Shiner and the boys for eighty-seven thousand five hundred dollars; and the discussion was turning to practical ways of payment when shuffling footsteps were heard in the C deck passageway outside the engine room. Shiner, Slip and The Cork snatched up their artillery. But the first three men to walk in with their hands in the air were Oofty, Jidger and Satin Pants. Behind them stood Captain Henderson, First Officer Brown and Bob Derrill. Each held a submachine gun trained past the elbow of a human shield.

"They got us! Don't shoot!" said Satin Pants.

"Drop your guns!" Captain Henderson ordered.

Shiner blinked. This spy racket was not a simple thing, after all.

"Okay," he said sourly. "You win."

"T'anks, Boss," said Oofty, "but dey didn't play fair."

Assistant U. S. Attorney General Derrill handed his gun to a member of the crew and stepped jauntily forward. The last few minutes' excitement had been only a mild workout to a man who had met John L. Lewis face to face before a congressional committee; who had heard himself denounced by Carter Glass on the floor of the Senate and who had tried to make a speech before the Vermont Manufacturers' Association annual convention.

"Bob!"

"Peggy!"

"You—you sure you're not hurt or wounded or shot or anything?"

"Sound as a Coolidge dollar!" said Mr. Derrill, embracing and kissing her. Then, he saw Peggy's father staring. Putting Peggy gently aside, Derrill stepped over to that flabbergasted gentleman.

"Mr. D. J. Corrigan, I presume?"

"Er . . . uh . . . yes."

"I'm Bob Derrill!"

"Oh . . . uh . . . you are?"

"Yes . . . uh . . . yes."

"Well . . . er . . . well, well."

Shane Corrigan spoke.

"Hey, Young Lochinvar," he said. "How's for getting these handcuffs off me?"

From the Chicago Star:

CORRIGANS IN SHIP BATTLE WITH SPIES!

FAMILY BANISHED FROM U. S. BY NEW DEAL SAVES VITAL WAR SECRET

Six Gunmen Thwarted After Terrorizing Freighter

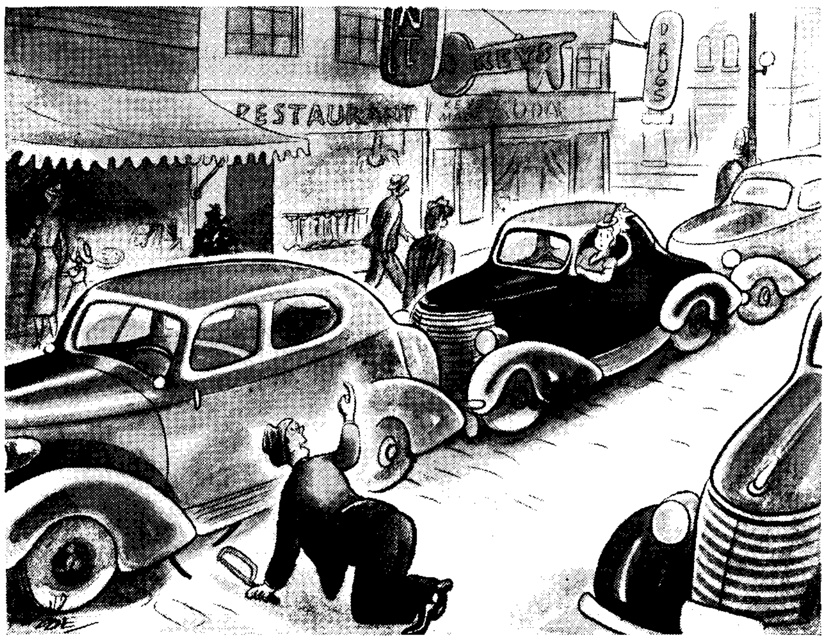
D. J. Corrigan, Son, Wife and Daughter Heroes of Wild Affray

By Jack Benham

Galveston, Texas, May 29.

The Corrigans, family without a country, returned to the United States today as heroes of a thrilling encounter with daring espionage agents who seized the freighter Continental Prince and attempted to steal a vital war secret involving the defense of this country from Shane Corrigan, brilliant young inventor.

A saga of the sea and patriotic devotion to the government which cast them out thus climaxes the Corrigan Case,



"You can get 'er out now, dear. I've released his brakes!"

ROLAND COE

When you say PENNSYLVANIA

a Baseball Fan thinks of CONNIE MACK

a careful Motorist thinks of VEEDOL

VEEDOL
MOTOR OIL
100% PENNSYLVANIA AT ITS FINEST
A

CORNELIUS McGILLICUDDY (Connie Mack to you) . . . a true baseball immortal, 53 years in the Big Leagues . . . 38 of them as manager of the Philadelphia Athletics . . . with 9 league and 5 world's championships to his credit. No wonder Pennsylvania is proud of him.

From the earliest days of motoring, America's finest cars have been safeguarded by Veedol's "Film of Protection"

FOR years, as manager of the Philadelphia Athletics, Connie Mack was noted for the matchless defensive play of his teams.

Another big-leaguer from Pennsylvania, Veedol Motor Oil, has developed the defensive qualities of its "Film of Protection" to new heights.

Veedol's special ability to maintain an oil-tight defense is especially important in safeguarding your modern precision motor. The unrivalled heat-resistance, found only in the choice Pennsylvania crude oils that go into Veedol, is a *must* in these days of high-speeds and hard driving.

And Veedol offers you fluidity *plus* clinging-power . . . twin essentials in *reaching* and *protecting* minutely-fitted motor parts that move at lightning speed.

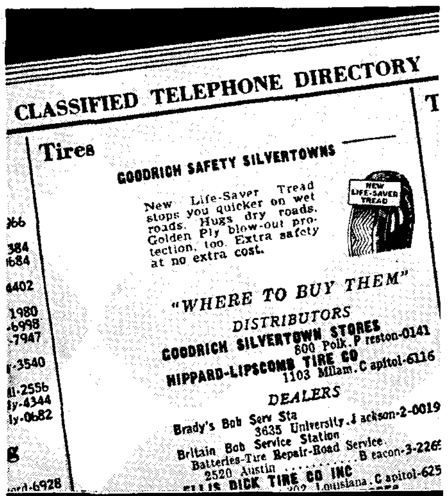
For the greatest defense in baseball . . . we give you Pennsylvania's Connie Mack! For the greatest defense in lubrication . . . we give you Pennsylvania's Veedol Motor Oil.

VEEDOL MOTOR OIL . . . *a product of Tide Water Associated Oil Company . . . makers of Tydol and "Flying A" Gasolines*

"I'll be right with you . . .

I'm looking in the Classified for that dealer's name"

When you're going out to buy, why not first make sure you know that dealer's name and address? A moment spent looking in the classified (*yellow*) pages of your telephone directory may save an hour's hunt in the streets.



CLASSIFIED TELEPHONE DIRECTORY

Tires

GOODRICH SAFETY SILVERTOWNS

New Life-Saver Tread stops you quicker on wet roads. Hugs dry roads. Golden Ply blow-out protection, too. Extra safety at no extra cost.

"WHERE TO BUY THEM"

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HIPPARD-LIPSCOMB TIRE CO 1103 Milam. Capitol-6116

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Brady's Bob Serv Sta 3635 University. Jackson-2-0019

Britain Bob Service Station Batteries-Tire Repair-Road Service 2520 Austin Beacon-3-226

ELLIS DICK TIRE CO INC 202 Louisiana. Capitol-625

Note reference to Classified in Goodrich advertisement on page 5

and adds an ironic comment to New Deal tyranny.

Six gunmen, said to have been in the employ of a Pacific power, are held incommunicado by federal authorities here following their capture by Mr. Corrigan Sr., on the Continental Prince. Corrigan was assisted by his wife, Mrs. Diana Corrigan, who singlehanded wrested a machine gun from one of the spies. The gunmen had imprisoned Shane Corrigan in the engine room and were attempting to torture him into revealing his invention when the young man's father and mother came to his rescue.

Miss Margaret Corrigan, pretty debutante daughter of the family, and Toroki Kota, Finnish butler, were the other heroes of the affair. Miss Corrigan and Kota offered themselves as human shields in the gallant sortie against the spies. It is understood that Assistant U. S. Attorney General Robert P. Derrill was aboard the freighter to make sure that the New Deal's expulsion order was carried out.

But the Corrigans are home again tonight, resting from their ordeal at Los Corrigana, the family's $10,000,000 ranch near Constitution, Texas. Admiring friends and neighbors plan a monster patriotic rally to honor their love of the United States and their dauntless courage. . . .

A FINE Texas moon shone down upon Los Corrigana, turning faint traces of Oklahoma dust in the air of a golden haze. Bullfrogs croaked in the pool around the Amalfi fountain; the hardy Texas variety of ladybugs were finishing off the last of Mrs. Corrigan's tulips from Holland; cacti and mesquite were growing so fast in their race with the French stave-thicket hedge that they seemed to give off rasping noises. In brief, Los Corrigana was insisting on being itself as usual.

But Mrs. Corrigan, viewing the scene from the deck of her sun porch atop the Venetian palazzo wing, was almost reconciled. She had just received a rude and unfeeling cablegram from the secretary for the colonies in London. The message read:

SORRY BUT BERMUDAS BAN ON MOTOR CARS WOULD APPEAR TO BE PERMANENT STOP WHY NOT VISIT NASSAU OR JAMAICA OR STAY WHERE YOU ARE

Miss Chivers' voice, ecstatically reading telegrams, broke in on Mrs. Corrigan's reverie: "From the Doughtahs of the American Revolution, darling! Listen—'Could you address our regional conference Washington September second on your inspiring experience? Would be charmed to have you'—ooooohhhh, *darling!*"

"Wire them my acceptance, Edith," said Mrs. Corrigan calmly. "Then cable the secretary for the colonies that I shall be unable to visit Nassau or Jamaica as my time is entirely occupied doing patriotic work for—for the United States!"

"Bravo, darling, relly!"

The same mood of near-reconciliation had brought balm and peace to Daniel J. Corrigan, smoking a cigar on the terrace of the modified Spanish wing. And why not? He had licked 'em, hadn't he? By billy damn, he had! They had acted like the yellow-bellied brain-trusters they were; they had called off old man Brumby and forced him to deliver a decision favoring the Corrigans. They had even sent that young fellow Derrill chasing after the Continental Prince in a speedy cruiser. Panic-stricken, that's what they were.

Well, he had come mighty near making a mistake. Mighty near selling America short and just quitting. Ha! *Quit, now? When the New Deal was on the run?* All a fellow had to do was to let them know he intended to fight to the last ditch and they lost their nerve. Go get 'em! That was the spirit. Fight 'em tooth and nail during the rest of the *year and then whip the pants off of* them at the polls in 1940. Too bad young Derrill had got mixed up with that bunch in college. Good stuff in Derrill. Bright, too, but no balance wheel. He'd have to see what he could do for Derrill. . . .

"Hi-yah, Pop!"

"Hello, Shaney, sit down!"

Shane snorted intensely.

"Sit down? Ha! I can't get hold of Sigrid to tell her that I'll marry her; and I've got all those estimates of my working model to get in shape. Uh . . . you're still willing to go as high as a hundred thousand?"

His father nodded with genial indulgence.

"Yep, son. And if the General Electric people report on it favorably I'll back you with every cent I've got!"

"Thanks, Pop. It may take four or five years and fifty million bucks or so, but it'll work!"

"I hope so, son, I hope so."

"Uh . . . thanks, Pop. Mighty swell of you."

And, as Shaney dashed off toward the garages he, too, was almost reconciled. Hard lines, though, for an American liberal to have to accept help from a Fascist. The bitter irony of it was that now with the old man behind him he'd really go places. The power of wealth! Just the thought of it, if you were an American liberal, made you sick at your stomach. Still, how could you save America from bombing planes unless you wheedled some Fascist moneygrubber into risking his filthy lucre to develop your invention? Ha! . . .

OUT in the summerhouse, Miss Peggy Corrigan stirred happily in the arms of Assistant U. S. Attorney General Derrill.

"Bob?"

"Yes, dear?"

"You will try hard to get along with Daddy?"

"Of course, dear! We'll get along fine."

"I hope so. Daddy needs you—and you need Daddy."

"What an odd way to put it, Angel!"

"It's not odd at all. You've never had very much money and I'm going to have Daddy give you a million dollars, just to see if it doesn't change your ideas a little!"

Derrill laughed.

"And what shall I give Daddy to change *his* ideas?"

While Peggy considered this momentous question, Derrill was hoping his face wouldn't show any anger. He must *never* lose his temper with the old boy. It would be like losing your temper with Mrs. Astor's horse. No, he must *stand by the old boy for better or worse.* He must explain the Administration's program to papa-in-law; try to keep him from butting his head against any more stone walls; try to ease the shock when D. J. Corrigan began to realize that the day of feudal economic empires within the Democracy was over. After all, he was Peggy's father. But keeping an old die-hard pirate like D. J. in line was going to be one tough assignment. . . .

"Bob?"

"Got it?"

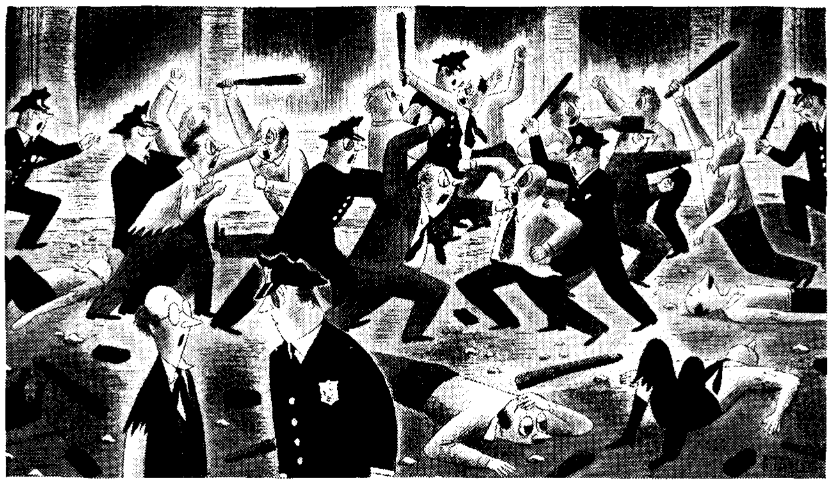
"Yes. I think we should give Daddy a grandson. He'd be part New Dealer and part stodgy middle-class American and I think he might be able to keep peace in the family!"

Bob hugged Peggy.

"WHAT a nice idea!" he said. "But you'll be the peacemaker, Peggy. You have a genius for it."

Peggy sighed.

"I hope there are about forty million Americans like me," she said. "You hotheads are going to need us!"



"It's a long story, Officer. To explain it, we'll have first to go back to a quarrel between Cheops and a certain high priest of Osiris . . ."

RICHARD TAYLOR

And in the servants' wing of Los Corrigana, the author of "I Lived Through America" was preparing to resume his monumental work. Already he had made one significant change. Instead of signing his book Teruka Koba, he had decided to sign it "By Toroki Kota, a Finnish Gentleman, And Big Hero of Continental Prince Almost Disaster."

Smiling with Oriental guile, Koba picked up his pen and wrote:

"Observation No. 3646—

"The family is American family, after all, and my time is not wasted. I see I have paid too much attention to strange sayings of Fat Stupidity, Bellowing Bull and Frowning Boy—not enough attention to sayings of Tiger Lily, for today she said to me with sweet expression: 'Koba, my spies report you are writing a book entitled "I Lived Through America." How many heroes has it got?' And I said a book should have by rules one hero, and she said 'Your book should have 130,000,000 heroes all called John Smith.' This very deep saying, very clever. What is significance of same? What is long view of same? I must think. . . ."

Koba thought a moment, biting his fingernails. Then, he brightened and said to himself: "Aie, aie, Americans are heroes of America because only heroes could live in country like this through times like this and stay Americans. Ha!"

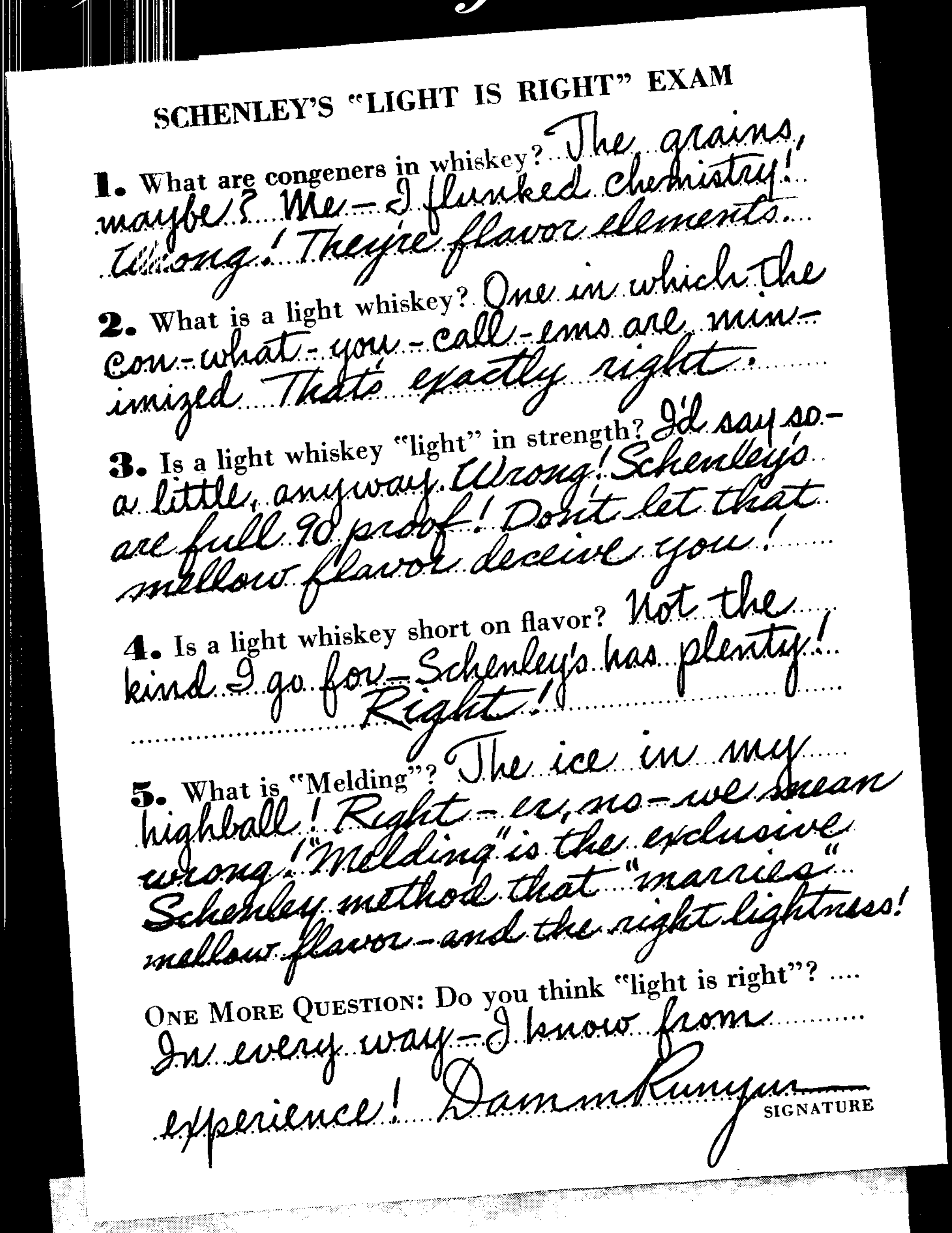
THE END

How well do you know *YOUR* whiskey?

DAMON RUNYON

writes facts (and fiction) in Schenley Exam!

SCHENLEY'S
BLACK LABEL
Blended Whiskey
SCHENLEY'S
RED LABEL
"RIGHT because they're LIGHT"



SCHENLEY'S "LIGHT IS RIGHT" EXAM

1. What are congeners in whiskey? The grains, maybe? Me—I flunked chemistry! Wrong! They're flavor elements.

2. What is a light whiskey? One in which the con-what-you-call-ems are minimized. That's exactly right.

3. Is a light whiskey "light" in strength? I'd say so—a little, anyway. Wrong! Schenley's are full 90 proof! Don't let that mellow flavor deceive you!

4. Is a light whiskey short on flavor? Not the kind I go for—Schenley's has plenty! Right!

5. What is "Melding"? The ice in my highball! Right—er, no—we mean wrong! "Melding" is the exclusive Schenley method that "marries" mellow flavor—and the right lightness!

ONE MORE QUESTION: Do you think "light is right"? In every way—I know from experience!

Damon Runyon
SIGNATURE

On These Facts . . . You Can Build a Greater Enjoyment of Whiskey

Knowing means *enjoying* . . . This is as true of whiskey as of anything else. Even well-informed people like Damon Runyon, famous newspaper and movie writer, may not know all the facts but he does know that "Light is Right"... that Schenley has produced two full strength whiskies that are light, yet smooth and rich.

Schenley believes you, too, may benefit by these facts... and by Schenley's exclusive process—*melding*—which "marries" the whiskey blend so perfectly that it retains its rich flavor even though the heavy elements are minimized, achieving *just the right lightness.*

SCHENLEY'S *Light Whiskies*

BLACK LABEL - RED LABEL

Schenley's Black Label 65 per cent grain neutral spirits · Schenley's Red Label 70 per cent grain neutral spirits · Both are Blended Whiskey and 90 proof · Copyright 1939, Schenley Distillers, Corp., N. Y. C.

FLOTSAM

By Erich Maria Remarque

TRANSLATED BY DENVER LINDLEY

ILLUSTRATED BY GEORGE HOWE

The Story Thus Far:

YOUNG Ludwig Kern and Josef Steiner, both exiled from Germany—the former because he is half Jewish, the latter for conspiracy against the government—meet and form a warm friendship in Vienna. Neither has a passport. But Steiner, older and more sophisticated than Kern, is clever enough to avoid the authorities. While the younger man is being shuttled about—ousted from every country in which he tries to find refuge—Steiner remains in Vienna, where he works in an amusement park.

In Prague, Kern meets and falls in love with a charming girl, Ruth Holland. Ruth is also an exile. And since neither can remain in any place very long, they have a succession of meetings and partings. At last, though, they succeed in making their way to Paris, where there is a respite from the endless pursuit.

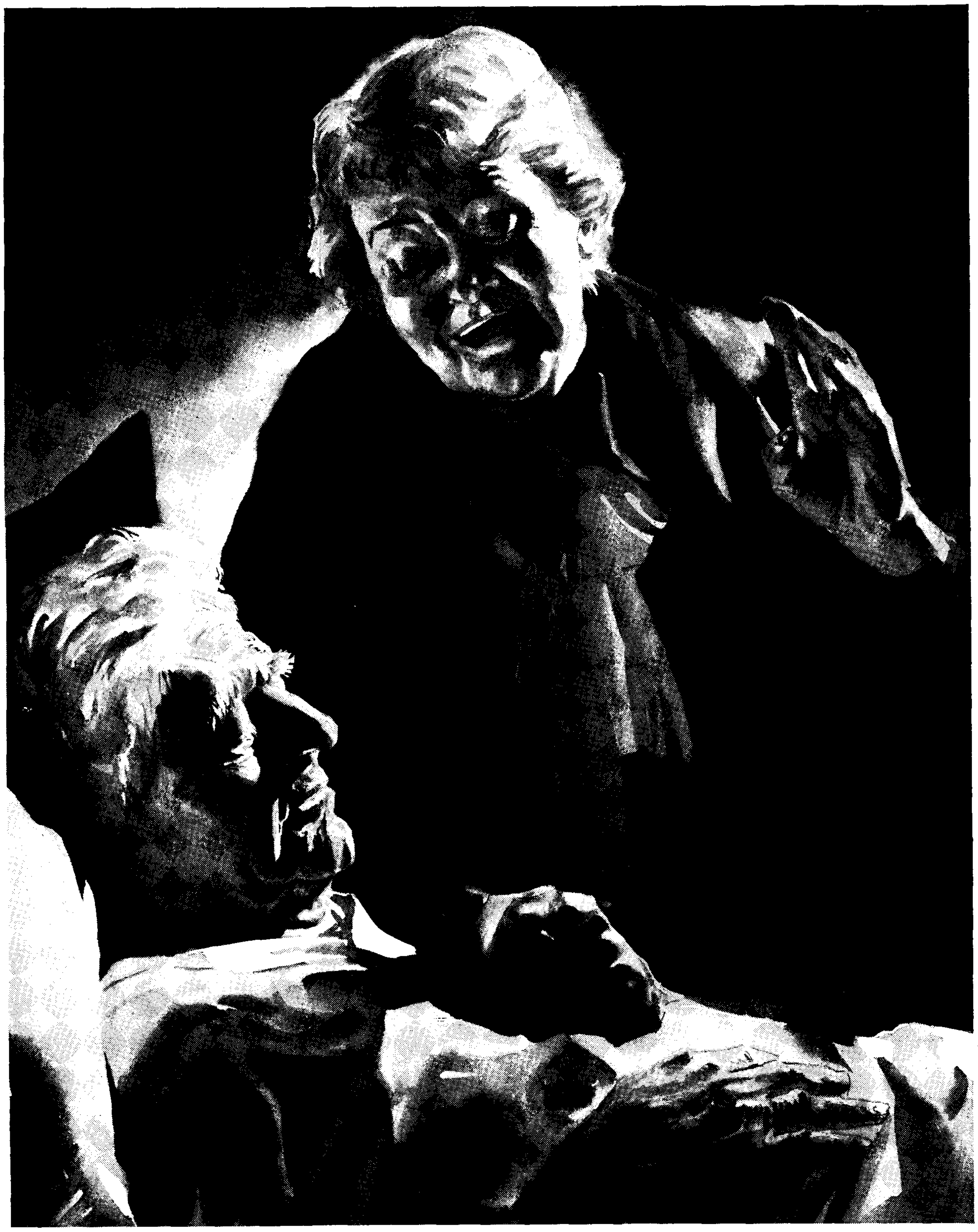
But making both ends meet is difficult. Nearing the end of their limited resources, they wonder how they can make a living. Then, to their delight, their friend, Steiner, reappears. He brings them food and sees to it that they receive the proper clothing. He finds a job for himself, Kern and his friend, Marill, at the Paris World's Fair.

Quite by chance, Kern learns that a Frenchman, François Durant, is in love with Ruth and wants to marry her. Durant, a physicist, has an assured income; and Kern realizes that, were Ruth to become his wife, she would be well cared for and safe. He urges her to marry Durant. Ruth, adoring Kern, says she would rather starve with him than marry someone else. Kern cannot marry her, because neither has a passport; they cannot appear before the French authorities.

Steiner receives a letter from Berlin. He opens it—it is from his wife, who informs him that she is hopelessly ill, dying, in a hospital. Fully conscious that if he should be caught in Germany he would be killed, he makes an instant decision—to journey, by train, to Berlin.

Kern and Ruth and Marill escort him to the station, see him off. As the train starts, Steiner lifts his hand in a sad farewell. Then he is gone. . . .

Alone with Ruth, Kern sighs. "Somehow," he exclaims, "everything is suddenly empty and it makes you feel cold, as if the whole city had died."



She sang, in a frail voice, the old Yiddish lullaby

XI

THAT evening they went to visit Father Moritz, who was now bedridden. "Sit down, children," he said. "I know all about it and there's nothing to be done. At some time or other every human being has the right to decide his own fate."

Father Moritz knew he would never get up again. The little room in which he lay was all that remained for him of the world. And so he had had his bed so placed that he could look out the windows. There wasn't much he could see—just a section of the row of houses opposite. But since he had nothing else, that was a great deal. He looked at the windows and they became the epitome of strange lands and foreign life. The other world, the world of memory, he had before him on his walls, beside his bed and opposite to it. With the last of his strength, aided by the chambermaid, he had put up with thumbtacks all the photographs he possessed.

"The panorama of my life," he said in gentle irony. "Eighty-two years and many lands—and now all of it finds ample space on these two narrow walls."

They were faded photographs of his family; his parents; his wife, who had died forty years before; the picture of a son who had lived to be fifty and who had died; the picture of a grandson who died at seventeen; the picture of a daughter-in-law who had lived to thirty-five—the dead, among whom Father Moritz, ancient and alone, awaited death.

BUT the wall opposite contained only landscapes, photographs of the Rhine, towns, castles and vineyards, interspersed with colored clippings from newspapers, sunrises and thunderstorms over the Rhine, and, at the end, a series of pictures of the little town of Godesberg-on-the-Rhine.

"I can't help it," Father Moritz said in embarrassment. "I really ought to have pictures of Palestine hanging there, at least a few in the collection—but they don't mean a thing to me. The Rhine, Godesberg—if I could only see them once more!"

"How long did you live in Godesberg?" Ruth asked.

"Until I was seventeen. Then we left."

"And afterward?"

"Afterward I never went back."

"That was a long time ago," Ruth said.

"Yes, it was long, long before you were in the world. Perhaps your mother was born about that time."

How strange, Ruth thought. When my mother was born these pictures were already memories in the brain behind that forehead—and she lived her difficult life and is gone, and these same memories live on like ghosts behind this ancient forehead as though they were stronger than many lives.

There was a knock and Frau Rosenfeld came in. "Edith," Father Moritz said, "my eternal love! Excuse me for not getting up and coming to greet you. Where have you been?"

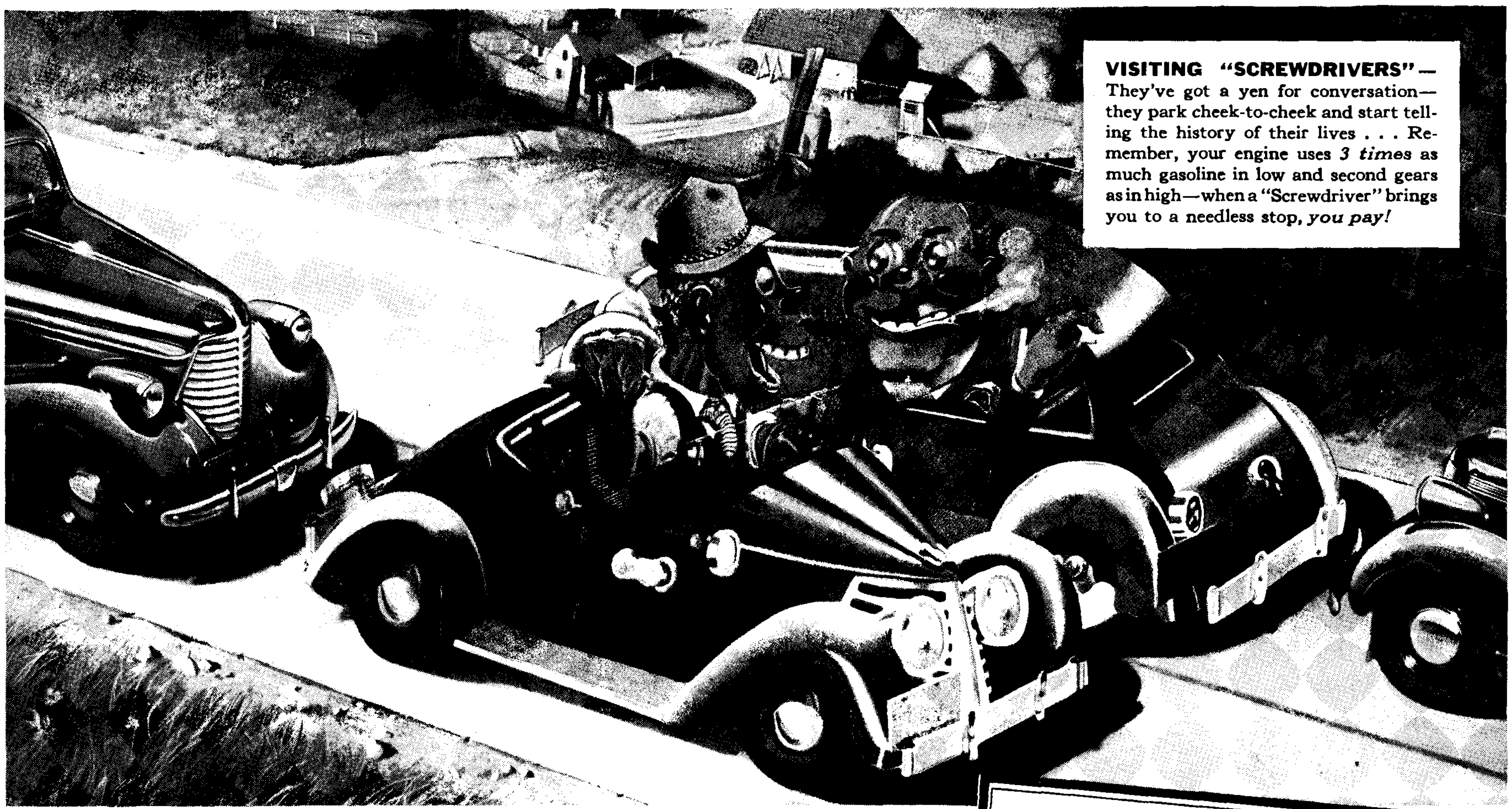
"I've come from the station, Moritz. I've just seen Josef off."

"What will you do when everyone's gone?"

She smiled. "I'll rest. And then I've

(Continued on page 69)

Get rid of "SCREWDRIVERS"—Cut STOP-and-GO 25%



VISITING "SCREWDRIVERS"—They've got a yen for conversation—they park cheek-to-cheek and start telling the history of their lives . . . Remember, your engine uses *3 times* as much gasoline in low and second gears as in high—when a "Screwdriver" brings you to a needless stop, *you pay!*

Traffic experts agree it can be done RIGHT NOW!

"Traffic regulations and improved highways go only part of the way in relieving traffic problems. At least 25% of our 'stop-and-go' driving could be eliminated by plain, old-fashioned courtesy on the part of motorists."

Walter G. Lindersmith

Executive Secretary, Los Angeles Traffic Association

TIME-WASTING, fuel-wasting, nerve-racking Stop-and-Go can be cut 25% *right now.*

Shell engineering and traffic research—which first produced Super-Shell to cut the *cost* of Stop-and-Go—now shows the way to cut the *amount* . . .

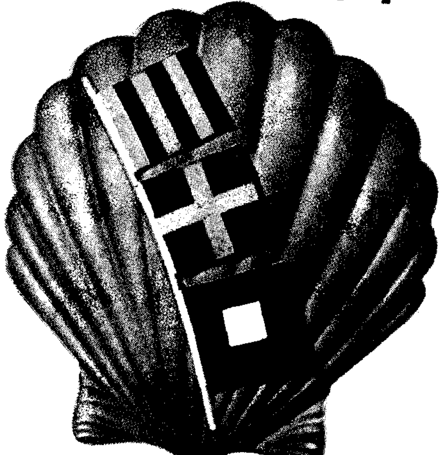
Unite public opinion against "Screwdrivers." Just as public opinion cut America's accident rate, it can get rid of traffic boners that pile up Stop-and-Go.

Your Shell dealer is headquarters for a national crusade AGAINST "Screwdrivers" FOR COMMON-SENSE DRIVING!

Drive into his station today. He'll attach the SHARE-THE-ROAD emblem to your car FREE—give you a booklet that shows how "Screwdrivers" increase your Stop-and-Go driving needlessly.

Show your colors—join now!

Join the SHELL SHARE-THE-ROAD CLUB—help rid the road of "Screwdrivers"!



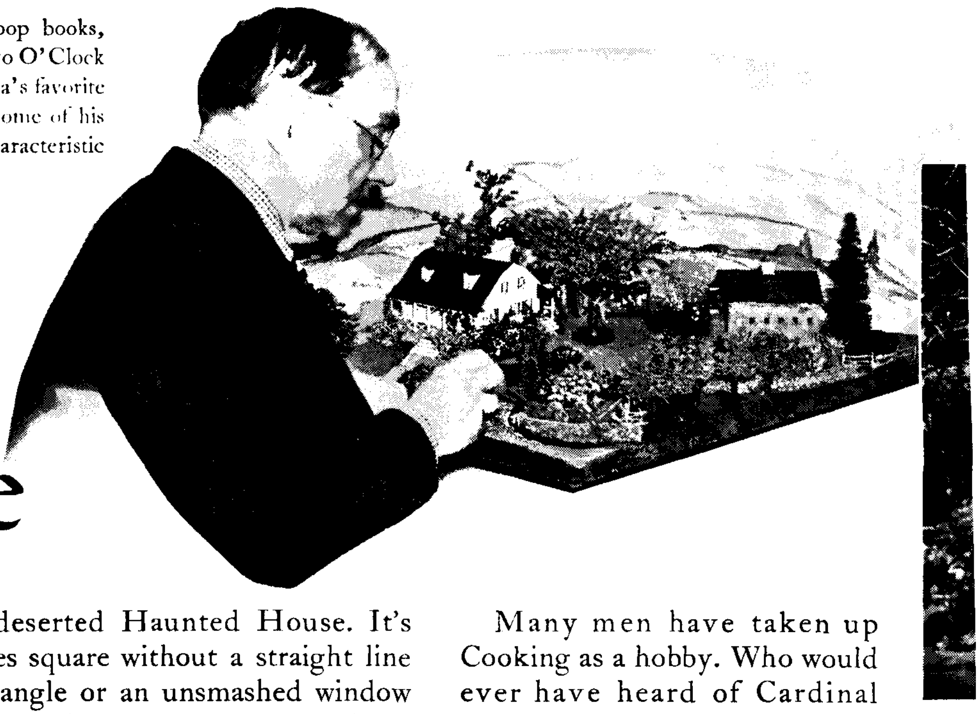
SHOW YOUR COLORS! The flags, in mariners' code, mean "I am giving way." Your Shell dealer will attach this handsome, colorful, all-metal emblem above your rear license plate—no cost to you. It shows you're AGAINST "Screwdrivers"—FOR sharing the road. It will help cut Stop-and-Go 25%!

THE SHELL DEALER IS HEADQUARTERS FOR SAVING ON STOP-AND-GO

He's a good neighbor—friendly and willing—ready to give your car complete care!

SHELL
SHELL
"SHARE THE ROAD" AND SUPER-SHELL BOTH SAVE ON STOP-AND-GO

GELETT BURGESS, creator of the Goop books, author of "The Burgess Nonsense Book," "Two O'Clock Courage" and other best sellers, is one of America's favorite satirists. Here he presents intimate glimpses of some of his more eccentric leisure activities, written in characteristic vein for the friends of Schlitz



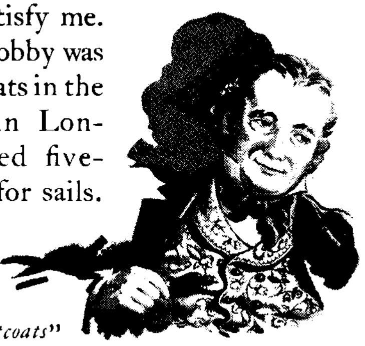
There's a surprising difference in *Hobbies*

IF YOU WANT to acquire a brand-new sparkle in your eye, have a hobby. Fun and enthusiasm keep you young, aid the digestion and remove that awful sourpuss look. Social life is often a bore, and you can't go to the movies or eat *all* the time. A hobby demands so much love and attention that it's almost as good as a wife.

My own hobbies began with making model houses of cardboard, with trees, bushes, flowers and everything. Then I made a deserted Haunted House. It's five inches square without a straight line or right angle or an unsmashed window in it. That's the way to get atmosphere. You can almost see the ghost.

My last attempt was a street of six wobbly little houses with cockeyed gables, crazy windows and walls sloping in 17 different directions. Even then it wasn't screwy enough to satisfy me.

Shelley's hobby was sailing toy boats in the Serpentine, in London. He used five-pound notes for sails.



"*—magnificent collection of embroidered waistcoats*"

Many men have taken up Cooking as a hobby. Who would ever have heard of Cardinal Richelieu if he hadn't invented Mayonnaise Dressing? What are the novels of Alexandre Dumas compared wit his Cook Book telling 56 ways of gastronomifying eggs? If you want a nea little hobby try new dishes, as a famou English naturalist did, of kangaroo ham panther chops, elephant trunk and rhinoceros pie. I worked over the cook stov until I had concocted one perfect food. call it Gefoojit. That means Apple Mess

Or you can make Dress your hobby One genius wore flashy jewelry; Macaula

There's an amazing difference in beers!

Taste *that famous flavor* today

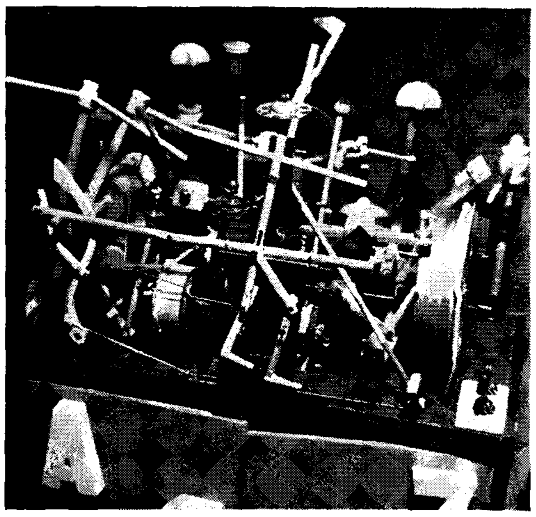
BOTTLED AT THE BREWERY
Schlitz
THE BEER THAT MADE MILWAUKEE FAMOUS
SCHLITZ
TRADE PURE MARK

"*You can almost see the ghost*"

had a magnificent collection of embroidered waistcoats. Or you might wear green gloves all the time and a new necktie every day, like Franz Liszt. Or sleep in your spectacles, as did Schubert.

For years one of my favorite hobbies has been cutting out the pictures of laughing faces from magazines and newspapers and pasting them into scrapbooks. No matter how bad your tummy ache, or your income tax, when you look over those smiles you can't help grinning. I send the books to sick or discouraged friends and to the hospitals. Doctors tell me I have discovered a new therapy. Do try it on some old grouchy uncle.

—"*inexcusable*" *hobby*

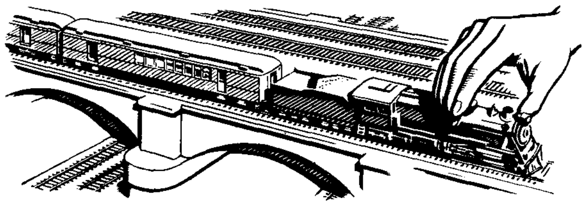


"*A Woman Talking*"

The celebrity who built the first Eddystone lighthouse amused himself by devising mechanical ghosts. I had a hobby almost as inexcusable. I spent days constructing a Cubic Cross-Word Puzzle. Diderot used to take machines apart to study them. I put machines together to amaze my friends. I am the sole inventor of the only Nonsense Machines ever made out of spools, pencils, rubber bands, hairpins and cigar boxes. They are lively, noisy and complicated and they accomplish absolutely nothing. I call my Model 7, "A Woman Talking."

Hobbyists are of various kinds. For instance, there are the collectors of things—Autographs, Butterflies, Compliments, Doodads, Elephants and so on to X, Y and Z. Next come the reproducers of things in miniature—such as R. R. Stations and State Capitols made of lumps of sugar, matches, shells or Schlitz bottle caps. Some paint fans, as did George Sand, or draw with both hands at once, like Landseer.

In a class apart are the true Hobbystocrats who invent their own unique diversions. Beau Nash was one—he delighted in stunts such as sending for an ambulance to take a bruised camellia to the hospital. A modern example is the fellow who makes a hobby of blowing square soap bubbles.



But the greatest of all are those whose hobbies are Themselves. Victor Hugo went to sleep when they weren't talking about him. Rembrandt painted his own portrait twelve times in a year and one of the leading novelists of the 19th century tipped his hat every time he passed the London house where he wrote his greatest story.

Sure. Egomania is the grandest, easiest and pleasantest hobby of them all. If you're too lazy for anything else, be crazy about yourself. You'll be in splendid company. Speaking of good company, for any occasion, consult your refrigerator—*provided, of course, it's provided with Schlitz!*

Drinking Schlitz is more than a hobby—it's a pleasant duty you owe to yourself if you love real beer.

In Schlitz you enjoy all the crisp, aromatic tang of the hops, *with none of the bitterness.*

You delight in all the full-bodied luxury of the malt, *with none of the sweetness.*

That famous flavor, created in the world's greatest brewery, is acclaimed by epicures in every quarter of the globe.

Dry...NOT SWEET...NOT BITTER!

That famous flavor of Schlitz comes to you intact in every bottle. *Here's why:* The air that sustains life can destroy beer flavor if sealed in the bottle. *SO—WE TAKE THE AIR OUT OF THE BOTTLE AN INSTANT BEFORE WE PUT THE BEER IN.* An amazing new method that assures brewery-fresh goodness *always.*

Schlitz

The beer that made Milwaukee famous

is made *Exclusively* in Milwaukee

Copyright 1939, Jos. Schlitz Brewing Co., Milwaukee, Wis.

This is the story of a great idea!

Millions of traveling motorists all want clean pleasant rest rooms with running water soap and towels and a mirror. So we Texaco Dealers have pledged you clean fully equipped *Registered* Rest Rooms at our stations...supervised by our "White Patrol" inspection cars. We invite you to stop at our stations where you get that lively *FIRE-CHIEF* gasoline and Circle Service and courtesy. We thank you . . .

TEXACO
REG. T. M.

Copyright 1939, by The Texas Company

SKY CHIEF sells for about half the price you paid in 1920 for the then regular gasoline, illustrating the continued success of the petroleum industry in providing the public with better products at lower prices.

TEXACO DEALERS

Texaco Dealers invite you to tune in The Texaco Star Theatre—a full hour of all-star entertainment—Every Wed. Night—Columbia Network—9:00 E. D.T., 8:00 E. S.T., 8:00 C. D.T., 7:00 C. S.T., 6:00 M. S.T., 5:00 P. S.T.

Published in behalf of more than 45,000 independent Texaco Dealers by The Texas Company . . . makers of Fire-Chief and SKY CHIEF *Gasolines,* Insulated *Texaco* and *Havoline Motor Oils, Marfak and more than 350 Industrial Lubricants.*

Traffic in Babies

Continued from page 15

She demanded in person, by letters, and through social workers. Nothing happened until she and her husband prepared a complaint for the court. Suddenly then, the boy's address was furnished. That didn't clear up the complications, though, because he had been legally adopted by a family in Flushing, N. Y. He called this woman "Mother," loved, and was loved by her.

There's little use in turning to the adoption laws as they are now. In half the states you can't see them for the loopholes. For every dull word, it seems, there's a loose one. If a doctor wants to be crooked there are dozens of ways he can slide and slip around the letter of the adoption laws.

One Los Angeles doctor habitually enters his maternity patients in the name of the adopting mother, with whom he has negotiated beforehand. This takes care of all technicalities about the birth certificate, and obviates the necessity of adoption proceedings. It did not take care, however, of a recent case when a syphilitic mother gave birth to a monstrosity.

The adopting parents had no possible redress. There were the documents to prove it was their monstrosity, and, also, a canceled check for $1,000 to show that they had paid for it.

Even in the states where legislation is adequate, it is extremely difficult to obtain the evidence that will close a questionable maternity home and stop commercial child-placement. Doctors won't tell on themselves. Girls won't talk when the very thing they need most is secrecy. There is nothing to force the transactions into the light.

Just stop and think about these unmarried mothers. Think of the emotional hurdles they must take: Shame! Bitterness! Frustration! Ostracism! Economic fear! A lot of people can break their necks on just one of them. So nine girls out of ten side-step them with secrecy.

Usually these girls know little about the civic maternity hospital in their town, or about the many shelters offered all over the country by the Salvation Army and the Florence Crittenden League. They seldom know that the Child Welfare League of America has two hundred and ninety-six branches and affiliates where a mother can go before her baby is born and arrange—without paying—to have her child adopted by good, reliable foster parents.

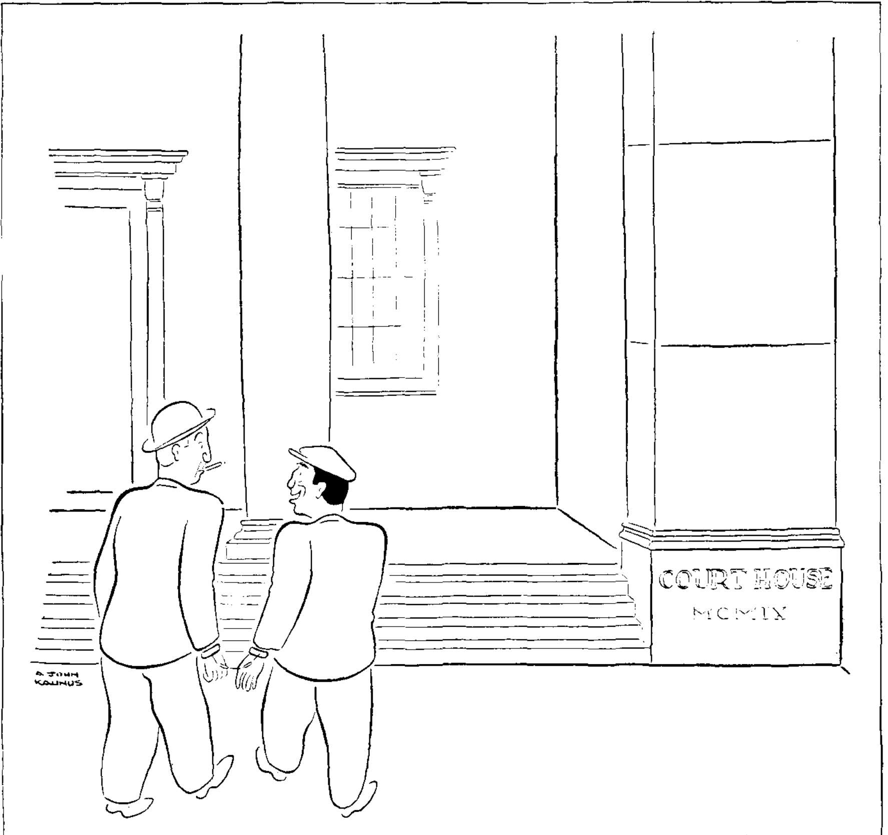
The girls who know of these places dread going to them. They dread the catechism of questions. . . . Who is the father? What schooling did he have? What diseases? What tempers? What talents? They don't seem to realize the records are never made public: that matrons and nurses are impersonal beings, concerned with this information only because it means a happy foster home or a miserable one.

Last year 40,000 illegitimate white babies, and another 40,000 colored, were born in the United States. Eighty thousand unwed mothers, then, had to find shelters.

These are the mothers who provide practically all of the babies you and I can adopt. Mind you, official figures say forty per cent of all children adopted are from married homes. But you and I never get a chance at this forty per cent because they are not brought into adoption nurseries. Uncles, aunts, and friends give them homes. When we apply for an infant, the chances are ten to one we are offering to take one born out of wedlock, under a fictitious name.

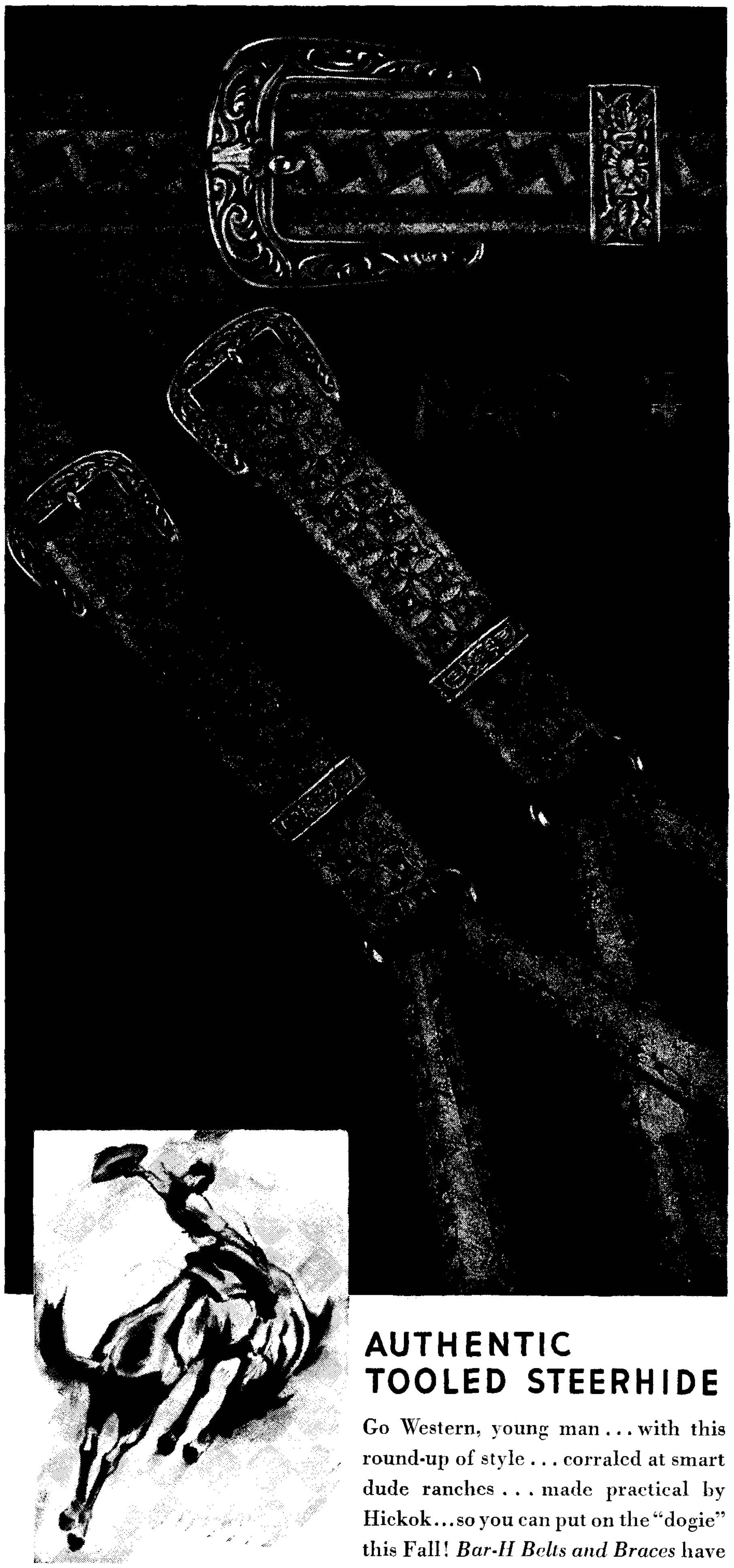
Twice as many people, compared to those similarly minded a decade ago, are adopting children now. Three times that number want to adopt, but can't get the babies. The New York State Placement Bureau, which usually supplies about three hundred babies a year, says they now have a waiting list of some four thousand would-be parents. Child-placement bureaus all over the country, especially those in large cities, say they are swamped with similar applications.

The supply is far behind the demand



"The last time I was here was for a marriage license. Boy! Was I scared!"

A. JOHN KAUNUS

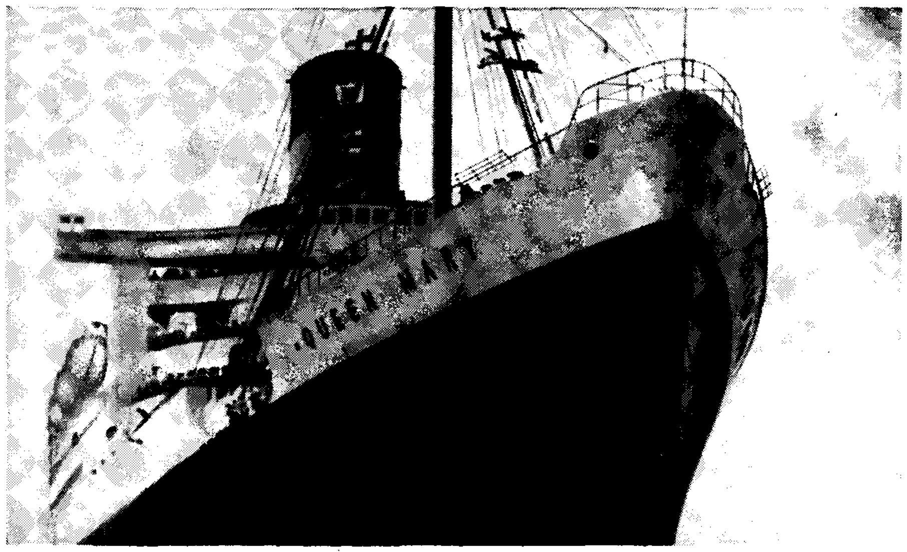


AUTHENTIC
TOOLED STEERHIDE

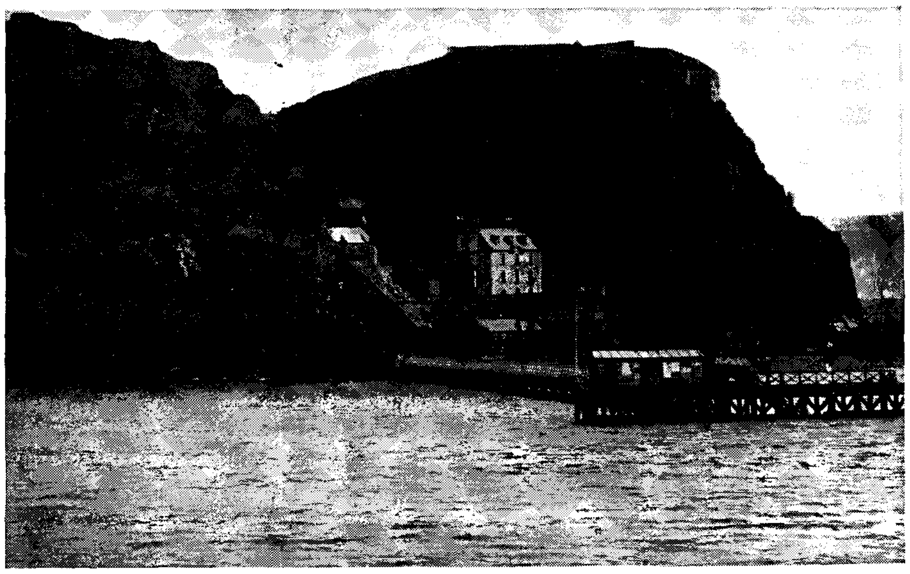
Go Western, young man . . . with this round-up of style . . . corraled at smart dude ranches . . . made practical by Hickok . . . so you can put on the "dogie" this Fall! *Bar-H Belts and Braces* have the all-man ruggedness of the great open spaces . . . the easy flexibility of authentic, tooled steerhide . . . unusual hand-finished wrought metal buckles . . . and they're priced surprisingly at *One Buck* and a *Buck-and-a-Half!* Git along and lasso a few for yourself!

Hickok Manufacturing Co., Rochester, N. Y.

HICKOK



DOWN THE CLYDE, past Glasgow, have come, perhaps, more famous ships than have sailed any other river in the world. And on practically all of these, world-travellers have enjoyed another *famous* Scottish contribution—rich, flavourful **JOHNNIE WALKER!**



AS TYPICALLY SCOTCH as the famous Firth of Clyde, **JOHNNIE WALKER** has been borne on these ships to the remotest spots of the Seven Seas and the Five Continents—a tribute to its unrivalled taste.

BORN 1820...
STILL GOING STRONG

IN YOUR EASY CHAIR you can sample the heart of Scotland in every flavourful sip. There's no finer whisky than Scotch, and **JOHNNIE WALKER** is Scotch at its smooth, mellow best. Among the world's great Scotches, **JOHNNIE WALKER** sets the pace!

Red Label, 8 years old • Black Label, 12 years old • Both 86.8 proof
CANADA DRY GINGER ALE, INC., NEW YORK, N. Y., SOLE DISTRIBUTORS
OF JOHNNIE WALKER BLENDED SCOTCH WHISKY

because poverty does not separate as many babies from their parents these days. Mothers' aid societies, relief organizations, workmen's compensation, and such keep more homes together. Knowledge of contraceptives has reduced the number of children born out of wedlock.

All of this makes competition more keen, forces a foundling's price up. Normally intelligent people will pay 1,000 dollars for a baby bootlegged to them—without a scrap of authenticated history—rather than wait one or two years for a baby from an approved child-placement bureau which goes into all the ifs, ands and buts of each case.

These foolishly emotional couples expect to obtain a precious human relationship out of a grab bag. They pay their money, they take their grab, and they hope for a miracle. They hope the baby is normal, they hope it will like the things they like and they hope it will love them after it grows up.

Doctors, ministers, lawyers, society matrons, and nurses are riding the present boom in babies. Profession and education seems to bar no one. Some, it is true, believe they are correcting the mistakes of Nature. Others are callous middlemen, cashing in handsomely.

A nurse told me of a case in Pittsburgh not long ago of a family physician who was so anxious to shield the name of a fourteen-year old girl that he entered her at the hospital as an appendectomy case, performed a Caesarean, and the next day gave the baby into the keeping of a woman whom he had talked with for only ten minutes. He did stop, however, long enough to collect $800 from her; and when the child mother recovered from the operation, she was told her baby had died.

Other doctors are less dramatic, it seems. They make a business of bootlegging illegitimate babies to certain well-known adoption societies who pay across the counter for each waif, with or without social history.

One prominent social worker told me babies go from a large New York City hospital out to the Cradle in Evanston at such a rate that it practically amounts to an underground passage.

Laws with Loopholes

There is a New York City matron—listed in the Social Register, a member of the Junior League, and of several swank clubs—who has let it be known she is willing to receive infants at her Long Island home, provided the unmarried mothers pay her a fee. Together with the fee she obtains a signed release from the mother giving her custody of the child. With this, the matron can double or treble the initial fee when she places the baby with adopting parents.

It all comes back to lax legislation. We have almost as many adoption laws as we have states. But right now only five states—Alabama, Wisconsin, Minnesota, California, and New Jersey—have comprehensive and adequate legislation, according to the Children's Bureau.

Only twenty-three states, they tell us, insist upon knowing each child's history. About a fourth of these states want trained social workers to do the investigating. The others allow the court to appoint any private individual that happens to come along. Less than ten states demand a year's probation before the adoption becomes final.

Half of our states, then, have good or fair-to-middling adoption laws. Responsible citizens there have stressed and strained until they got decent amendments through to safeguard an infant and his reckless adopting parents. So what?

So people go get a baby in a state where the regulations are not so bothersome. They journey from a fairly strict state like New York, where they are protected, to a lax one such as Illinois.

"Oh, but I'm tired of waiting!" wails Mrs. Smith. "We've had our name in at the agency here for a year now, and still no baby! We're flying to Chicago today—they've a blonde with dimples they will hold forty-eight hours for us."

In Chicago this Mr. and Mrs. Smith adopt a child who, for all they know, may have a feeble-minded mother, or an eighth Negro strain on the paternal side. Also, they may find the adoption is not legal in their home state, but still is binding as far as Illinois is concerned.

Yet many people go to Chicago for babies. The Cradle in Evanston is doing a land-office business. Several movie and radio stars set the fad when they went there—not exactly on tiptoe or in dark veils—to get their babies.

Gradually the word passed about that the Cradle only issues babies to people with a considerable income. That set the seal upon it with many women. They ask for no other recommendation.

A Thriving Business

The Cradle has been in existence since 1923. It handles no maternity cases: busies itself only with purveying babies to adopting parents. Its prices are not excessive. Some waifs have been released for $29, but $75 is more usual. This fee, however, covers only actual hospital expenses. All adoptive parents are expected to give gratitude donations then, and during succeeding years. These gifts can be $1,000 or $1,500. Some have even been $2,500.

The hygienic record in the Evanston nursery is splendid. The crib patients are also put through Wassermann tests, and mentality paces. These latter (since they are done at four months or younger) are, of course, inconclusive proof of what the child's mentality will be eight or ten years after.

Where the Cradle babies come from is a secret; who their fathers are is usually unknown. The Cradle policy does not demand detailed investigation into maternal and paternal strains. In no case does it, even if facts are known, reveal them to foster parents, beyond telling the mother's race and religion.

But there is difference of opinion among the board of directors. Some insist that complete social investigation into paternity accompany each of their cases, although they don't insist that parents' names be made public.

Perhaps this is because the Cradle has had trouble with some of its placements. One baby released to a Jewish family in Evanston is now testing as a borderline case. Citizens in a Michigan town raised a hullabaloo recently when the Cradle placed a baby in a wealthy home where the mother and father (whose own child had died) were notorious for the amount of their liquor consumption.

Alarmed by the vigor of the protests, the Cradle made efforts to retrieve the baby, but finally agreed to the adoption if the foster parents could obtain one hundred signatures attesting their fitness as parents. There was nothing difficult about this because the foster father had strong political influence in his town.

As it is now, commercial adoption nurseries and maternity homes are the supply-demand forces of the baby market. They keep it active. Each feeds the other. These maternity homes pour babies into adoption nurseries; and nurseries (whether they are one- or twenty-man concerns) hold prices up so maternity homes find it profitable to continue. Both would starve if public opinion and uniform laws demanded case histories on all children put out for adoption.

The Secret

Continued from page 10

and Sydney standing quiet and not really believing it. Then Sydney spoke:

"I thought you were good as married to Judy Donald," he said. Black Manuel's face was dark.

"I've broken with Judy Donald long ago," he answered.

"You know what he's like, don't you, Francie?" Syd asked.

"Yes," she whispered.

"He's no good; he doesn't love you." Syd started for the door.

"Where are you going?" cried Francie.

"Back to the station," said Syd. "If I stayed here I'd kill him."

"Wait," Francelina called. "Wait a moment, Sydney." He turned.

"If you don't know which of us you want, you don't want me, Francie. But if ever you want me, I'll be waiting for you." The door closed. Manuel and Francie and me were left together.

After he was gone, "Why did Syd let me go like that?" cried Francie. "Why didn't he keep me?"

"What good would that have done?" I said. "He can't keep you from Manuel, you know that."

"He might have waited!" she cried.

"He'd have killed Manuel if he had. Aren't you ever going to be satisfied until one or the other is dead?"

"It would be easier that way," said Francelina, somber.

It was as if Black Manuel had no tenderness for Francelina, as if he wanted to get rid of Francie's power over him. They were engaged and there was no peace. The silent battle went on endlessly. Manuel, Francie and I were in the sitting room one evening, Black Manuel staring at her, smiling in a secret fashion to himself.

The silence got to be so that I couldn't stand it. Something had to happen to break it. I tried to speak but I could find nothing to say. I could only sit watching Francelina.

"Come out on the bulkhead—it's a nice night," Manuel said at last. He got up, opening the door. The moonlight lay across the room in an oblong. Francelina followed him. The helpless, bidden way in which she went made me shiver.

I walked up and down the room. The bay was filled with moonlight. Black Manuel and Francelina were silhouetted darkly on the bulkhead. Manuel tense and waiting. Francie helpless as if she had no will left, like a bird charmed by a snake.

Something was happening that had to be stopped. I couldn't let it go on. I thought to myself, "I can stop this and I will." I walked deliberately over the grass toward the bulkhead. Manuel was speaking.

"Just for a little while," he said. "Come out to my boat just for half an hour—it's so beautiful."

"Francie!" I called. "Come here!"

WHEN I called Francelina back into the house that night I'd put out my hand and turned aside the stream of events. Everything was rushing ahead to an inevitable conclusion like an engine under full speed.

When I called Francie the engine stopped; that was why I always felt responsible for the other things that happened. They seemed to be of my making. I'd cut the thread that bound Black Manuel and Francelina as if I'd used shears. . . . At the time I felt proud of myself. I'd put off disaster.

We sat on the bulkhead next day. The sky was full of storm. There seemed to be no air anywhere. The day had an unnatural yellow color and presently I knew the wind would come shrieking down upon us. A restless day. A bad day. A day too full of suspense to settle down to work. Suddenly we hadn't anything to say to each other.

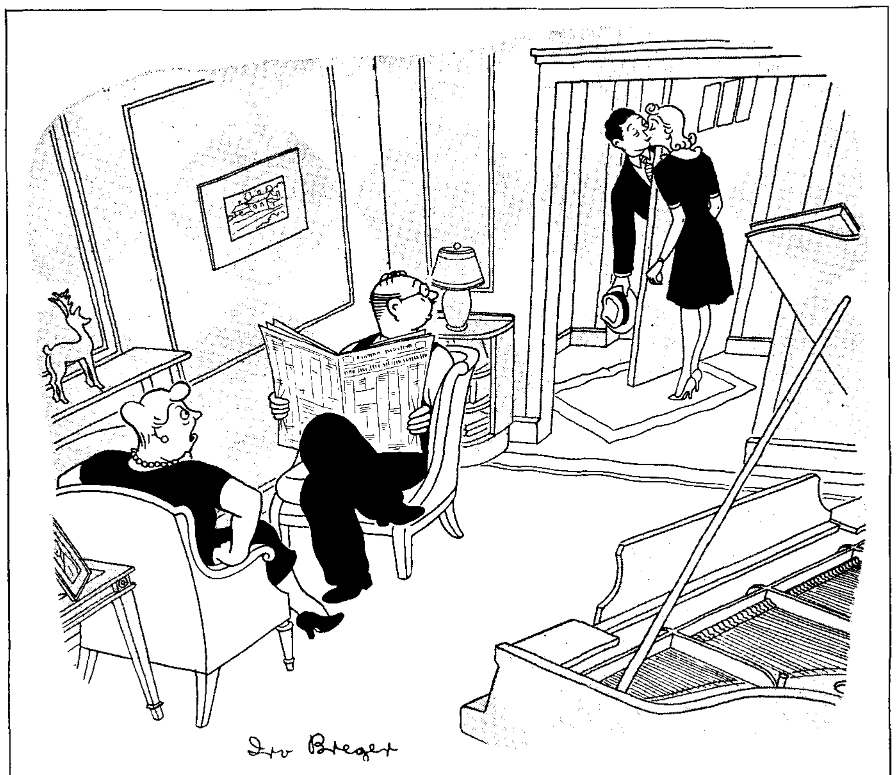
A redheaded girl appeared on the beach as if a wind had blown her there. She was a handsome girl with a pleasant Irish face that ought to have been soft and lovely. Life had turned it bitter.

"Are you the girl Manuel Perez's going around with?"

"Yes," said Francelina.

"I'm Judy Donald, his other girl," said she. "Since we both got the same man, I thought we'd best be acquainted." Francie didn't answer anything.

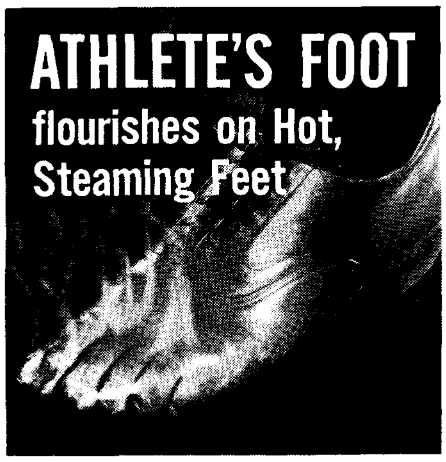
"I told Manuel I was going to come to see you, when he came home last



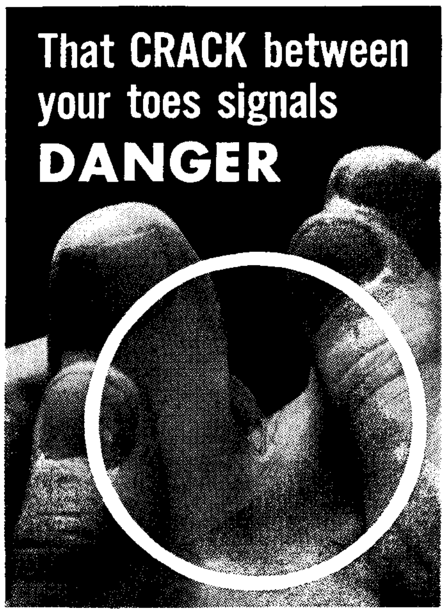
"I detest that young whelp so, I can hardly wait to become his mother-in-law!"

IRV BREGER

I LOST THAT GOLF GAME
BUT FOUND A BREAKFAST DISH THAT SUITS ME TO A "T"!
DO HURRY, ALICE! WE'LL BE LATE FOR OUR GOLF GAME WITH DR. NEWCOMB!
BUT, BOB! YOU CAN'T PLAY GOLF WITHOUT BREAKFAST. YOU HAVEN'T EATEN A BITE!
I'M TERRIBLY WORRIED ABOUT MY HUSBAND, DR. NEWCOMB! HE'S SO RUN-DOWN YET HE SIMPLY WON'T EAT A DECENT BREAKFAST!
I KNOW A LOT OF MEN LIKE HIM! YOU MUST MAKE BREAKFAST SO TEMPTING BOB WILL WANT TO EAT. TRY SHREDDED RALSTON, THAT NEW BITE SIZE CEREAL WITH SUCH A WONDERFUL FLAVOR. THEN WATCH HIS APPETITE PICK UP!
BOB
AND IT'S AN EASILY DIGESTED, QUICK-ENERGY FOOD MADE OF PURE WHOLE WHEAT—JUST WHAT NEARLY EVERYONE NEEDS TO KEEP FEELING FIT AND "REGULAR". JUST SEE IF IT DOESN'T DO YOUR HUSBAND A WORLD OF GOOD!
LATER
HONESTLY, HONEY, SHREDDED RALSTON IS THE GRANDEST TASTING CEREAL I'VE EVER EATEN! THERE'S NO MUSS OR CRUMBLING AND IT STAYS CRISP RIGHT DOWN TO THE LAST SPOONFUL. I'VE FELT A LOT BETTER SINCE I STARTED EATING IT, TOO!
YOU ARE LOOKING GREAT, DEAR. I ONLY WISH DR. NEWCOMB HAD TOLD ME ABOUT IT SOONER!
Shredded Ralston
Whole Wheat
Ready to Eat
Shredded Ralston
IT'S BITE SIZE
Tune in!
THE INSIDE STORY
NBC Blue Network
EVERY TUESDAY EVENING



HOT WEATHER keeps your feet steaming in perspiration. During the day your socks stay hot and damp. This irritates the skin —causes it to crack open—makes you an easy prey to painful Athlete's Foot!



ATHLETE'S FOOT FUNGI actually feed on that dried skin and stale moisture until the skin cracks open. Then they get under the surface of the skin through that crack and spread through the tissues. Soon red, itchy toes—white, blistering patches of skin peeling off —make you realize you have Athlete's Foot.

Drench them at ONCE

DON'T WAIT till Athlete's Foot has this start. The instant you see a tiny crack between your toes, drench it with Absorbine Jr.

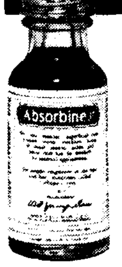
1. **It *dries* the skin between the toes.**
2. **It dissolves the perspiration products on which Athlete's Foot fungi thrive.**
3. **A powerful fungicide, it kills Athlete's Foot fungi on contact.**
4. **It soothes and helps heal the broken tissues.**
5. **It relieves the itching, pain of Athlete's Foot.**

Guard against re-infection. Boil socks 15 minutes. Disinfect shoes. In advanced cases, consult your doctor in addition to using Absorbine Jr.

Absorbine Jr. $1.25 a bottle at all druggists.

ABSORBINE JR.

Kills ATHLETE'S FOOT fungi on contact



Also QUICK RELIEF for:

- **Sore, Aching Muscles**
- **Tired, Burning Feet**
- **Bites of Mosquitoes and other Small Insects**

Sample Bottle FREE! Write W.F.Young, Inc., 201 Lyman St., Springfield, Massachusetts.

night. He hit me. See—" She drew her blouse open and showed a bruise on her white skin.

I got up and went away. The girl would say what she came to say easier alone, I knew. I heard Judy Donald's voice, monotonous, taunting.

Suddenly Francelina threw her arm before her face and ran for the house. The girl laughed.

"Where are you going, Francie?" I said.

"Out to the station—out to Syd."

"You're crazy," I said, "the wind'll break before you get there. You'll be caught in a windstorm on the dunes."

Between the Coast Guard station and the town are two miles of cruel dunes. In a storm the wind lifts the dunes and hurls them at anyone crazy enough to be caught out there.

"I've got to see Syd," Francie called back. Later I learned what happened. She ran through the sparse pine trees, past the bog, and ,then the road turned into a silver trail. On each side were blackened stumps of a forest fire. The trail passed through moors covered with ground cranberries and blueberries. It dove down suddenly into the forest again. The trees were thicker and the wind cried in them. Swirls of black clouds leaped by overhead. The dunes gleamed white through the trees.

Francie scrambled up the sand, which gave under each footstep. She stood looking toward the Coast Guard station two miles away. There was a line of black sea against a murderous sky. Francie ran lightly over the sand. The wind had come. She labored up a steep dune, the sand hitting her heavily. At the top the gale struck her. . . .

THE lookout in the Coast Guard station reported someone moving on the dunes. Through the welter of swirling sand they could see nothing but a black spot. The telephone bell rang. It was then I phoned them to look out for Francie, who was on her way, and the captain sent Syd out after her.

He could see her through the sand, lunging, falling, stumbling, crawling a few steps, blinded, fighting now for her life. She was almost unconscious when he carried her into the lee of a dune. She rested a while, then he carried her into the station. She lay motionless, stretched out in the big white room, the men from the station looking on. She was dazed and exhausted. They washed the sand from her face, they brought her hot coffee. She couldn't speak. Syd sat holding her hand. The door opened, and Black Manuel stumbled in, more dead than alive.

"Where's Francie?" he gasped. Syd strode forward. He stood over Manuel, his face white.

"Francie's nothing to you any more," he said. "We're going to be married tomorrow. If I ever see you near her again I'll kill you." And he opened the door and threw Manuel out.

AFTER Francelina and Syd were married they lived on in my old house. No one was happier than they. Black Manuel had been washed out in the storm. No one had seen him, no one had heard from him. He seemed no more real to me than the memory of a nightmare.

One day Francelina came in, her face pale. She seemed shrunk with fear.

"Whatever has happened?" I asked.

"Manuel's back," and although Sydney was away at the station Francie whispered as though she were afraid he might hear her.

"What's that to you? It's nothing to you if Manuel Perez's back or not."

"He's come back to get me," whispered Francie, "and Syd'll kill him or they'll kill each other."

"Hush," I said, real stern, "you don't know what you're talking about."

The next day I caught sight of Manuel prowling on the beach. Francelina had forgotten him; he hadn't forgotten Francelina. He wanted her and he meant to get her. I could see his shadow on the bulkhead. At night I would hear his whistle after we were in bed, a car would come roaring past the house and again I'd hear Manuel's whistle in the quiet of the night.

Syd appeared suddenly at the house. It was not his liberty day. He walked gravely up to Francie. "What's this I hear about Manuel hanging around here?" he asked quietly. Francie had no answer. "I told him I'd kill him and I will," said Sydney, his face gray with fury. He walked out of the house as if in answer to Manuel's whistle.

"*He means that*," I told Francie.

Dusk was gathering. Francie stood staring out of the window. Again the whistle from outside. She said just loud enough for me to hear:

"He only wants to speak to me once and then he'll go away." She stood staring out of the window. A half-hour passed. There was the whistle again.

Then Francie walked out into the darkness. After a while I followed her out on the bulkhead. It was now very dark. There was no one there.

There was no sound but the lapping of waves on the beach and the noise of someone rowing a long ways off.

I went in and sat down to wait. The hours crawled past. It was after midnight when there came the grate of a boat landing on the beach and then Francie's footsteps. I stood up as Francie came in. We faced each other without speaking.

"Well, Francie," I said at last.

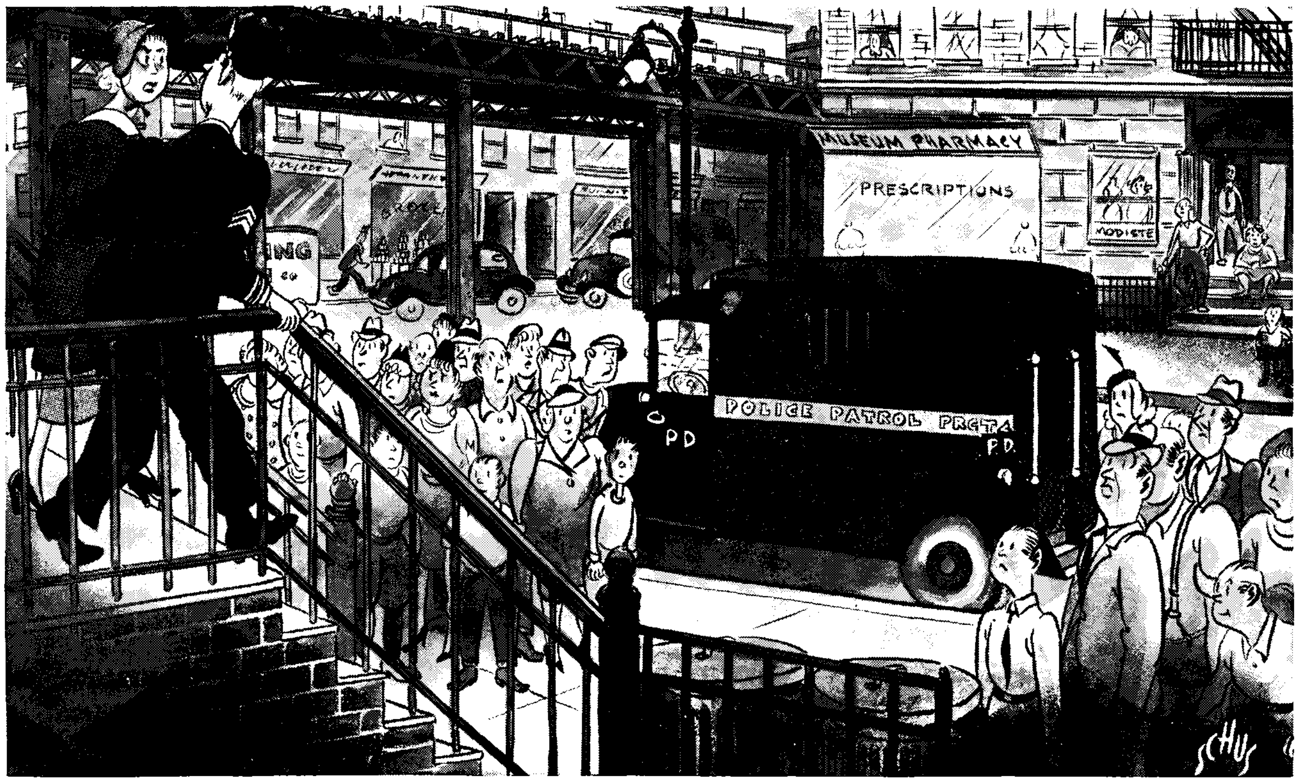
"It's over," said Francie. "Manuel won't come back. I had to go—I had to! Syd would have killed him!"

AFTERWARD it seemed to me that what had happened that night was a dream. Neither Francie nor I spoke of it again—there wasn't need of speaking of it. Black Manuel kept his promise—he never came near us again. Nothing was heard of him until he married the red-haired girl, Judy Donald.

Both Francie and I were busy getting ready for the baby. Then there never was a father who was so proud as Syd Ellsworth was of Kathleen. She was always in the crook of his arm until she could walk. When Syd left the Coast Guard station and bought a boat of his own, Francie said it was more because of Kathleen than herself.

Before Kathleen could walk she'd ride on her father's shoulders, his big hands holding her little feet on each side of his neck. He was always playing with her. He taught her to walk, he took her out in the boat. As soon as he'd be back from fishing there'd be a great game of hide and seek among the boats.

If she wasn't home he'd go tracking her under the wharves. He always found her and it was very mysterious to Kathleen that when the tide was low she could never hide from him anywhere. The reason he could find her was the footprints of her little slender feet, the second toe was longer than the big toe and it kicked up a little flurry of sand. There was no other footprint like



"I'll feel a lot better, Mike, when you can afford your own car!"

ADOLPH SCHUS

CHAMPION
PATENTED

Spark Plugs *are the Pulse of Your Engine*

Make It Strong and Dependable With Champion *Spark Plugs*

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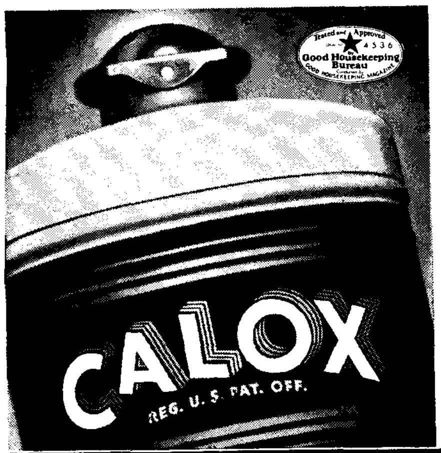
★ **Barbara Stanwyck,** Starring in Columbia's *"Golden Boy"*

"To help give teeth sparkling lustre I use *Calox Tooth Powder*"

Barbara Stanwyck



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it. I'd watch him until he found her little different footprints.

It must have happened when Kathleen was about three years old. I was sitting on the bulkhead. Syd went by on the beach below calling, "Kathie, Kathie, I know where you are."

"I think she's across the street playing with the little girls," said I. "I'm sure I haven't seen her."

"She musta passed here a minute ago. Here's the fresh tracks of her feet," said Syd. "I'd know her footprints on the dunes of the Sahara Desert. They're different from anyone's."

"That's funny," thought I. "I was sure she'd not been on the beach that afternoon"—yet there were her footprints, not like any other in the world.

I looked over the side of the bulkhead down at Kathie's footprints. My eyes followed them around the bulkhead's end—they ended, not where Kathie should have been sitting, but in a little redheaded boy.

The footprints were his. Cold crawled down my spine as Syd went up to the child and said: "Who are you, son?"

"I'm Manuel Perez's boy," said the little redheaded boy. Syd lifted up the child's little bare foot and looked at it while I stood above him. He never saw me. He sat there staring at the boy's *narrow feet with their long toes*—the boy that made the same footprints in the sand as Kathie. Just then Kathleen came running along, shouting:

"Where's my daddy? I want my daddy." She threw her arms around Syd's neck and crowded the little boy jealously aside. Syd took one of their slim little bare feet in each hand and sat looking at them. There was no difference between them.

THE silence grew thick and awful, and still Syd sat looking at the foot of Manuel Perez's boy and the foot of Kathleen. The silence grew so terrible that Kathleen wriggled herself free from her father and said:

"I want to go—I want to go!" but the little boy snatched his foot away and put it back in Syd's big hands as if he were playing a game.

A voice called: "Manuel, Manuel!" It was Judy Donald, whose hair was the color of the boy's.

"There you are! What a turn you gave me," she said. The boy put his hand obediently in his mother's and walked off with her over the damp beach, Judy's footprints and little Manuel's paralleling those of Syd and Kathie.

Still I stood looking at them till the cold sweat came out on my forehead. It seemed to me my legs wouldn't hold me, as if I couldn't breathe. I sat down and waited a long time. Then Francelina came out on the bulkhead and asked:

"Where's Syd?"

"I saw him rowing back to the vessel," I said.

Then life went on as if nothing had happened. What he felt Syd kept to himself. He thought the secret was his, his knowledge alone. He hadn't seen me standing above him.

TWO weeks later, on a foggy day, there happened one of those accidents for which the sea gives no explanation. Black Manuel's boat was found floating and empty and Black Manuel was gone.

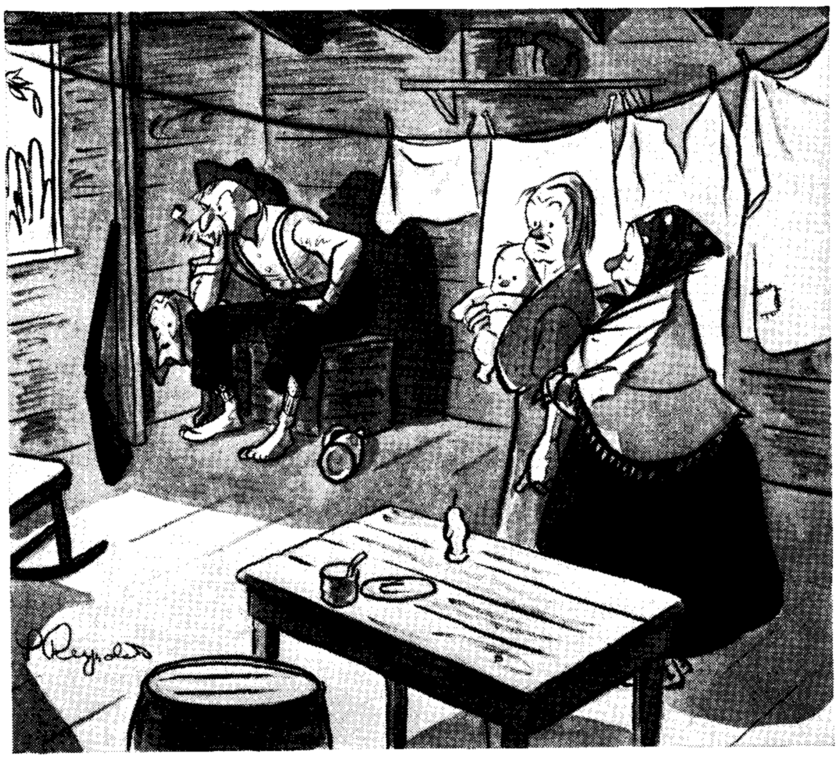
Sydney gave no sign of what had happened beyond sitting sometimes abstractedly by himself, and when Francelina'd tease him he'd smile at her and say he was studying over something.

When all four of us would sit together on a summer evening, on the bulkhead, looking out to sea and saying *the little things folks do, our secret* would seem to me to come nearer and nearer. There we'd be with little Kathleen in the center of our silence as if we three grown folks were standing between her and the secret.

There was Francelina, who with her hand on Kathleen's, believed no one knew her secret. Yet Sydney knew it; so did I.

Sydney had his secret too. I'd look at him in amazement, how steady he was under the weight of it. Maybe he didn't do it after all, I'd think. Then I'd hear him saying, "If I stay here I'll kill him." I'd wonder what would happen to us if each of us told what we knew instead of keeping the secret from exploding.

Sometimes I'd wish Francie knew that Syd knew everything. So that she could realize that no man ever had more love for a woman than Syd had for her. He loved her so much that somehow he understood everything. . . . Sometimes I'd look at them and think that such a secret would have crushed most folks. It hadn't them.



"I can always tell when Paw's been shot. He's just no company at all!"

LAURENCE REYNOLDS

Song of the Rackets

Continued from page 17

shock her. "And that's very nice work—if you can get it."

In the silence, Joe knew that with others, even certain women, he might have gone into more detail about the women who were attracted to top-flight tennis players, about other things. But he respected obscurely in her the thing for which he had no name. . . .

Some scent, different from, but as delicate as that of the lilacs, came to him. Martha Wells was standing by him. He knew that she did not intend he should see in her face what he saw there. When he kissed her it was without passion or any intensity. The mouth under his was young; the lips were almost hard. He held her quietly a little apart from him and looked at her. Her face was turned down and away.

"You're awfully nice," Joe said. Unconsciously he patronized her, but she didn't seem to notice.

"It's—it's late," she said, "and you have a match to play tomorrow."

He laughed silently. "I must see more of you. You're the only girl I know who worries about the matches I have to play the next afternoon."

"I'm glad there's some quality about me that you admire." Her words were not pointed; almost there seemed no feeling in them.

"I manage to say the wrong thing once in a while," Joe said. "Really, you're swell." He felt her watching him in the dimness. Before she broke quietly from him he thought he felt her tremble almost imperceptibly at his words.

"Good night," she said and went away from him across the wide porch.

In the darkness, Joe Wood smiled quietly. He could not understand why he felt so light, so happy.

HE WON that tournament. He was with her frequently. He tried to tell himself that she amused him, but he knew that that was a lie. When her parents asked him to stay for the week after the tournament, he did.

"We want you to stay as long as you wish," Mrs. Wells said to Joe almost nightly at dinner. Joe wondered if their money was new. The father seemed quiet.

The money wasn't new, Joe realized after a while. Like most tournament players, he had developed an almost unerring eye for such details. It was simply that the Welleses were crazy over tennis and having Joe as their house guest made the mother almost garrulous.

During that week, Joe found that he went whole days and nights without thinking of Sandra Gordon. This new thing was quieter. He had passed imperceptibly the stage of consciously realizing all the good things that would come with Martha Wells.

Friday evening he was with her alone on the porch. Morgan Wells had been there earlier. He seemed to approve, from his grin, although Joe knew that Morgan knew of Sandra Gordon and the others.

Quietness characterized that place where the Welleses lived, the lawn spacious and rolling, the trees towering over the house. Joe wondered if he were not mistaking the quietness he felt for something else.

He began to remember again the little income he had from his dead parents, about a hundred a month. He knew then what he was going to do, what had come to be almost expected of him in the past two weeks.

He was holding her hand, slender, definite, as he had held the hands of twenty other girls. Some perverse part of him insisted that now he should remember them. He shook his head slightly and heard himself saying: "Martha—you're really very lovely." The hand in his tightened a little.

"You'll forget it next week on Long Island."

"I'll never forget you, if you're near me all the time." The words came easily to him—too easily; he was surprised at this. He had never asked any girl to marry him before. Marriage had been a thing to be skillfully avoided.

She was standing and, with a little cry, was in his arms. "You will be, then?" he asked unnecessarily.

"Of course, Joe."

IT WAS more pleasant than he had anticipated, being engaged. Their pictures were in the papers; there seemed just a shade more respect in the attitude of tennis officials toward him, Joe noticed. Without any particular effort on his own part, he learned that Martha's father, Trimble Wells, was, in a quiet way, an important man financially. There was a home in New York besides the one in Jersey, and another at Lantana, near Palm Beach.

That he would like to talk to Joe sometime soon was the only comment Trimble Wells had to make before Joe left for one of the Long Island tournaments. Martha would meet him there for the finals. Tennis did not impress Trimble Wells as it did the rest of his family, Joe gathered as he left.

He won again on Long Island. He upset the more or less esoteric ratings by which the tennis people were trying to pick the Cup team. They had thought he was going to go into business that year, they told him. Now they wanted him to play for a place on that team. It would be a good idea, Joe thought, if he and Martha were married before he left for Europe. It would make a fine honeymoon.

Trimble Wells had other ideas. When he and Joe had their talk, in his office, Wells was neither ironic nor enthusiastic.

"You'll come into the firm, of course?" he said to Joe.

"I'd like to try a brokerage house again," Joe said.

"About your marrying Martha," Wells went on, "I approve. But if you'll allow me to be frank, I am not at all enthusiastic about supporting a top-flight tennis player merely because he's my son-in-law."

"Of course," Joe said. "I'm finished with that now. I'll play in the club tournaments and so on, but nothing involving long trips or a lot of time." He was as sincere and as grave as he had ever been.

"WHAT about this talk then of your going on the Cup team, this year?" Wells said.

Joe hesitated. "I had thought it would be the last flurry—so to speak. That Martha and I might even make it our honeymoon."

Wells looked out the window. His lean face was not readable. "I like you," he said to Joe, "but I don't know you too well. I'm not sure that you—or any other tennis player—would have the stability to make a happy marriage." He hesitated, still looking out the window. "I think then, you should forego the Cup team as a sort of token or sign of your good intention and your ability to give up the—life of a top-flight tennis player."

Again Joe hesitated. The graveness was still on him. He ought to be set-

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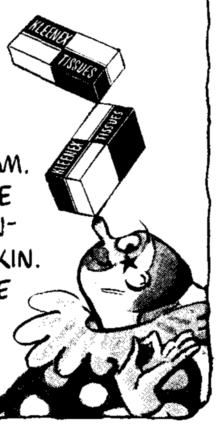
SHE LOSES BY A NOSE!

WET, SOGGY HANKIES DID IT! HASN'T THE GAL EVER HEARD OF KLEENEX TISSUES TO SOOTHE A SORE NOSE DURING COLDS?

(from a letter by S. C., Chicago, Ill.)

TEACHER'S PET... IS KLEENEX WHEN PUPILS FORGET THEIR HANKIES, SKIN THEIR KNEES, OR SPILL INK.

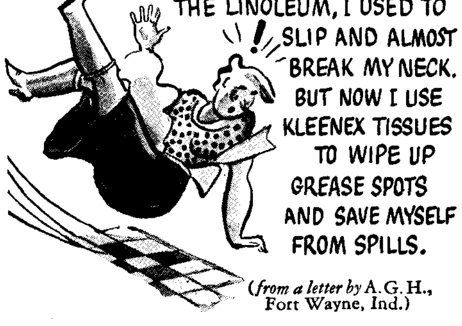
(from a letter by E. S., Belcher, La.)



LISTEN, GIRLS, I'M NO CLOWNING FOOL..

WHEN IT COMES TO REMOVING MAKE-UP AND CLEANSING CREAM, KLEENEX TISSUES ARE SOFT, SANITARY, NON-IRRITATING TO MY SKIN. THEY DON'T CRUMPLE OR SHRED IN USE.

(from a letter by R. W. L., Springfield, Ohio)



I FELL FOR KLEENEX

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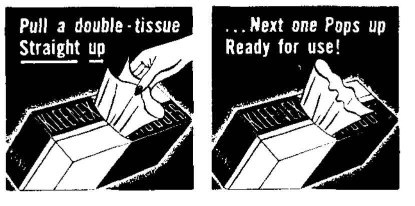
(from a letter by A. G. H., Fort Wayne, Ind.)

TWO BUNDLES FROM HEAVEN... KLEENEX IS A HEAVEN-SENT HELP FOR KEEPING BABY CLEAN AND SWEET...AND PREVENTING CODLIVER OIL FROM STAINING HIS CLOTHES.

(from a letter by G. I. F., Jamaica Plain, Mass.)

NOW 500 SHEET ECONOMY KLEENEX* ALSO IN THE SERV-A-TISSUE BOX

it Saves as it Serves—one double tissue at a time


Pull a double-tissue Straight up
...Next one Pops up Ready for use!

● During colds and hay fever, Kleenex soothes your nose, saves money, reduces handkerchief washing. Use each tissue once—then destroy, germs and all.

Adopt the habit of using Kleenex in the Serv-a-Tissue box that ends waste and mess . . . now *both* 500-sheet and 200-sheet Kleenex comes in the Serv-a-Tissue box. Keep one in every room in your home, one in your office, another in your car.

KLEENEX* DISPOSABLE TISSUES

(*Trade Mark Reg. U. S. Patent Office)

tling down, he knew. "I'll do that, Mr. Wells."

Wells stood and shook his hand. "I'm glad to hear you say so, Wood. You can come in here almost any time you want."

Joe left his office feeling very noble and assured. He wondered, a week later, if their setting the date for the wedding during the week following the day on which the Cup team would sail was purposeful?

He won again and then once more, making four tournaments in a row. It was as though some perverse fate gave him now his best strokes and headiest play. He delayed announcing that he was through with big-time tennis and would not play on the Cup team if asked to do so.

Martha usually came to the finals of the matches and then he would go home with her for a few days. He was walking with her across the lawn at a small club just after winning and suddenly saw Sandra Gordon.

Memory struck through every part of him. She stopped. "I did want to congratulate you, Joe."

He had the feeling that the older woman was laughing at him. He saw again the difference between them, that Martha was the superior person, the older woman the more desirable.

He introduced her to Martha.

"I suppose you're all through with big-time tennis, too, Joe," Sandra said.

He nodded. "I imagine so." He wondered if she had really guessed or was trying to be funny.

"I'm betting you don't break from it so easily," she said.

"I am, though," Joe said. "We're getting married the week after the Cup team sails."

She was smiling curiously as she left them. "Who is that woman?" Martha Wells said.

This was good, Joe thought. "Just one of the girls that hang around tennis clubs."

Martha smiled quietly. "I suppose that's my classification, too."

"Hardly," Joe said. The thing was getting difficult. She sensed this and did not press him. It was one of the things he liked about her. The feeling of oppression he got near her father he did not feel near her.

In dressing rooms, now, they had begun to banter him. This tournament in Pennsylvania, usually small, was to be more or less the tryouts for the Cup team.

"I hear," Stevenson said to him on the second day, "that the fuller life is getting you down and you probably won't go over with the Cup team."

"I don't know," Joe said.

IT GOT into the papers, though. The tennis people began to press him for a definite decision. Stevenson said: "Your old pal is going over on the same boat the Cup team sails on."

"Who?" Joe said, pretending ignorance.

"You know," Stevenson said. "You had only one real good pal among the tennis tootsies."

"Go to hell," Joe said. He began to sense the pressure on him.

He stood on the wide sunlit court in the finals and some obscure anger with Stevenson was in him. He could outsteady Stevenson any day, he knew. He didn't choose to, today. The tennis officials had issued a huffy statement that Joe Wood would have to earn his place on the team by beating Stevenson. It had been done to bring him to heel, Joe knew. He would whip Stevenson and then tell the tennis people to go to hell.

He began to cut Stevenson down, not by outsteadying him, but by passing shots, by going to the net himself for sharply angled volleys. He took the first two sets, 6-3, 6-4. The anger had gone from him, he realized, but something else was there. He really loved this thing, he suddenly realized, the fluid science of the game, the thinking out of coups two or three strokes in advance. The sudden grace of movement, the satisfaction of working up to the net and blocking a shot for a clean volleyed ace.

"You're hotter than hell," Stevenson said to him as they passed at the net. Joe hardly heard him. He saw Sandra Gordon, seated near the court, the light wind blowing the silk of her dress against her. Something dark and obscure had begun to happen in him. He looked, in some sort of curious desperation, for Martha but could not see her.

The anger returned again, more formless, darker. He went through Stevenson for the set at 6-2 and the match. He didn't hear the applause as he walked toward the marquee. Then he saw Sandra Gordon again and he remembered a lot of things. And now the applause was beating in on him. He was trembling a little. For the first time he began to realize how much he liked these things.

HE WAS walking toward the lockers when he saw Martha Wells and her father. She took his hand and her pressure on it told him how glad she was that he had won. He thought she looked pale. Trimble Wells was smiling thinly. His handclasp was almost loose. "A very nice finale, Wood," he said. "We'll be waiting for you."

"You'll drive home with us?" Martha said.

"Be right out," Joe said.

The tennis people were in the locker room. The sense of pressure returned to Joe. He remembered how pale Martha Wells had looked. He didn't love a pale woman. The thought struck him sharply. He didn't love anyone. He had thought he loved security. It was all mixed up.

"There won't be any difficulty about your making the boat tonight?" Jackson Thorne, one of the tennis officials, asked.

"I don't know," Joe said. He kept trying to think of Martha Wells and in his mind he kept seeing Sandra Gordon. That was no way to be marrying a girl, thinking of someone else. Martha was too good for that. There was a job in her father's office, though, and the home in Jersey they were being given.

He felt stupid as he stared at Thorne. He noticed that a lot of people were looking at him. They knew, then. They knew the way it was going to be. In the long run, he saw, Martha would be much better for him than Sandra. And security was a nice thing.

From outside, the curious, half-empty sound of tightly strung rackets hitting tennis balls came to him. *Pock . . . pock . . .*

It was almost like a song. It told of far places, of the rich evening and the victory. And after those? After five more years?

Joe had no answer. He didn't know a thing. Well, one thing, maybe. Martha Wells was too decent to marry if you didn't love her.

Outside, the song of the rackets beat under the noises of the place.

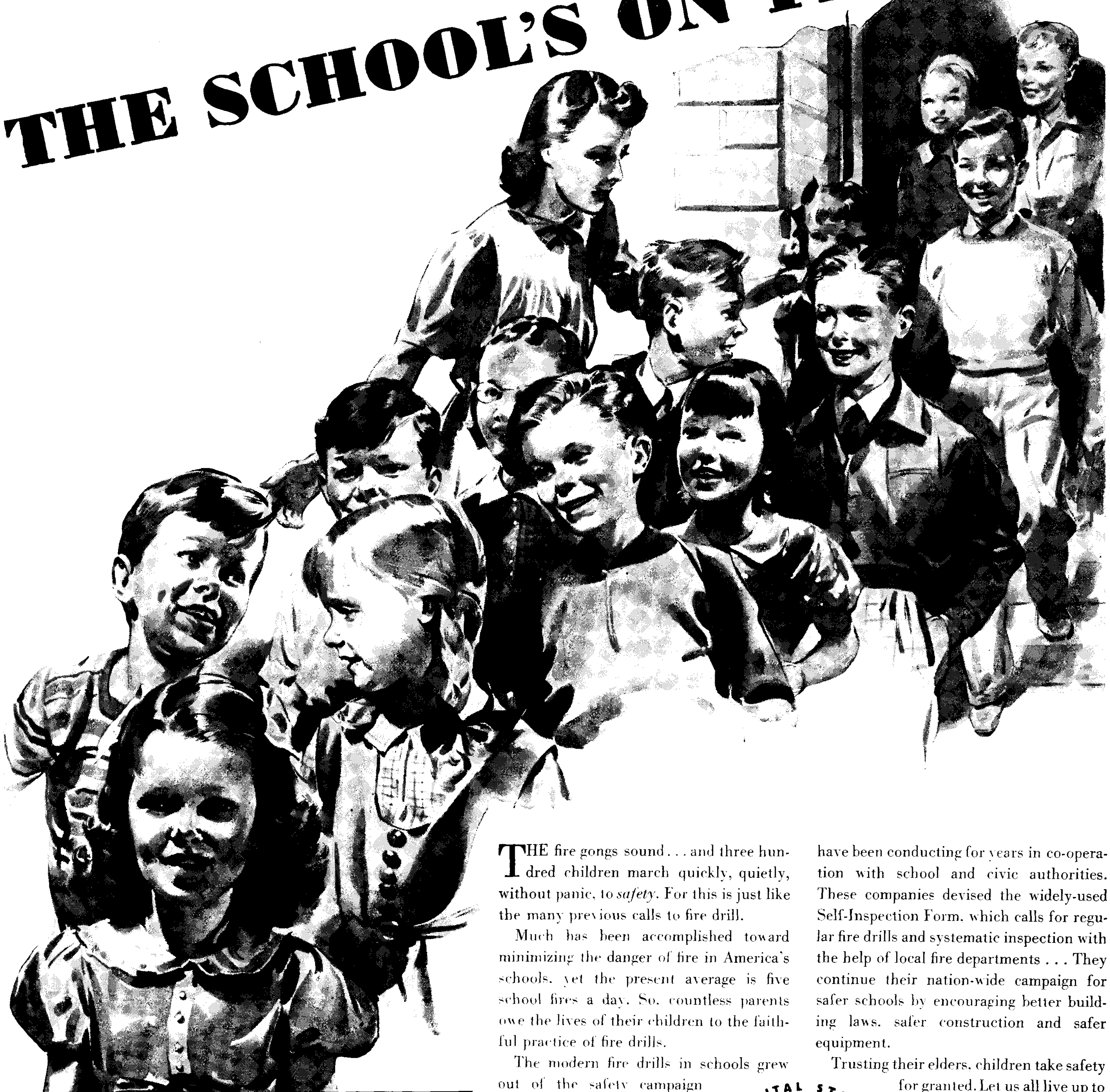
"Sails at midnight?" he said to Jackson Thorne.

"Midnight," Thorne said.

"I'll be there," Joe said, "if you could have a car waiting—near the back of the club."

He saw their faces go relieved. But it meant nothing to him. He felt better himself. Curiously, he felt more honest than he had in a long time. And the song of the rackets would go on for him for a long time, he knew. He was only twenty-four. Beyond the ending of that song, he felt he didn't have to look right now.

THE SCHOOL'S ON FIRE!



THE fire gongs sound . . . and three hundred children march quickly, quietly, without panic, to *safety*. For this is just like the many previous calls to fire drill.

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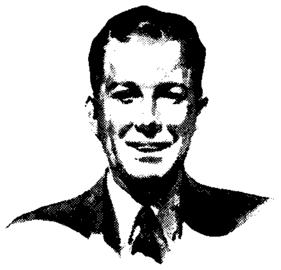

The advice and service of your local insurance Agent may be invaluable if you sustain a loss — particularly if you have had him "plan" your insurance before a loss occurs.

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..at America's Foremost Spa!
HOME OF PLUTO WATER

Suicide Squad

Continued from page 11

Allan Pomeroy, who sold things until the market failed him, is a comparatively new recruit, yet his longing to leap is an old one. A few years back, Allan received a telegram from the East Coast that his mother was on her deathbed—and he was never closer to being broke. An old car was his lone possession, but he handled the situation in real stunt fashion. A trade was made for a motorcycle and with the promise of fast riding, he received help from different sponsors. Pomeroy arrived home in time—leaving behind him all existing cross-country records smashed flat.

There are others—Jim Dundee, West Hopper, John Eckart. Each plays his part, and all are cogs in the machinery of the thrill department. Most of the boys have romantic backgrounds, and to enter the stunt life was only natural. The only excuse I personally have for taking up the art of making 'em think you're killing yourself is that I didn't give a rap whether Gaul was divided into three or four parts. They're all swell guys and good friends. Even though they might sell you a couple of yards of blue sky after working hours, they're musketeers during the action. A foot short, or a second late, and—it doesn't hurt, though. Just a kind of fluglike sound in your ears, with a gasp or two—but if you're rugged and have another job coming up—you'll be coming up, too.

Until last year, the only insurance our crew could get was state compensation, and the studios were forced to carry this. But now Lloyds of London have come through with a policy covering the above group. This speaks well for their ability.

One of our main pieces of equipment is a net, either a fire or circus type, whichever can be masked-in the easier. The souls that marched into hell's steaming pits in Dante's Inferno were just passing through the steam to bound into a net hidden below the camera line. It isn't so much to fall forty feet, but when a dozen of you have to hit together and the net is shrouded in smoke and steam, that makes it a trifle tougher. With all of us being crowded into these boiling holes, it's hit—then scramble to the side, for in the air, chainlike, are your friends, and alert as they may be old man gravity is yanking at their bootstraps.

You can figure for yourself what sort of pattern one would make if two hundred pounds of Duke Green happened to bounce off your midriff.

In the recent picture you saw fire wagons come dashing up to a burning building and the laddies leap into position with their net. This shot, as I know it, was taken from above by shooting down from the top of a parallel mounted on the roof of a two-story building. Chick Collins, John Sinclair, Jack Woody and myself were perched there, waiting for the fire net to be placed properly and the director's cue to take off. This net was manned by real firemen, which removed all doubt as to how that end would function.

Mr. James Tinling, the director, had instructed us beforehand how he wanted us to come off—Chick to jump, Woody to jump, John to dive and (I guess because he's bigger than myself) I was to do a back one-and-a-half. The smoke pots were lighted, the cameras turning and Collins took off. He's big, and though the net—only nine feet six inches to start with—seemed like a saucer from our point of vision, we could see the firemen stagger under the impact. Woody next cleaved the air and bang, they had him. John looked like a huge duck winging his way down, but he got there, unharmed.

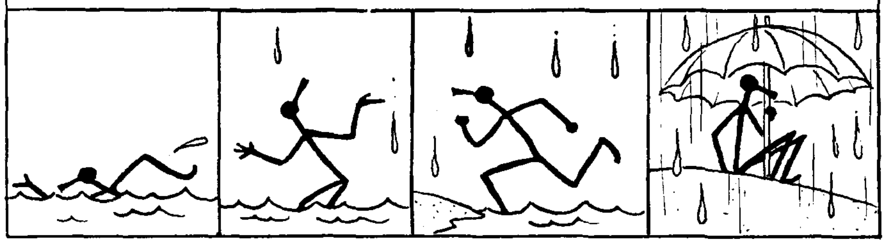
Now for my dive. It has never seemed to me that I was the one doing the turning; my reaction has always been that the group holding the net start swinging around me and rushing up. You let them pass you the first time; then, when they come around again, slow down your spin—or, in the vernacular of the stunt man, pull through—and there she is.

When doing car crashes, it's up to each driver to follow to the letter the plans that have been formed beforehand, so that neither will be crossed, but at the same time be alert for any unforeseen happening. In one picture a drunken driver went careening down the street, just missing people, finally crashing into another car and killing the other driver. Chick Collins was the drunk, and I was in an old Model T Ford; no top, just filled with paint cans and ladders. Chick had to hit my car at a given spot, and in exactly the right place, to get results, and we were traveling fairly fast. To bounce one of these crates over, speed is necessary, and the more speed the more spectacular the stunt looks. Naturally, you have to know the man who swoops down on you—and you have to know him well.

The driver who turns over wears a belt across his knees, with a snap that can be loosened instantly, and sometimes a short rope is used for him to grab as he flattens himself across the seat and away from the steering wheel. His ducking must be done as the car turns turtle, for the stunt must look real and his protective gesture must not photograph. It's always been the saying: "When a car stops rolling, feel up; if it's ozone, you're right side up again, and if it's earth, it's a cinch you're on your back." The driver of the car that does the crashing has his time, too, to dart for the engine room, down there with the clutch and brake pedal; that's the stunter's port in the storm. You may get a few jolts, but you're not biting chunks from the dashboard.

In one of our best stunts, a car came dashing at high speed down a narrow, mountainous road, meeting a flower vendor with his cart and donkey. The cart was smashed to bits and the peddler knocked Annie-Goggle. But, of course, this was no unsuspecting flower merchant; a stunt man had replaced him. In

HAIRLINE HARRY


ALAN FOSTER

fact, he and the driver of the car had thought it out perfectly. This is about the way they talked it over:

"Now, Dick, you drive the heap and come knocking on it. Make it fifty per, and smack this buggy dead center. Blow your horn about a hundred feet from me, so I can cheat a peek. . . . Okay, we're ready when you are."

In a shot like this, there's a run-through so the cameraman can check the speeds, and then all is quiet for the crash. The blowing of the horn is taken out later. A wave or a whistle brings on the car, and everything from there on is left to us. They may be shooting it silent and dub in the sound later, but the quietness is insisted upon, so our own cues will not become confused. A mistaken signal may not only spoil the scene but might bring on disaster.

The man on the cart stands with his back to the oncoming car as the cart is smashed from under him. He steals that peek when the horn sounds and leaves the cart a bare fraction of a second before the auto actually comes into contact. His jump cannot look like an obvious leap, nor can he jump too soon, for either would put him in the palooka class.

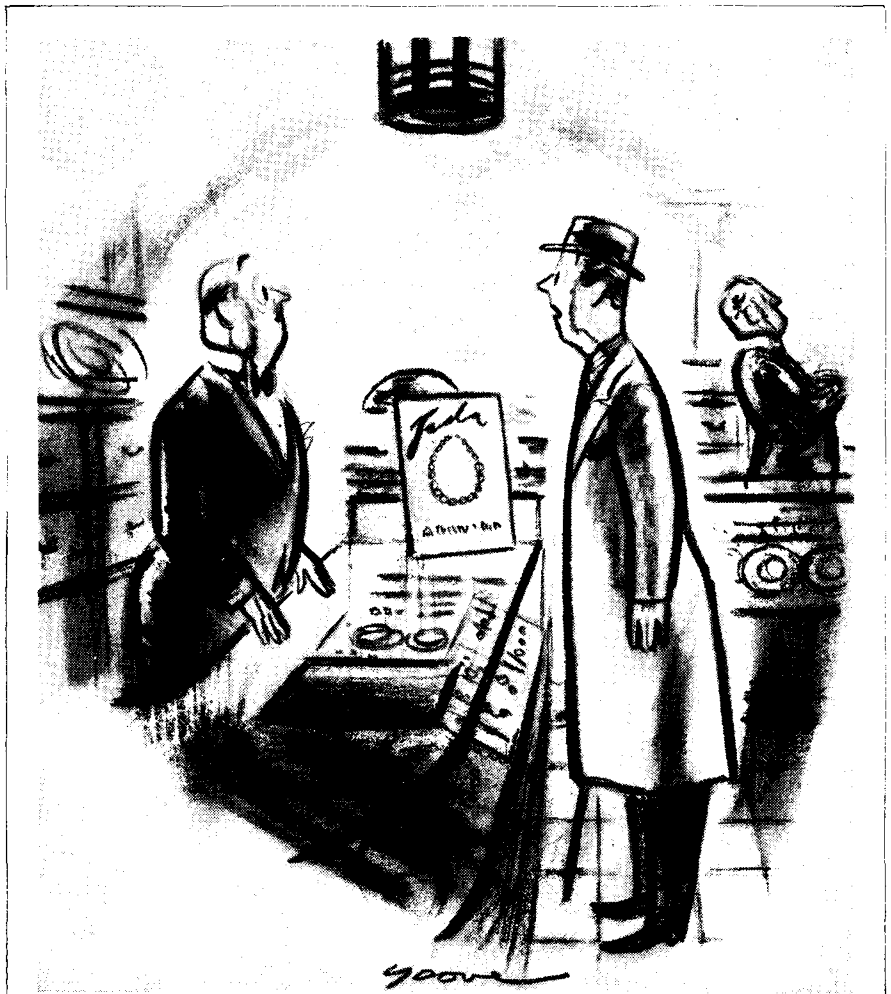
You can bet your life that Dick hit dead center, and toss in your wife's that he was doing just fifty. You see, I know Dick—Dick Dickinson is his full handle.

Some of the shows we work turn out a great deal different than expected. For instance, for one picture we put in a month of hard work on the roller-coaster sequence, yet on the screen it flashed by in a paltry fifteen minutes. It cost several lumps and bumps, and the work was far from easy.

The action on this particular setup was for the doubles to dive into the cars and clamber from seat to seat as the train raced madly around the track. After the coaster reached its high spot, there were no brakes to stop it until it crossed the finish line, and it was doing four bells and a jingle. So if you got a wallop in transit, it was up to you to hang on until the finish. There were several close calls while filming this sequence, but that couldn't stop our crowd. I couldn't follow what was happening to the boys in the other car, but what was taking place in mine I'll not forget.

I'm in a single car, and the boys are hot in pursuit. My car hits an obstruction and stops; in trying to free it, I fall through the ties into another moving train on the track below. These are separate shots, and until the picture is cut we don't always know where we're going. A net stretched below catches me on the first fall, then a platform is rigged above the camera line; from this I finish my journey by leaping about twenty feet into the speeding coaster. There's not much room to hit and not much time to do it; in fact, I didn't do it the first time. I hit the car all right, but the momentum tossed me out, and a very lucky young man hung to a timber, with quite a distance—and no net!—below him.

Nor was it a tea party working on the balloon stuff. John Sinclair and I were alone on this. We had an honest-to-goodness balloon and cable to let it out a couple of hundred feet, which means she was always up a couple of hundred feet. The basket on the bag was a breakaway, and it was all rigged with wires to tip it upside down. The really dangerous part of the action wasn't photographed. We would go aloft at least a dozen times a day, and quite often a strong wind would come up. Then it took an electric winch and a ground crew of fifty to get the bag down. The balloon would pitch and spin, and the fragile basket would creak and groan, but she held. We were versed in the handling of the gas valve and rip cord; that is, we were shown on paper. But between you and me, I'll bet both John's and my



"I'm interested in a birthday gift—something appropriate for a lady between twenty and thirty-five"

LEONARD DOVE

CARRY THIS
Majestic RADIO
LIKE A CAMERA!
IT WEIGHS LESS THAN 4 POUNDS!
$14.95
East of Rockies

NO GROUND! . . . NO SOCKET!
Hear Favorite Programs Wherever You Are!

Here's the first *truly* portable radio you've seen—the new 1940 Majestic! It weighs less than 4 pounds! Batteries, loop aerial and tubes all enclosed in smart camera-type case. Carry it anywhere over your shoulder. Take it with you to football games, golf—any outdoor sporting event. Set it up, turn it on—your program comes in instantly. Amazing reception and rich tone. See for yourself—at any dealer's.

TURN ON THIS 9-TUBE CONSOLE, TUNED TO YOUR STATION

Pressing any button turns set on—automatically tuned to your station! Majestic Phantom Antenna does away with aerial or ground! Standard U. S. Broadcasts and foreign reception; police calls, ship and amateur stations. 9 tubes, 12-inch speaker and all 1940 Majestic features!

THRILLING TONE FOR RADIO OR RECORDS IN THIS "ROLL-TOP" TABLE MODEL—NO NEEDLE SCRATCHING

No needle noise, to mar favorite records! Just close "roll-top" panel. Improved crystal pickup lends new beauty to records. Or, play it as a 5-tube superheterodyne that needs no aerial, no ground! Beautiful cabinet of faultlessly-matched hand-rubbed walnut.

Amazing Extra Values in All

NEW 1940 MAJESTICS

You'll find the most important and most popular advancements in radio for 1940 *first* in the new Majestics! Hear purer tone, free from man-made noise thanks to Majestic's Static Bi-Pass! Get a radio that needs no aerial, no ground, with Majestic's amazing Phantom Antenna and Hi-Q Loop. Portables, table models, consoles! You'll enjoy a demonstration!

For name of nearest dealer write MAJESTIC RADIO & TELEVISION CORP., 2600 W. 50th St., Chicago, Ill. Cable address, "Majestico," Chicago. DEALERS: Get the facts on Majestic's complete 1940 line.

Majestic
MONARCH OF THE AIR
TRADE IN YOUR OLD MAJESTIC FOR A NEW MAJESTIC

SWAPS GOLD MINE FOR A CAN OF PIPE TOBACCO

Many years ago we published a letter from a gold prospector in far off Alaska. It was written in lead pencil on the back of a map—and told the queerest story we've ever heard about a pipe-smoker's love for his favorite "baccy".

Browsing through our files the other day we discovered this old-timer's letter—yellow with age, and decided to write and find out whether he still smoked the same brand. Here's his reply:

Fairbanks, Alaska
May 28, 1939

Gentlemen:
You sure have some memory. I'd hate to have you mush on my trail should you have blood in your eye. I'd have to do some sidestepping to get rid of you.

I have never forgotten swapping a gold claim that had an unknown fortune in it for a can of Edgeworth tobacco though more than thirty years have been spun on the web of time since then.

I value a thing by how much I crave it, and not by its actual worth in the commercial world. I've never regretted the trade. Like the shattered vase that poet guy wrote about, the incense of the contents of the can o' Edgeworth still lingers in my nose.

You ask me if I still smoke Edgeworth. What a question. I surely do, though I've passed my eighty-fourth milestone. Edgeworth is a pleasure I'll never pass up as long as I can toddle on God's footstool.

It's a brand of "baccy" beyond compare.

Sincerely,
William W. Craigie

You probably have many more years of smoking pleasure ahead of you than Mr. Craigie.

Maybe you've already found The Perfect Tobacco that just suits you to a T. If so, there's no sense in experimenting further.

But if you are still in the "looking 'em over" stage, why not take a chance and get one of those convenient blue Edgeworth tins next time you drop in at your tobacco dealer's.

Or if you would like to try our Edgeworth plan just drop us a post card. Here's a letter from a smoker who—well, read it and see for yourself:

Marblehead, Mass.
July 16, 1939

Dear Sirs:
For the past ten years I have tried to smoke a pipe but could never enjoy it long enough to become what you would call a pipe smoker.

However, since I received your "plan" about a year ago I have been smoking Edgeworth steadily ever since and have enjoyed every pipeful right to the bottom of the bowl.

Now I am a member of the great pipe smoking fraternity and do I enjoy it!

Yours truly,
Wilbur T. Moulton

A postcard inquiry to Larus & Brother Company, Dept. COL 220, Richmond, Va., will bring you complete details of the Edgeworth Plan.

clothes would have gone out of style before we could have got that bubble down.

Working with animals, which we have to do once in a while, has been interesting. And it's very amusing to observe the attitude the whole company takes after the novelty of the first few days has passed. At the beginning, you will find only the stunt man and trainer in the immediate arena with the lion, or other animals. All others are behind barricades or in small separate cages, and at the finish of the scene Mr. Leo is run back into his own compartment. But as time marches on, the barricades are forgotten and the whole company speaks of the animals as "cats." It's not a false courage such as the stunter has shown for the first few days; everyone just becomes used to the beasts. This goes along until something happens that starts the lion throwing punches and smashing up a few things. Then only the stunt man and trainer are working in the immediate arena with the lion. The rest of the outfit are back behind barricades until the incident is forgotten and they've learned to call them cats again.

There are lots of chiselers in our game who sit around and wait for the easy ones. But they eventually get it. If it isn't the studio that parks them to one side for spending too much time on a stunt, it's a tough one that catches up with them. Like the little Englishman who doubled Heinie Conklin. He did a dive out of a two-story window, to catch a flagpole and slide to the ground. His answer to any query about his arms in splints and the bandages around his head was: "I was doobling 'Einie Conklin and I missed me bloody grawsp!"

The Salute That Failed

Speaking of doubles, I'll have to ring in another kind of double—a duplicate ship. It has been said that in Hollywood they do things right, and for the most part this is true. Sometimes, however, there has been a hitch in the smooth-running machine of film-flam land. This particular incident happened during the making of a picture in which an old-time wooden fighting ship was needed, and I'm sure the memory of it will outlast the picture.

An old sea-fighter had been duplicated to perfection, even to her many guns. These were studio made, of tin and wood. As the majestic double was being towed out of the harbor, a brilliant idea hit someone.

We were passing the Pacific Fleet, which was stationed in San Pedro, when the perfect idea was put to work. The dummy guns were loaded, and as we passed the flagship we decided to fire a broadside, a parting salute. All aboard had stowed their extra clothing on the gun deck, for we were to spend the following month at Catalina Island. Everything was in readiness and we soon breasted the flagship. Wham! went our broadside—and wham! went our luggage through the opposite side of our make-believe ship—and a floundering gunboat which couldn't stand its own recoil barely made port.

The stunt man has an overdose of professional pride. Not only is it ego, but a job well done means future work and commands a better price. To a man, they worry a lot over how it looks and if it could be done better. A few years back one of our most capable men, Gene Perkins, did his last stunt. He was to transfer from a plane to the top of a train.

Through some miscalculation on the aviator's part, he was dragged—while dangling at the end of a rope ladder—into the side of a coach. He hit with enough force to break anyone's but Gene Perkins' grasp. The pilot, realizing his error, circled and the stunned Perkins could hold no longer. He fell in a field, not far from the agonized company, and when we reached his side his last words were:

"I'm sorry, but I guess we spoiled the shot."

Most stunts are hard enough to do when one is in good physical condition, but when a man who was blind performed them, that was tops. Jack Holbrook was that man. His damaged eyesight doesn't bother him now—for he's been gone these past three years. And his blindness came about while working on The Son of King Kong.

We were made up as savages, curly wigs, brown grease paint and loaded with spears and bows. Our job was to scale a cliff and shower the infuriated Kong with arrows while he rolled boulders down upon us. I was to topple backward from a fair height, and below me were three of our boys to do the catching. They were Holbrook and the Metzetti boys—Victor and Otto.

To the outsider, the man who does the falling is the one who catches the eye, but the ones who wind up with the most lumps are the boys who break that fall. It's a nice, pleasing sensation to go sailing through the air, and a lot more comfortable if you know you have a Duke Green or the Metzetti boys to check that sudden stop.

We were planted among a bunch of extras, who were warned to hold their weapons until our gag was completed. But at my cue to fall, one of them dropped his shield, and though it caught Jack across the forehead, inflicting a deep gash, he still stopped his portion of my fall. It was after he had been patched up that we first realized his eyesight had been damaged. He told the doctor he felt fine—that the bump didn't hurt—but asked how long it would be before he could see again.

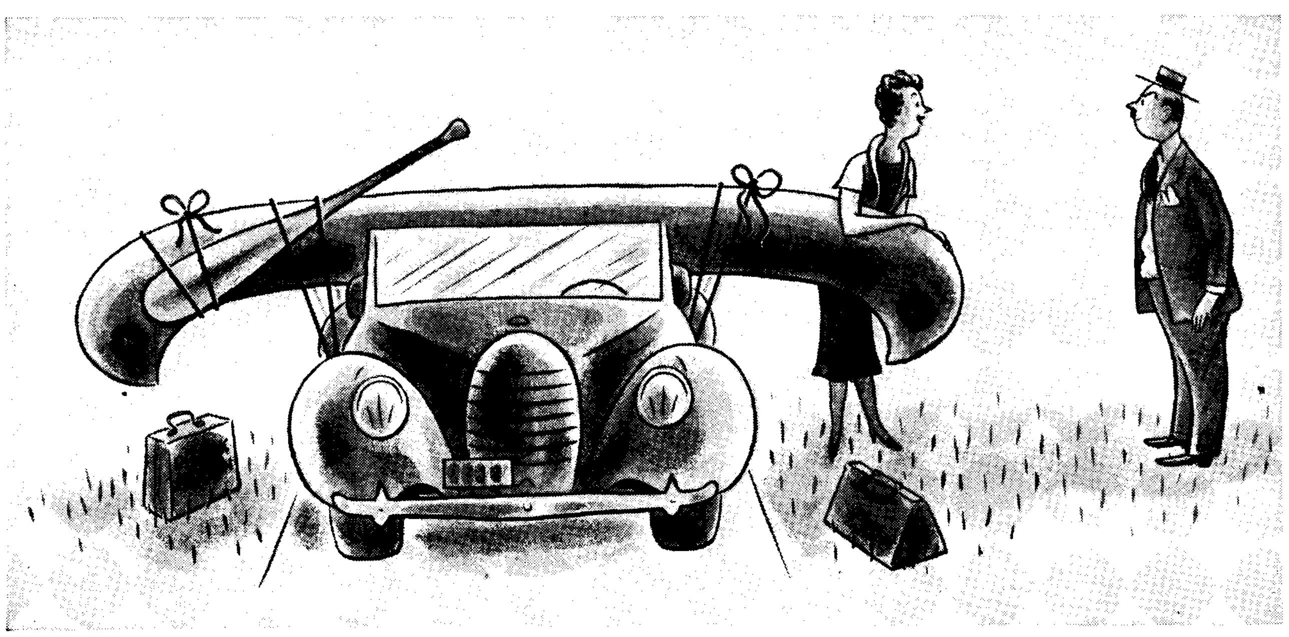
The most courage I have ever seen displayed was shown by Holbrook a short while after this accident. Although his eyesight was still impaired, he accepted a call to do a net jump. It was easily a sixty-foot fall, and Jack couldn't distinguish an object over four feet from him. The way he went about doing this fall was to have one of the boys yell as he dropped a rock into the net. Thus he gauged the height—and with a wide chalk mark on the center of his take-off, the stage was set.

It's in the Blood

It is needless to say it was perfectly done, but I'll bet this is the first time that director has heard the boy was blind.

Dick Talmadge, the best swordsman of us all, has long since graduated from the ranks of the lowly bumper and is making his own pictures, with bigger and broader stunts than ever. He can tell you how it feels to lie in a hospital with a broken neck. And it happened on a gag he had done a dozen times before. He did a dive headfirst into the back of an oncoming car, but something went wrong. Dick heard his own neck crack, and held his head rigidly with both hands until aid could be reached. And Otto Metzetti can describe that fluglike sound perfectly, for his smack into the ground from the height of a five-story building was enough to lay him away for a few months. He was to go hand over hand on a rope, from one tower presumably to another, but as he reached the center the line was to be cut, to send him falling into the waiting net below. The rope was cut too soon—and Otto paid for the mistake.

Stunt men are Hollywood's hermits—clinging together at night spots, sitting together at the fights, and generally on the sets you'll find them apart from the rest. Most of the boys are married, and the rest—well, if you cornered them, they'd admit having sweethearts. What their wives and sweethearts say about this vocation you can guess, but—well, it's in the blood.



"I thought I'd go ahead and pack so we can leave first thing in the morning"

FRANK BEAVEN

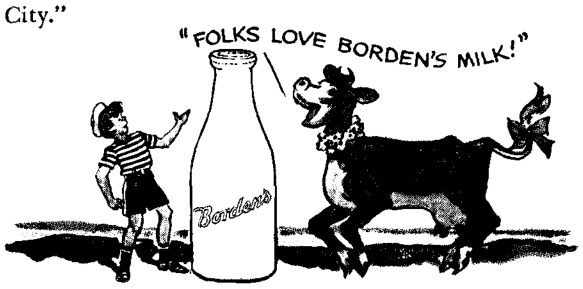
Boy meets Cow!

"I DON'T LIKE TO BE NOSY," said the Boy from the City, "but *what* are *you?*"

Elsie was so surprised she almost swallowed her cud. "Me? Why—I'm a *cow,*" she said.

"A cow, hey?" said the Boy. "I've seen *pictures* of you, but I didn't think they were on the level."

"Well they *were,*" said Elsie. "I'm a Borden cow—and I should think you'd know that I'm the one to thank for that delicious milk you drink back in the City."


"FOLKS LOVE BORDEN'S MILK!"
Borden's

"Oh, it's just *dandy* milk—and I *do* thank you!" the Boy hastened to assure her. "But so many things we get come in bottles and cans and packages just as if they *grew* that way . . ."

"BORDEN'S EAGLE BRAND IS MAGIC!"
Borden's
EAGLE BRAND
MAGIC MILK

"As a matter of fact," said Elsie, "a lot of my milk *does* come in cans and packages. Take *Borden's Eagle Brand Sweetened Condensed Milk . . .*"

"I know *that,*" interrupted the Boy. "Mom says it helps her do *magic* cooking. It makes swell cookies and candies and cake frostings in almost *no* time. Gee, they're good!"

"FRESH, NATURAL TASTING BORDEN'S EVAPORATED!"
Borden's
IRRADIATED
EVAPORATED MILK

"Yes," said Elsie, "and your Mom will tell you that's because my *milk* is so very good in the *first* place. That's also the reason *Borden's Evaporated Milk* adds such a fresh, natural flavor to the cream soups and mashed potatoes she makes."

"Yes, but how about that milk you say comes in *packages?* How do you explain *that?*" asked the Boy, trying to trap Elsie.

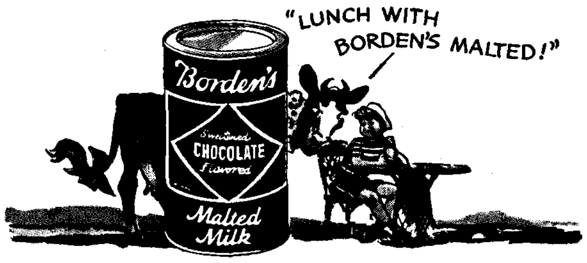
"That? Oh, surely you've tasted some of *Borden's Many Fine Cheese Foods,*" mooed Elsie.

"BORDEN'S CHEESES ARE DELICIOUS!"

"Lots of times," said the Boy. "For lunch, and after school, and . . ."

"Well, *they're all* made from my milk," explained Elsie. "And they're all pure, and wholesome, and tempting as can be. For example, there's *Borden's Chateau,* that grand cheese treat invented in an old Canadian dairy. Chateau has a flavor, young fellow, that's never been copied, though goodness knows enough folks have *tried.* . . . Then of course there's the Hollywood luncheon favorite."

"Hollywood luncheon favorite?" repeated the Boy, his eyes popping. "You mean—with movie stars?"

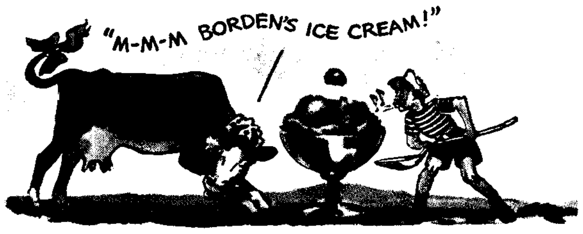

"LUNCH WITH BORDEN'S MALTED!"
Borden's
Sweetened
CHOCOLATE
Flavored
Malted Milk

"Yes," nodded Elsie. "My milk helps to make *Borden's Malted Milk* so good, refreshing, and satisfying that Hollywood stars pick it as the mainstay of the light luncheons that are kind to their trim figures . . . And that's not all . . ."

"More?" exclaimed the Boy. "Aw, you're boasting! I can't think of any *other* good thing to eat that you help to make."

"I'll bet you could," said Elsie with a sly smile. "If you did guess it, you wouldn't be getting *warm . . .*"

"I've got it! *Ice cream!*" whooped the Boy.


"M-M-M BORDEN'S ICE CREAM!"

"Yes, indeed," agreed Elsie, "and *Borden's Ice Cream* is pure and delicious because of all the skill and science with which Borden guards my milk. It is this extra special care that assures your family *this,* about every dairy product they use . . . *if it's Borden's it's GOT to be good!"*

* * *

To provide the best of dairy products, to guard the goodness of all Borden foods, and to bring them to your home, more than 27,500 Borden employees work in behalf of 47,000 owner-stockholders.

-if it's Borden's it's got to be good

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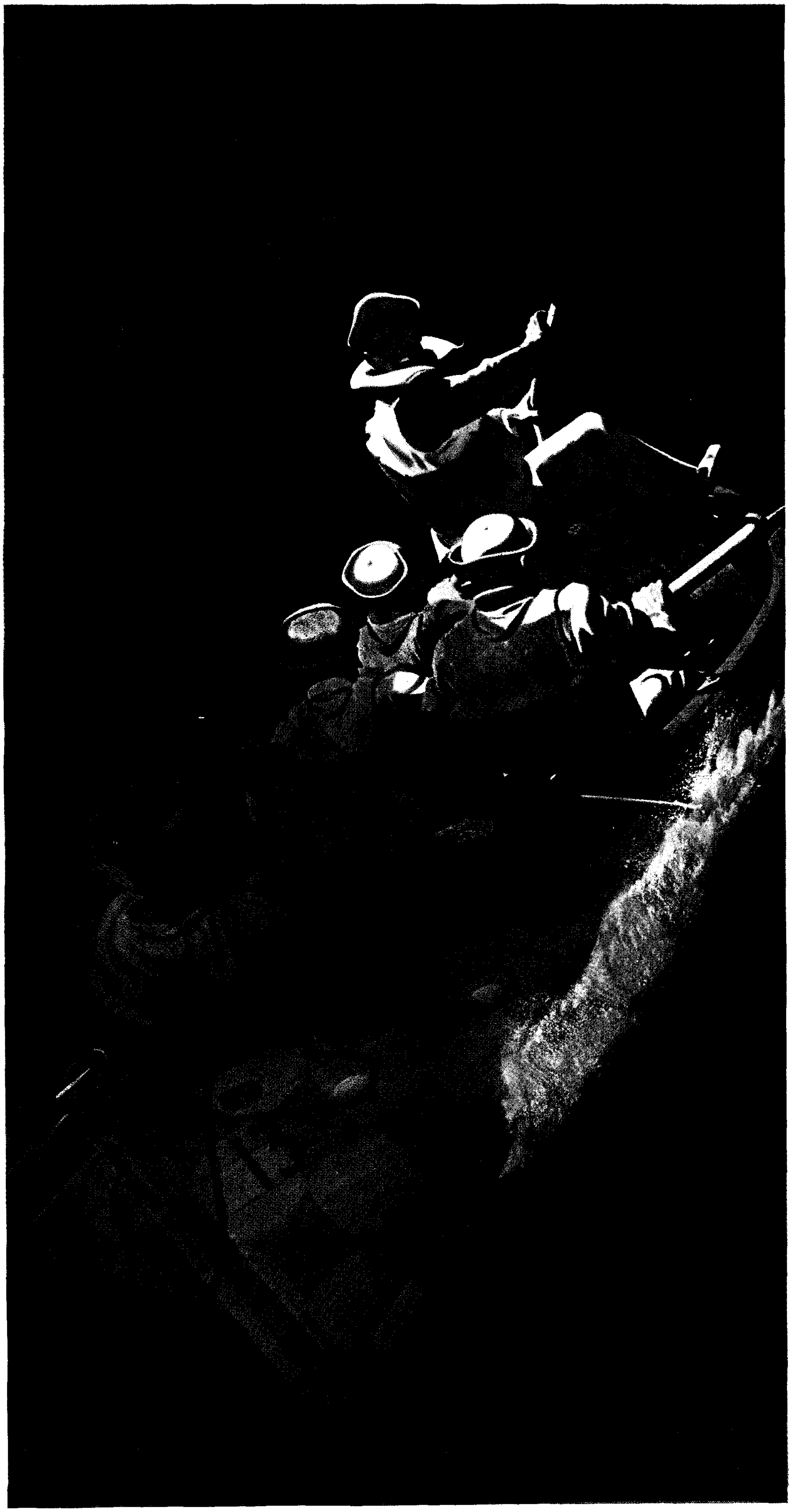


Tony Stapleton stood erect in the stern sheets with the steering oar in his fists

The Last Gold Stripe

By Jacland Marmur

ILLUSTRATED BY GEOFFREY BIGGS

The story of Ira Crowley, who waited forty-five years for a one-voyage command

IRA CROWLEY, the Aeolus' first mate, was standing quietly in the wing of the liner's spacious bridge, looking down on crowded Aloha Dock just before sailing time. His white uniform, with the three gold stripes on the epaulets, hung loosely from his stooped shoulders. His large knobby hands dangled half-cupped from the sleeves—a sailor's hands with square-ended, powerful fingers. He didn't move. He just peered down, a wistful look in his eyes. Ira knew now for certain he would never manage the last gold band on his shoulder epaulets. He had been trying for forty-five years, always missing his chances by a hair. And his chances were over now. He knew it. But he didn't complain.

The navigating officer did. Fred Neblitt, lean-faced and with a hungry look beside the first mate's short and slightly fleshy frame, had the new philosophy. He didn't believe in patience or the just reward: he believed in rearing on his haunches, waving his fists and howling for his rights. So he jerked his thumb sardonically down toward the Honolulu wharf, and his thin lip curled.

"There he is," he growled. "Anthony Stapleton, the glory boy!" He prodded Ira Crowley's ribs, his narrow eyes shining. "You heard, didn't you? That's what comes of licking old Harveystone's boots for a year and a half."

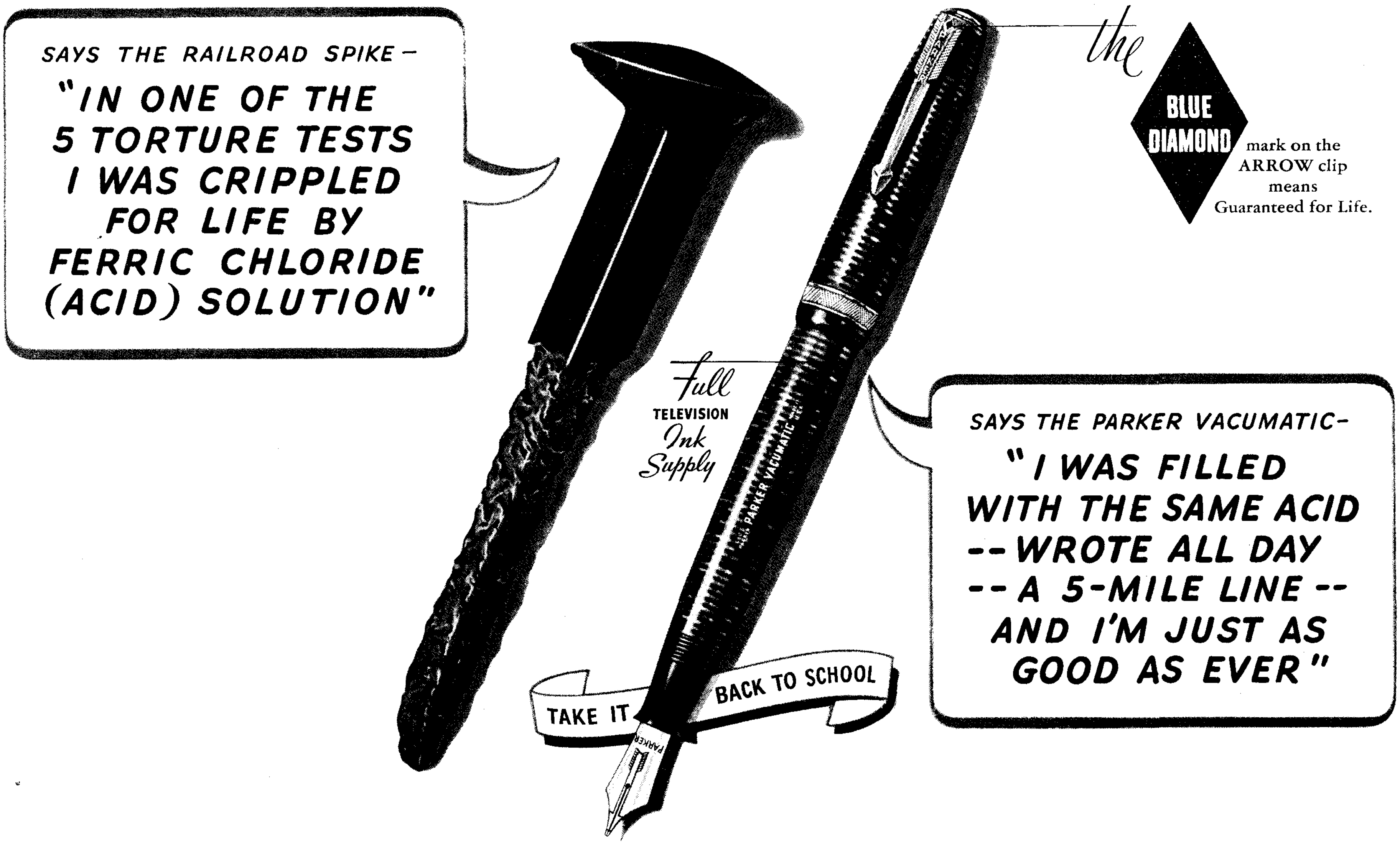
Ira Crowley blinked. Standing in blinding sunlight, he continued to look down on that old familiar scene of sailing: the gay crowds milling, the waving serpentine, the fluttering confetti, the funny Kanaka band blaring the island songs, and two little Portuguese girls swinging their hips in a discreet tourists' hula dance. The Aeolus' bridge wing towered high above that crowd, but he saw who Fred Neblitt meant. It was that fellow down there at the passenger gate, head and shoulders above the rest—the man in white with the clean hard face of weathered teak and the tough spare frame of youth. Staff officer of the Pacific liner Aeolus, who was to take over command when Captain Harveystone brought the ship's Sydney voyage to a close in Frisco and retired ashore at last.

"I wouldn't say that, Fred," Ira Crowley admonished gently. "Tony's worked hard in the line, and he knows his job. I think he rates what he gets. He never licked anyone's boot."

"No?" Mr. Neblitt's disdainful snort plainly told what he thought of that. "That's all right for you. He's gonna marry Diane Crowley, and she's your daughter. Oh, there's no mistake! He gets the best of it all the way. But how about me?" he demanded surlily. "I'll rot here second mate!"

Old Ira hitched his shoulders distastefully. "Every fo'c'sle afloat is full of chief mates today," he said. "There's a skipper ready to pop out from behind every packing case on every dock at just the smell of command. Second officer of the Aeolus at your age ain't so bad these days."

"Good enough for you to say!" Mr. Neblitt sneered. "You're landing soft. Dockingmaster on the Frisco wharves for you. All tucked away snug in your office with the oil heater going while we freeze our noses outside. And you telling us what to do when we come alongside at last. Sure! Why the hell should you growl? The stevedores'll be calling you Captain,


SAYS THE RAILROAD SPIKE—
"IN ONE OF THE 5 TORTURE TESTS I WAS CRIPPLED FOR LIFE BY FERRIC CHLORIDE (ACID) SOLUTION"
the BLUE DIAMOND mark on the ARROW clip means Guaranteed for Life.
Full TELEVISION Ink Supply
PARKER VACUMATIC
SAYS THE PARKER VACUMATIC—
"I WAS FILLED WITH THE SAME ACID -- WROTE ALL DAY -- A 5-MILE LINE -- AND I'M JUST AS GOOD AS EVER"
TAKE IT BACK TO SCHOOL
PARKER

Even a Railroad Spike can't "take it" like this Jewel of a Parker Pen that's GUARANTEED FOR LIFE♦ against Everything

(except loss or intentional damage)

To prove it, this pedigreed Beauty Pen was filled—not with ink—but with acid so strong it ate away a railroad spike—then it wrote a five-mile line without skip or blot, and without harm to the pen

Yet this is only one of the 5 incredible feats performed—not by some heavy iron object—but by this fine precision instrument!

Yes, five devastating demonstrations incontestably prove the lifelong endurance and mechanical perfection of the new, improved Parker Vacumatic.

They explain why we can guarantee this fine precision Fountain Pen for a lifetime!

Experts who have witnessed this pedigreed Beauty undergo these dangerous and devitalizing tests, acclaim it "the wonder of tomorrow." For the Parker Vacumatic emerges from them all IN PERFECT WORKING ORDER!

Not even a heavy railroad spike survived some tests told here. Yet we have applied them all to this lightweight, jewel-like Parker—to this lovely, luminous, streamlined, laminated Pearl Pen.

An instrument that not only carries ink SAFELY, but has room for an extra big supply because its sacless filler abolishes 14 old-style parts. Held to the light, its Television barrel lets you see the ink level—you SEE when it's running low, so it never runs dry unexpectedly.

A silken-smooth Point of 14 K Gold that masters all inks—acid inks and otherwise. That retains its shape though you pass it from hand to hand; that returns to *your* hand, writing as smoothly and luxuriously as ever.

Yet based on the life expectancy tables of leading insurance companies, IT'S THE LEAST EXPENSIVE PEN YOU CAN OWN! For it's guaranteed for life. Barring loss, you'll never have to buy another pen.

Cost Based on Life Expectancy Tables of leading Insurance Companies

Paid in a lump sum at time of purchase, the price of a Parker Vacumatic guaranteed-for-life pen equals only—

Bought at Age	Cost per Year	Bought at Age	Cost per Year
10	—18¢	40	—31¢
15	—20¢	45	—36¢
20	—21¢	50	—42¢
25	—22½¢	55	—50¢
30	—25¢	60	—63¢
35	—28¢	65	—79¢

Go to any good pen counter and see this miracle writer today. Not since the world began have inventive genius, engineering science, and styling ever carried a fountain pen to such heights.

To identify the guaranteed-for-life Vacumatic, look for the ARROW clip with the Blue Diamond mark.

The Parker Pen Co., New York, Chicago, San Francisco. Factories at Janesville, Wis. and Toronto, Can.

Makers also of Parker Quink, the unique writing ink that cleans any pen as it writes, 15¢, 25¢, up.

GUARANTEED FOR LIFE ♦

Parker

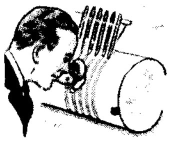
VACUMATIC REG. T.M.

Pencils to match:
$3^{50} to $5

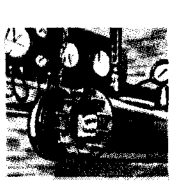
PENS:
All 14 K Gold Points—
$5 to $12^{50}

♦ Pens marked with the Blue Diamond are guaranteed for the life of the owner against everything except loss or intentional damage, subject only to a charge of 35¢ for postage, insurance, and handling, provided complete pen is returned for service.

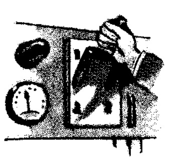
The 5 TORTURE Tests



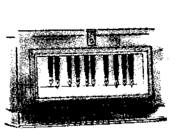
1st—Attack by Acid: Pen filled—not with ink—but with ferric chloride solution—an acid so strong it ate away a railroad spike. Pen then wrote with this acid on a revolving paper-covered drum hour after hour—an unbroken line 5 miles in length. A proof of Parker's perfect feed and perfect flow—a torture test of Parker's silken-smooth Point—14 K Gold, coated with Platinum and tipped with precious Osmiridium.



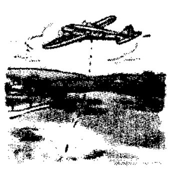
2nd—"Bomb" Test: Parker's patented Diaphragm filler—a new and revolutionary invention—was encased by independent engineers in a steel "bomb" which became highly explosive when filled with oxygen to oxidize it and thus hasten aging. A single day inside this "bomb" equals 6 months' normal age—and the experts kept the Parker Diaphragm in it for weeks at a stretch to prove its long life.



3rd—The "Electrocution": To prove this Diaphragm filler is leak-proof, we regularly shoot on 5,000 volts of electricity where a leak the size of a pinhole would admit enough current to flash on a red light. Every Parker Vacumatic filler receives this test and must pass it 100% leak-proof!



4th—Drip Test: Drip resistance proved by suspending pen, filled with ink, point down for several hours in frigid temperature, then in torrid temperature.



5th—Dropped 3,000 ft. from an airplane and picked up unharmed, to prove that its lovely laminated Pearl barrel and cap are Non-breakable.

COPR. 1939, THE PARKER PEN CO.

"I am amazed," reports MRS. BASIL RATHBONE "how many of my guests now prefer Wine"

At her home in Bel Air, California, Mrs. Basil Rathbone gives an informal dinner...invites well-known composer Alexander Steinert *(left)*, journalist Harry Crocker and lovely Miss Heather Thatcher of the English stage *(right)*. The fame of Mrs. Rathbone as a hostess is nation wide. Naturally her guests include many of the busiest, most active people in America

"Often people need to relax and to enjoy themselves ...yet so many now prefer a moderate evening"

"Before dinner I like to give my guests a choice of beverages," says Mrs. Basil Rathbone, "for nowadays more and more prefer wine. Lately, too, I've noticed that people are flattered when I serve a light table wine with dinner. It's a custom I myself like very much."

Everywhere hostesses report that in the afternoon so many women now choose just a small glass of full flavored, fragrant Muscatel. With the appetizers hosts find more and more people today prefer a cocktail-size glass of Sherry.

Or when the main dinner course is served, a larger glass of pale gold Chablis or Hock, dry and delicate. The enjoyment good wine lends to your dinner is a genial, leisurely kind.

That is why more and more people like to make wine their beverage today. It goes so well with gracious, unhurried living. People do not want to bolt wine down.

Just try it . . . you will discover it compliments your guests amazingly. Serve wine with dinner next time. Or whenever beverages are passed, give all a chance to say *make mine wine.*

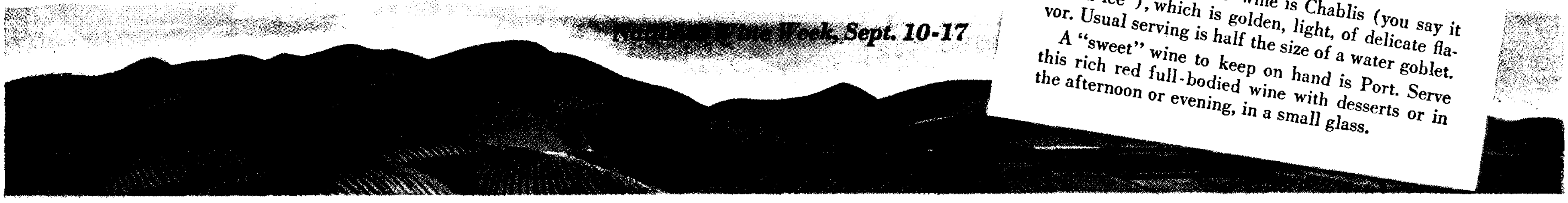
The Wines of California: Now chosen by more than 9 out of 10 American hosts and hostesses are the good wines of our own country. The wines of California, for example, are grown to strict standards of quality. True to type. Well developed. Inexpensive. *This advertisement is printed by the wine growers of California, acting through the Wine Advisory Board, 85 Second Street, San Francisco.*

Be considerate
— serve Wine

All you need to know to serve wine: There are many varieties, but only two main types of wine... (1) Wines made "dry" (not sweet) especially to serve with meals, called *table* wines: (2) Wines for use with the dessert course or as refreshments, called *sweet* wines.

A fascinating "table" wine is Chablis (you say it "Shab-lee"), which is golden, light, of delicate flavor. Usual serving is half the size of a water goblet.

A "sweet" wine to keep on hand is Port. Serve this rich red full-bodied wine with desserts or in the afternoon or evening, in a small glass.



too!" He knew how subtly to turn a knife in a wound, Fred Neblitt did! "They're all captains when they fall into a soft berth ashore! Huh! I know. Even the third mate of a crumby tramp is a captain then."

Ira Crowley turned his head just a little to look up at that sour, thin-lipped face. Then he looked away. What could that fellow know about Ira Crowley's heart? Best not answer complaint and derision like that at all. Through the bridge's companionway leading to the commander's suite below, a loud burst of applause drifted to where they stood. They were giving a last farewell testimonial to the oldest veteran of the Pacific trades. In the wheelhouse the quartermaster, watching the clock, leaned on the whistle lanyard and the gently throbbing ship shuddered to the long warning blare. When it echoed back from the Punahou hills into silence, there was Mr. Neblitt's voice droning bitterly again.

"Honolulu Chamber of Commerce down there," it whined on. "Speeches and God-bless-yous and a lot of other tommyrot. Giving old Harveystone a watch in a solid gold case. Might as well be generous, huh? Him, being seventy-two and with a bouncing heart."

Ira Crowley heard the navigating officer's thin laughter, and maybe the droning voice of perpetual complaint went on or maybe it did not. Ira wasn't sure. He was thinking of other things. He was thinking of his forty-five years at sea.

In forty-five years a man learns that the sea gives nothing but the chance to spend his youth and his strength prodigally. Ira never asked for much from the brutal, elemental thing he served: he knew better than that. But deep in his heart he thought that before he was washed ashore for good he deserved so little a thing as the token of command. It could make an old man's shoulders squarer and the look in his eyes firmer; and he could tell his grandchildren truthful yarns about the days when he was the master of a ship.

THAT'S why, all the run to Honolulu from under the line, Ira's heart kept singing. With Captain Harveystone's retirement, surely here was his chance again! His last. But in the white marble building on Fort Street they reminded him of the company rule. A man had to win his ship in that line before he got to be sixty. And Ira's sixtieth birthday came while the Aeolus lay in Sydney Dock. So he, too, was being retired ashore.

He sighed heavily, staring into blinding distance with his big-knuckled fist on the polished teakwood rail. It startled him to hear the Aeolus' whistle roar its last warning overhead. He heard the clash of the gong along the promenade and the quick stirring of excitement far down on the wharf. And there was Mr. Neblitt's voice again, sour and thin as spoiled wine:

"Here comes Tony Stapleton, the glory boy, on board. Look at him grin! He'll be thinking something of himself when it's Captain Stapleton, master of the liner Aeolus: won't he now? Some fellows have all the luck. Even you. I'll bet you'll have 'Captain Crowley' lettered on your office door. Ho! Don't tell me! You're all of you captains, once you hit a dock. You—"

IRA didn't wait for any more. He turned away, starting through the spacious wheelhouse with his heavy gait. Captain Jonathan Harveystone was coming up his companionway, because the Aeolus always sailed on time, no matter what. He was an immense man, square and solid as a block of granite, with snow-white, craggy brows beneath the gold-heavy peak of his cap. He was very tired, his gray eyes deep-set and dark-ringed. All this nonsense because a man had had enough of it at last and was ready for the shore! He nodded to his first officer and passed out onto the wing.

On the lower deck Ira Crowley met Mr. Stapleton, the fellow with all the luck—to hear Mr. Neblitt's yarn. He was edging firmly through the crowd. Ira smiled to see how gently he could shove them aside like chips. He had the crack passenger-ship air, all right. He was meant for this.

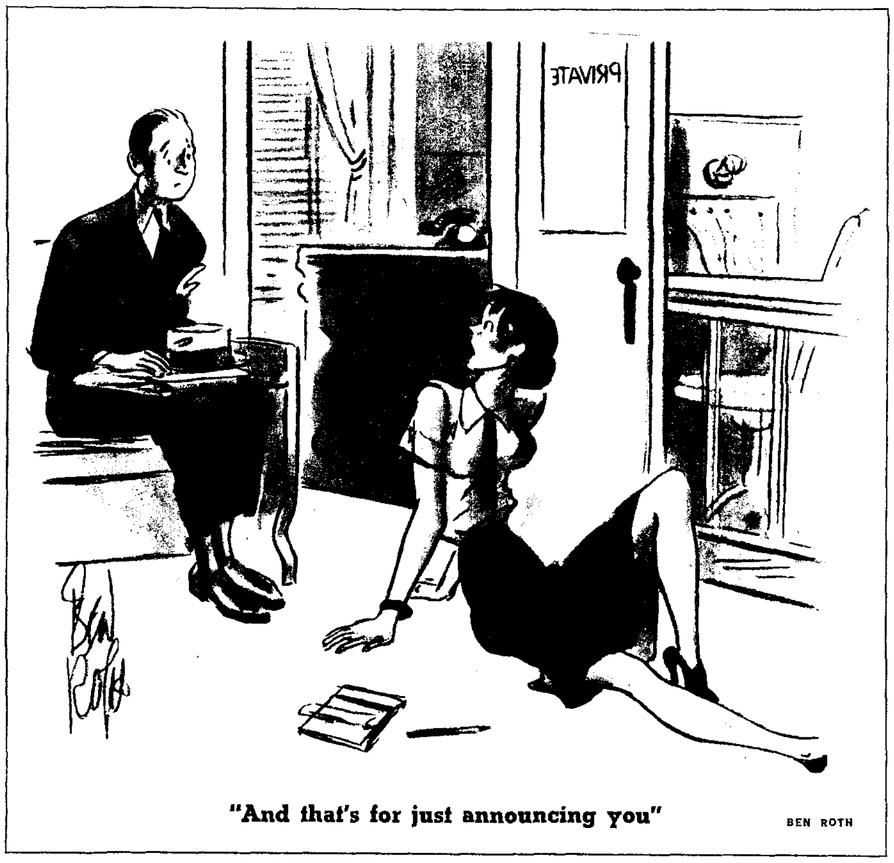
"Congratulations, Tony!"

"Skip it. I just heard, Ira. I'm dreadfully sorry. I thought sure they'd give you the Malaki this time."

Ira grinned. "I was born three weeks too soon. Did you cable Diane? She'll be awfully proud. So am I."

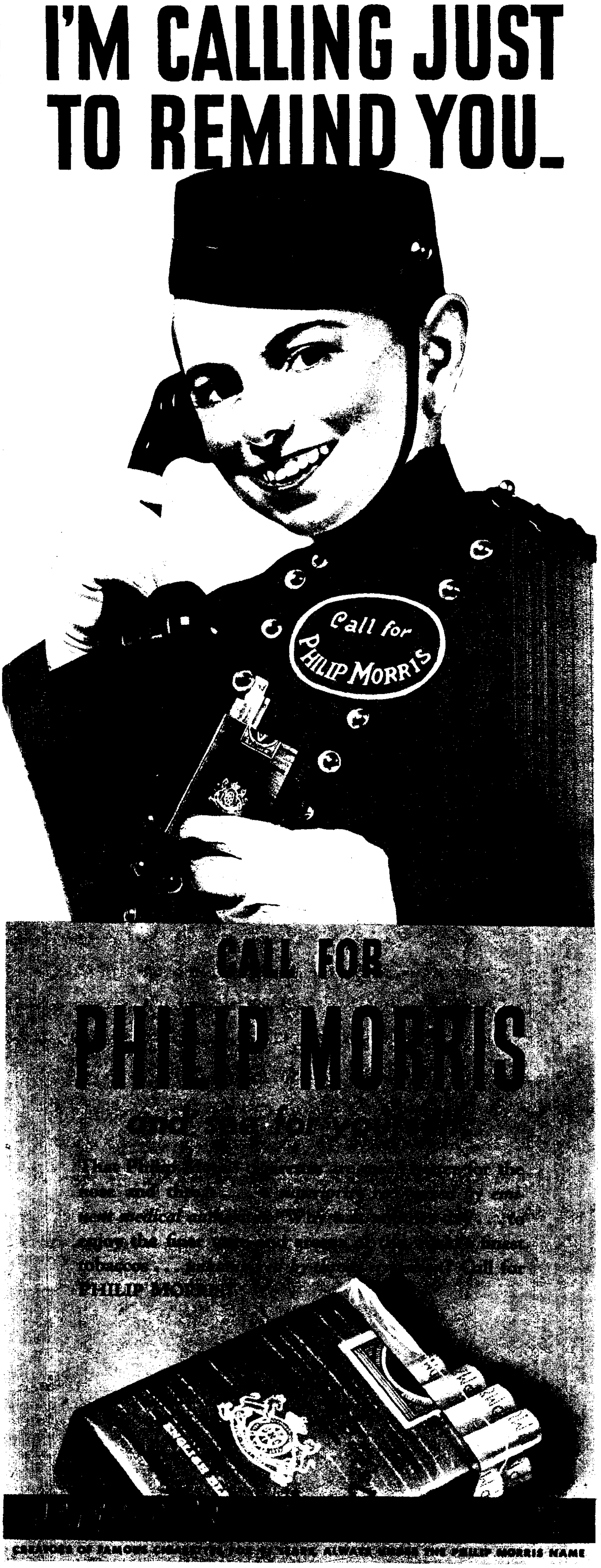
"Thanks, Ira. Yes, I did. But you—"

"Me? I'm like the fellow in that rhyme we used to hear when I was a kid on South Street in New York. I remember we used to holler it at the back of every



"And that's for just announcing you"

BEN ROTH



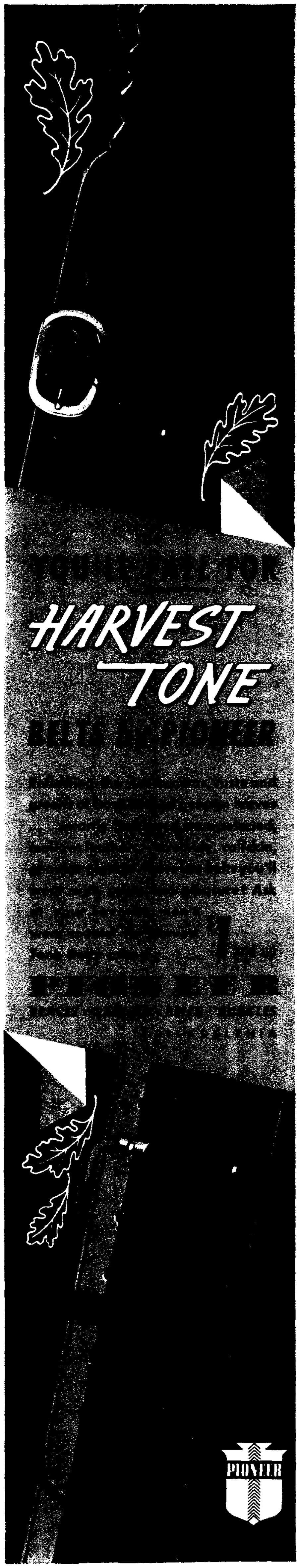
I'M CALLING JUST TO REMIND YOU_

CALL FOR PHILIP MORRIS

and [illegible] for yo[illegible]

That Philip [illegible] the [illegible] and [illegible] medical [illegible] to enjoy the finer [illegible] tobaccos . . . [illegible] call for PHILIP MORRIS

CREATORS OF FAMOUS CIGARETTES FOR [illegible] YEARS, ALWAYS UNDER THE PHILIP MORRIS NAME



drunken mate we saw. We thought it was pretty smart. Remember?" He was trying so desperately to keep up his grin. "'*As I was walking down Coenties Slip,*'" he quoted, "'*I met a captain without a ship. . . .*'" He turned away brusquely. "I'll be getting for'ard now."

Mr. Stapleton watched his sagging shoulders move away. That was the only hint of bitterness Ira Crowley had ever let escape in all his life. Tony watched him for some moments. Because Tony understood. Why shouldn't he? This was Diane's father. She had his eyes, blue and warm, and his way of letting you know she understood what courage and loyalty could mean. And she had his patience, too. Diane's father deserved better than he got. Tony Stapleton was sure of that. Then he saw those shoulders, drooping with defeat, go out of sight down the far companionway. . . .

So Captain Harveystone took the Aeolus out past coral-studded Waikiki and clear of Diamond Head on the final leg of his final voyage. It was Ira Crowley's last voyage, too.

It didn't take the Aeolus long to run clear of the warm sweet wind. Not at twenty knots. The southeast weather came whimpering out to greet her, sharp and stinging, with the damp hint of rain and fog in its breath. She started running through drifting woolly banks of it, leaving them astern like lost gray clouds wandering the ocean's face. It kept the commander aloft in his wicker chair on the bridge with his greatcoat wrapped about his massive shoulders. But Mr. Stapleton, the staff officer, saved him as much as he dared. Because old Jonathan Harveystone was worn and tired, what with testimonials at every port of the voyage and the captain's dinner to be got through yet.

THAT night, the last at sea, the Aeolus was running against a heavy greasy swell from the east and south. The night was fine, with a waning moon hung brilliantly aloft to dim the stars. She swung easily in the ponderous undulations, humming from deep in her hull. Only her angry bow wash and the arc of her funnel lips told what that sea might mean to smaller craft. It rumored, too, of what weather the coast had lately known. But the Aeolus didn't mind. She went slogging into it, browbeating the rollers clear across her forecastle head and pointing toward a solid wall of fog that barred the horizon's sweep. The moonlight hung pale fire along the upper ridges of that misty range, but in between the sea was clear, pitch-black in the hollows, shining along the crests. And that way Ira Crowley relieved Mr. Neblitt of the bridge after the middle watch. But the second didn't go below. He couldn't. He was too full of grievance and complaint.

"They had a Roman holiday, and no mistake," he growled in the weather wing, sucking his cigarette. "Old Harveystone got his money's worth for his last captain's dinner, I can tell you that. You could hear them applauding clear on the fo'c'sle head every time they passed out another laurel wreath. They never doused the lights on the promenade till after two. Bah! Should have salted him away years ago. Give a younger man a chance. That's what I say!"

The Aeolus rushed on through the brilliant night. But that soiled gray wall of fog was closer now. You could plainly see great drapes of it breaking loose to drift like shadowy ghosts above the oily swell. Every now and again the moon went dim. But the Aeolus and Ira Crowley paid little heed to the second mate's sourness. They were used to it: they had heard it many times before.

"Tony, the glory boy, will be snooping up here presently. You mark my words," his whining voice went on against the blubber of the wind. "Been popping up here half my watch like a monkey on a string. Thinks he's got the ship tucked under his hat already. Lord! I'd like to take that windbag down a rung."

"Would you?" Ira murmured.

"I will, too! Wait and see."

"Well, here's your chance. That's him coming up the—" Ira Crowley broke off suddenly, peering against the night. "There's a flare going out there! There it is again!"

"Flare?"

The chief mate pointed. Mr. Stapleton came aloft, weary and haggard. And he, too, put glasses on that spot. In the bright moonlight the small craft showed up blackly against the wall of fog. The Aeolus was steady, just swinging easily into it, but that fellow was dancing drunkenly to show you what the ocean really was like down there where he was.

"Purse seiner," the staff officer murmured with a tired voice. "She's caught hell somewhere. Pilothouse half gone. Dory's in splinters too," He lowered his binoculars. "Port a little, Mr. Crowley. See what the blazes she wants. Half speed, both engines."

"You master here already?" Mr. Neblitt couldn't help but snarl. "Cocky as hell, ain't you? How about calling the old man up?"

"Oh, cut it, Fred!" Tony snapped. "The old man's all done up. He just turned in a couple of hours ago. Look at that fog rolling down. He'll be glued up here soon enough. Give him a break. We'll rouse him when we must. . . . Stop her."

Mr. Neblitt's eyes burned. He said nothing. Here was his chance to rake this fellow down. Wait till he made a report ashore! Meanwhile the Aeolus washed up to the floating little ship. Mr. Stapleton was right. She was a purse seiner—the Mary L. Probably running south from the Alaska fishing grounds for what was left of the sardine season off the Frisco heads. She had taken a battering, right enough. A red-faced, fleshy man with a walrus mustache was flailing his arms to the Aeolus' bridge from what was left of his little pilothouse. Mr. Stapleton leaned down.

"What the blazes you doing two hundred miles off the Farallon?"

"Playing chess!" that fellow barked back with raucous irony. "In case you don't know, it's been blowing a sou'east gale for five days hereabouts. Our engine's out. Have her going in another hour, though. You—"

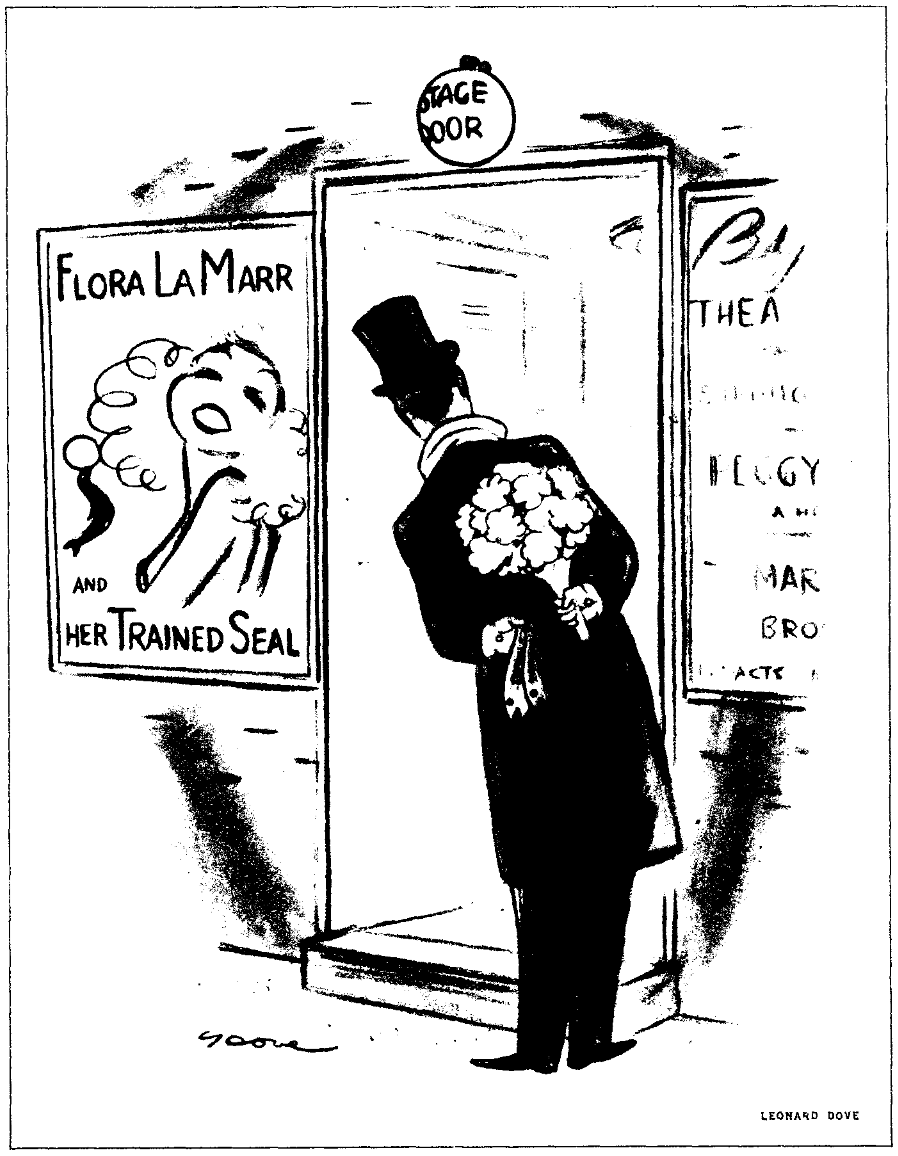
"Want us to lift you on the main deck and carry you home?"

"To hell with you! I pay none of you stripe-spangled sailors our hard-earned dough for salvage! My compass is smashed and we're short of chow. Give me my position, a spare compass, and some grub. I'll damn' well find my own way home!"

MR. STAPLETON pulled his head back over the dodger. "Call down the engine room, Ira, before the chief tears up here. Keep her clear. I'll go rouse Captain Harveystone. He must be dead tired or he'd been up here at the first sound of that telegraph."

Tony went quickly down the master's companionway. When he came aloft again the moon was obscured and they couldn't see his face. "Have the junior call away four men, Mr. Crowley." His voice was tight. "We'll put a boat in the water. I've roused the steward. We'll give him a compass, a sack of flour, beans and some tins. Lively now! We haven't got all night. I'll take her across myself."

Ira Crowley couldn't conceal his amazement. "Look at that fog, Tony! You might get over there, but damn' if you'll ever get back! Did you tell the



LEONARD DOVE

Mass transportation means *modern* transportation

YOU'VE heard a lot about the modern wonders of *mass production* — how it brings down the cost of things you buy — how it makes possible most of the modern comforts we enjoy.

But did you ever stop to think that modern mass production would be impossible if there were no *mass transportation* to carry the raw materials to the factories and carry the products forth to every corner of the land?

The only nation-wide mass transportation in America is the railroads, with their 240,000 miles of super-highways built and maintained by private enterprise, which link the nation together with bands of steel.

Over these super-highways travel some 1,760,000 freight cars — rolling up an average total of 13,000 miles per car each year.

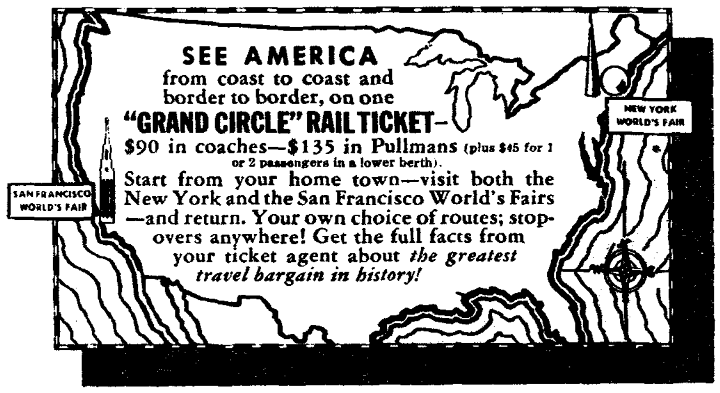
These cars, linked together in trains and pulled by a single power plant, do a mass transportation job which no other common carrier could begin to handle.

The railroads do this job for an average charge of about one cent for hauling one ton of freight a mile—a shipping cost far less than the average charge made by any other carrier providing general transportation service.

Isn't that what you'd call *modern* transportation—transportation able to carry all the products that modern factories can produce and modern farms can raise, and do it so smoothly that most people never give it a thought?

When you look at the record of the railroads and the job they are doing, you can see why government should give all "forms of transportation" equal treatment and an equal opportunity to earn a living.

A FAIR FIELD.
NO GOVERNMENT FAVOR-IN TRANSPORTATION



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from coast to coast and
border to border, on one
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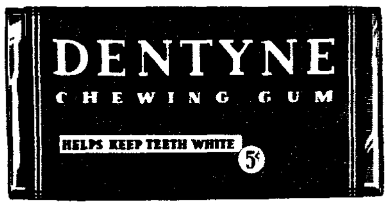
Start from your home town—visit both the New York and the San Francisco World's Fairs—and return. Your own choice of routes; stopovers anywhere! Get the full facts from your ticket agent about *the greatest travel bargain in history!*

ASSOCIATION OF
AMERICAN RAILROADS
WASHINGTON, D. C.

WHAT IS *YOUR SMILE* LIKE?

DENTYNE HELPS KEEP YOUR SMILE BRIGHTER

DENTYNE'S SPICY FLAVOR IS A WINNER!



old man that? You know, he oughtn't—"

"He'll be right up," Tony snapped. "And it's still his command!"

He started for the boat deck at once, hurrying the lading at the falls while the steward growled over his lost sleep. The staff officer had his eye on that tumbling bank of fog advancing slowly to meet the liner's swinging hull. There wasn't any time to waste. With the stowage safe and four men of the watch on the thwarts, he gave the signal to lower at once. From the bridge the chief mate watched him give that boat the water expertly; saw the patent blocks trip cleanly, and saw Tony Stapleton erect in the stern sheets with the steering oar in his fists.

"There he goes!" Mr. Neblitt snarled contemptuously. "Hunting for glory headlines: that's his dish! Couldn't give another man a chance. Not him!"

"You didn't fall over yourself offering to go instead," Mr. Crowley reminded him dryly.

"Where the hell is old Harveystone?"

For the moment Ira Crowley forgot about that, watching how a skillful man could handle an open boat in towering seas. But the chief mate was frowning heavily. He felt the wet touch of the fog already against his cheek. If he were in command he would never have risked an officer, four men, and a boat at a dangerous time like this! He would have run alongside and lowered the necessary supplies or floated them down to the Mary L. with the drift. Old Jonathan Harveystone, he thought, was getting too old for this sort of thing.

He looked up anxiously. The Aeolus, her engines barely turning, took to rolling in the long and greasy swell. Wet gusts of mist were pouring past him, cold and sharp. The moon dimmed and struggled free again, but the milky vapor was in between; the light was growing eerie and pale. Low down on the sea, seen through the swirling mists, the heaving small boat gained the purse seiner's side. Then he plainly saw Tony's four men go on board the Mary L., Tony himself following. Damn! Ira thought. Why bother getting receipts for that stuff! Why in blazes didn't he hurry! Couldn't he see the fog was on them already?

"MR. BLAKE!" he snapped to the junior. "Phone down the captain's room at once! Tell him he's wanted urgently! Five minutes more and we'll be in it thick as soup. Those fellows better stay where they are!"

"They'll damn' well have to now!" That was Mr. Neblitt, crying gleeful triumph. "Look there! Did you see that, Mr. Crowley? You're a witness! Tony, the glory boy, don't even know how to make a small boat's painter fast. The boat's adrift! Look at it!" He flung out his arm, pointing scornfully. It was true enough. The Aeolus' lifeboat, empty, was drifting into oblivion. Fred Neblitt's thin lip curled. "And that's the lad to take over command; is it? Wait'll I tell this yarn ashore!"

Ira Crowley said nothing. His full lips were taut. He saw Tony Stapleton standing upright on the lurching, battered deck of the Mary L., waving his arms in swirling fog, telling them plainly he would have to remain where he was. And that was the last they saw of him. For the moon went out behind a blanket of white, leaving the night blind with fog. The chief mate reached for the Aeolus' automatic whistle control.

On the low deck of the Mary L. the sea made a loud slapping sound. Tony Stapleton heard the near blare of his ship's whistle, and then the bellowing laughter of the purse seiner's captain. "Well, on my soul!" that swarthy man gurgled in his throat. "Who'd ever thought it of a brassbound lad like you? Now what, bright boy?"

The staff officer of the Aeolus turned on him, grinning faintly. "Chess, I guess, Captain. Looks like you got five passengers bound for Fisherman's Wharf. . . . Don't you sound foghorns in the sardine trade?"

"We do when we got a horn. That went when the compass did. You might try banging a frying pan."

The Aeolus kept baying for some time with quick short blasts in the night. Then Tony heard the thrash of her twin wheels fighting astern. At last she blared three times. It was hopeless to attempt a transfer in that fog. She snored past the Mary L. like an invisible great ghost. Soon there was nothing left but soiled gray vapor and the sharp dank smell of it. That and the lonely wash of huge swells rolling underfoot.

"When you get your kicker working," Tony Stapleton said, "I'll lay you a course for Farallon."

"Thanks." The voice of the Mary L.'s captain was exceedingly dry. "Maybe we better just play chess."

THEY were toward the finish of the third game when the Mary L., a little battered but chugging bravely, passed under the bridge into sunlit San Francisco Bay a day and a half later. Opposite Meiggs Wharf a launch came shooting out. No one suspected it was after her until, running alongside, it started emptying men to the purse seiner's slippery deck.

"Where's Stapleton?" the fellow in the lead wanted to know. "You Stapleton? Staff Officer of the Aeolus? How about it? Let's have the yarn."

"Yarn?" Tony was puzzled. "What yarn?"

"Holy cats!" the man from the Telegram exploded. "Ain't you heard? The harbor's full of heroes—and he wants to know what yarn! You met a shipwrecked and lost purse seiner in midocean and went aboard and brought her safely home. Didn't you? You—"

The outraged skipper of the Mary L. was on his feet in an instant. "Who said we were lost?" he blazed. "Who said we were shipwrecked? Who said midocean? We were less than two hundred miles off—"

The reporter cocked a half-closed eye his way. "That's what you think," he grinned. "Ships are always rescued in midocean for the daily press. Always! No place else. It's against the rules. Even the Aeolus' rescue was—"

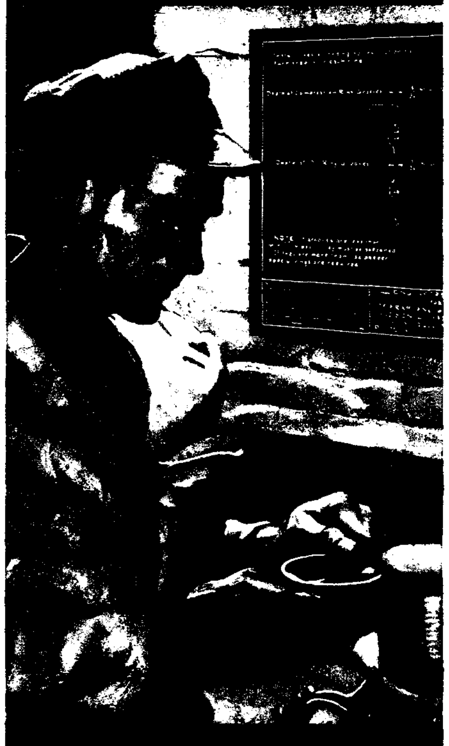
Tony spun him around. "The Aeolus'—*what!*"

"Excuse me. You got no radio on this kettle, I see. You're a hero, Mr. Stapleton, in case you don't know. I already told you about that. We want pictures of you and the boat crew. Captain Ira Crowley, commander of the Aeolus—he's a hero, too. He—"

"What?" Tony could only gasp.

"It's this way. After you risked your life to come aboard this tin can and bring her safely home, they go down to Captain Harveystone's cabin. He's slumped peacefully in his chair with one shoe on and one shoe off. Getting ready to go up on the bridge, I guess. But he had a heart stroke. See? He was dead. So what? So you're staff officer and next in command. But you ain't aboard. See? You're doing your hero stuff somewhere else. So what? So Ira Crowley gets automatically promoted to captain. He's got to take command. Which is exactly what he does! And he brings the Aeolus in past Farallon just in time to find the Palmera blazing like a torch with coast-guard cutters more than twenty miles away. Finest bit of seamanship ever happened. That's what they tell me, anyhow. I wouldn't know myself. There wasn't no time for lowering boats. The Palmera was going up like a dry grass hut. So Captain Crowley runs the Aeolus alongside as cool as a cucumber. First command for the old

McQUAY-NORRIS ALTINIZED *Engineered Set* PISTON RINGS



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duffer, too. Imagine! And him at least sixty! Rescued over a hundred passengers and crew. Every soul of them. What a story! So how about it now? Pictures and a personal interview. Be a good guy, huh?"

Tony could only gasp. He swallowed hard. Then a slow deep grin spread over his weathered face. "Sure," he agreed. "Anything you want. If you'll take us ashore. I'm tired of the smell of fish." He turned to the gaping master of the Mary L. "If you'll move my king bishop to king four—it's check and checkmate for you. That makes it three games in a row, Skipper. . . . So long."

That's how Tony Stapleton came ashore after that famous voyage. At the Aeolus' docking berth along the Embarcadero he found Ira Crowley standing in front of an office door watching a man lettering in black on the glass. And Diane was there, too. She ran toward him at once, putting her arm through his.

"Oh, Tony, I'm so glad you're safe," she said in that voice that was warm and low and like a caress. "They've offered Father command of the Malaki. But he won't take it, Tony. He—"

"Ira! You—"

Ira Crowley looked at him steadily, shaking his head. There was something different about him now. You couldn't miss it, it was that plain to see. His shoulders were sagging no longer. He was erect and full of dignity, slowly shaking his fine large head again. "While I was master of the Aeolus," he said gravely in his rich low bass, "I was lucky enough to be on hand when the Palmera burned. So I did what I had to do. Now because the headlines are screaming with it and it's fine publicity for the line they offer me command again. Well, it's not for me." He drew himself up with simple pride. "All I wanted is just what any sailor would want. Command before I go ashore for good. I've got it. The sea's been good to me, and I'm satisfied."

"Don't be a fool, Ira! You—"

Captain Crowley smiled. It was the slow, serene smile of a contented man who knows solidly at last he has proved his worth to himself. "Mr. Neblitt," he murmured vaguely, "was writing a report for the office about your losing a boat through gross negligence at sea. I let him know I'd write all the reports about my own command. I convinced him it was the fishermen made the boat fast improperly." He turned away a little. "He's taking the day off, Mr. Neblitt is. It seems he ran into a stanchion in the dark and his right eye is badly puffed."

Diane and Tony went slowly away from where Ira Crowley stood, because the Aeolus' staff officer had to report to the superintendent of the line. The girl was frowning. And when they came to the door of that holy of holies, the Aeolus' doctor was just coming out. He stopped when he saw them, smiling.

"Congratulations, Tony," he said. "I hear your command of the ship has just been approved uptown. I—I made an error, it seems," he went on quietly, looking at Diane, "in my report about Captain Harveystone's death. I have just corrected it."

HE TIPPED his hat in his elegant way and went off down the gloomy wharf. Diane looked up at Tony's face. There was a funny light in her eyes. "It was splendid of you, Tony!" she said. "Splendid."

"What on earth are you talking about?"

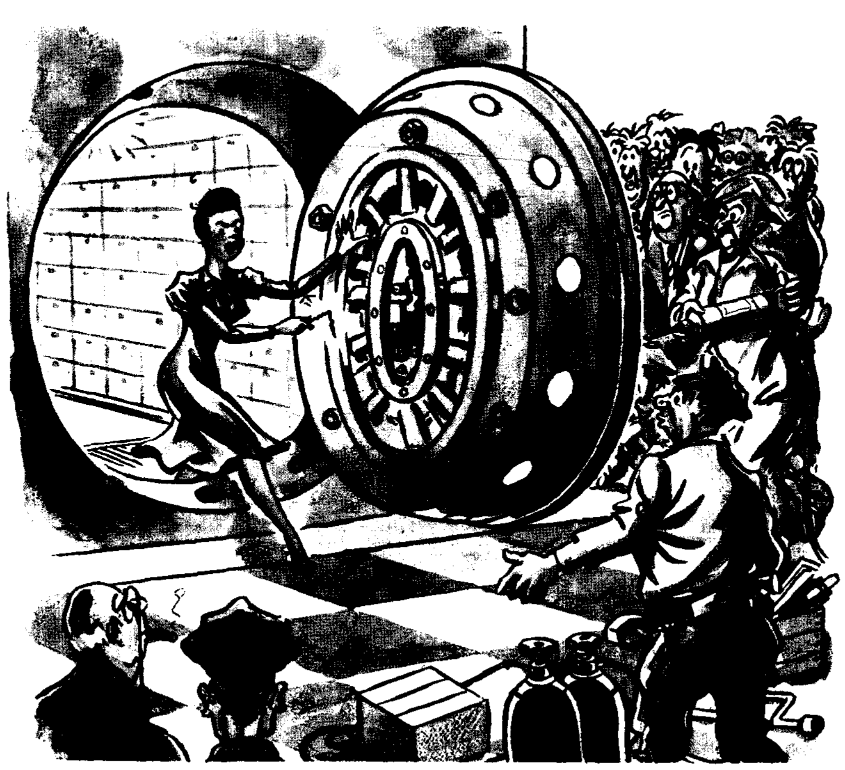
She kept looking up at him with that funny frown that was so good to see. "Doctor Mangrum told me, Tony," she murmured. "He says there isn't any doubt at all. Captain Harveystone's fatal heart stroke came at least two hours before the time he examined him. He died of it instantly: his heart just stopped. That means that when you first went down to see him—he was already dead."

Tony looked back to where Ira Crowley stood. His gray hair shone in that light, and his shoulders were squarer than they had ever been before. He was gravely watching that fellow lettering his future office door: *Captain Ira Crowley, Dockingmaster.*

"Why did you do it, Tony darling?" the new master of the Aeolus heard the bright-eyed girl asking quietly.

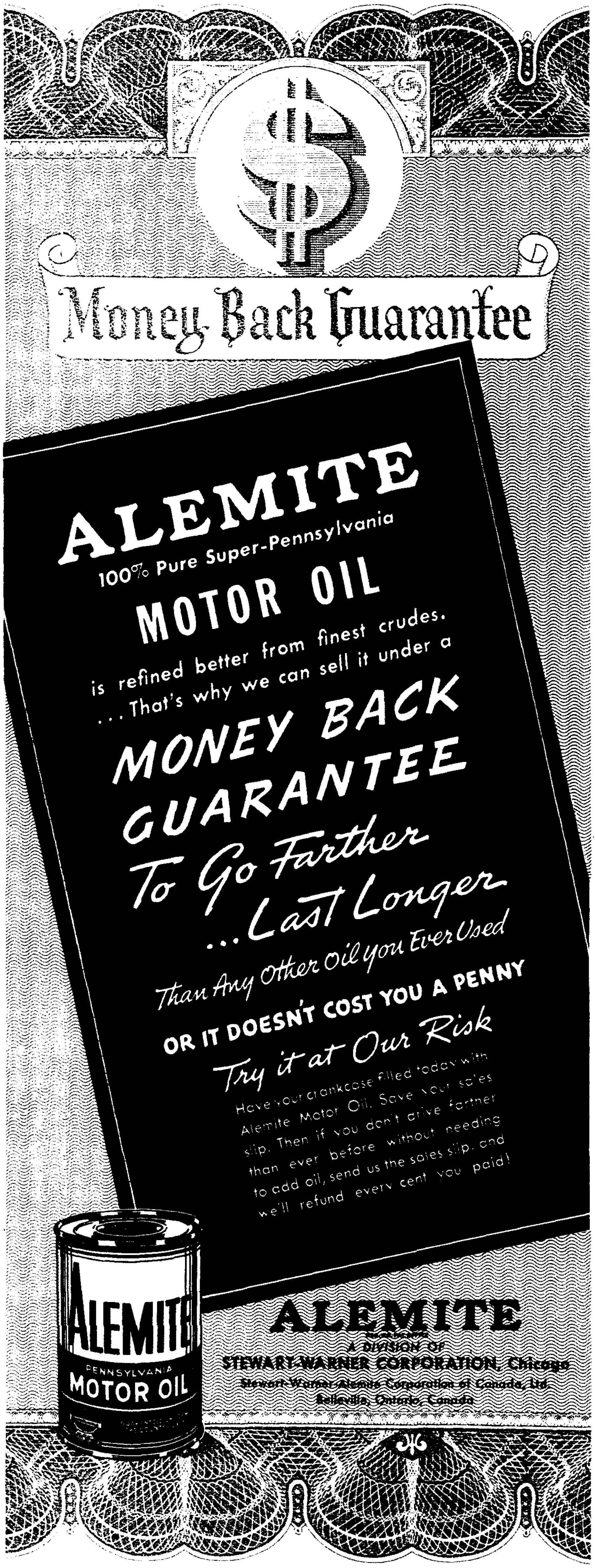
He looked down at her uplifted face, grinning just a little. "I've always had it in my mind," he said firmly, "that when I married it would have to be a captain's daughter—or nothing at all."

She just pressed his arm to her to let him know she understood that odd and unusual gruffness in his tone.



"Well! Lucky for me I wear hairpins!"

KAY KARAFFA



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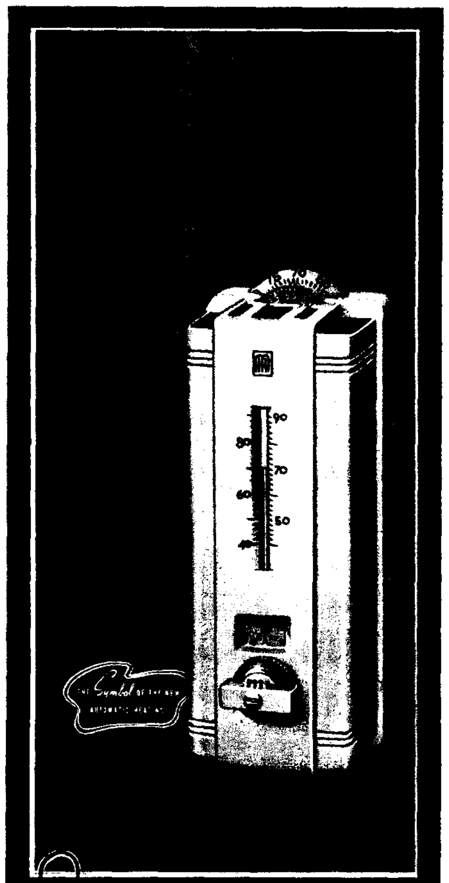

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Eddie agreed he would do that, and temptation did not set in until he heard all the cylinders whispering together under his foot, and the soft leather yielding and caressing his body, and the damned thing moving like a magic carpet beneath his hands. He had no intention of avoiding Frankie's Garage. He asked only a slight delay, the opportunity to stop somewhere in a car like this, and to see some people who were free in body and in spirit, and who had never been contaminated by the military presence of Captain Herman Duffy. Once you got to the island itself, you turned left from the causeway and drove a few miles, arriving in the vicinity of the Eastern Bath Club, which was very expensive, and somewhat exclusive.

En route, there was a drinking spot named "Mardi's," favored by summer clients, and this was attractive to Eddie's adventurous eye, as well as to his moderate thirst for beer. He stopped the car and stepped out and the doorman smiled unstintedly, said, "Good evening, sir," so that Eddie was inclined to shake this good man by the hand for his wonderful cordiality. He went inside and the bar was attractive, and a man was wringing music from a little white piano. The bartender waited patiently, and while it was true that Eddie would like a beer, he would greatly prefer some Scotch. He said what kind and the bartender wisely nodded approval of Eddie's good taste. The Scotch was good Scotch.

The way it is in summer, the thunder exploded over their heads, much better than the bass notes of the piano, and Eddie couldn't swallow his Scotch when he thought of the deluge about to fall on Buster's fancy upholstery. But the doorman continued to be a perfectly wonderful fellow, anticipating such a thing as this, and he was beginning to raise the hood of the car before Eddie got out on the curb to help him. They raised the hood and then the rain came down good and proper, with the thunder and lightning exciting in the night. It was comfortable in the bar, snug and removed, with free men scornful of the storm. The bartender bought a drink on the storm. His name was Frankie, too. Just like Frankie's Garage. Eddie wondered if the girl's name could by any chance be Frankie.

HE HAD been watching the girl for a minute or so, because she was a beautiful girl and worth the watching. She was a tall girl on lovely limbs, and she had a handsome, brave face that was wrinkled with her consideration of the wild sheets of rain. He could tell somehow that she was alone, and she was very close to him, maybe a yard away. Everybody was watching the rain, and he knew it was a common property with the people at the bar, and when he captured her glance he could say with immunity, "There's nothing you can do about it."

"Isn't it terrible?" She indicated her pretty white clothes and what the rain might do to them. She smiled a little bit, and she was beautiful, and not like any girl he had ever been so close to before. She was exclusive, Eastern Bath Club stuff, he supposed, but as clean as the pelting rain, and as bright as the splash of the rain upon the pavement.

Eddie said easily, and because he knew his manners were always successfully easy manners, "You're licked. You'd better have a drink." The girl laughed quietly, and Frankie, the bartender, waited for what she would have. She said she would have Scotch, too, and she loafed over her drink, while they talked for a little while. The rain did not stop and he learned the girl's name was Laura something, although Laura would be enough.

They danced when the big guy was replaced at the piano by a five-piece band. They danced very well together, both of them tall, and he sufficiently taller than she, and both of them young and brown with sun. They danced a rumba.

Eddie thought: It's wonderful to be like this, if you can always be like this, but me, I cannot; I cannot have a girl like this. He thought: A masquerade is well assisted by a further dose of Scotch, for that would make him braver than he was, and far less likely to blubber when there arrived the moment when he must leave this girl and liquidate the foolish but enchanting game that he was playing.

But Laura drank so slowly that he did not wish to throw Scotch into himself as though he were a sink, for indeed he was not a sink, and in lesser trials than this would be satisfied with a beer, or maybe two. He did not want her to think that he was a sink, and there is a limit to what may be accomplished with sixteen loose dollars.

He ate five little sandwiches while he was thinking these things, and he could hear her voice on the subject of himself. "Yeah, sure," he said. "Eddie's a nice name. What's the matter with it?"

"There's nothing the matter with it."

"Depends on whether or not it fits your personality," he said. "Or your occupation." He waited for Laura to inquire into that, but she did not. "A fellow like me needs an extraordinary name, like Claude Billings Davis, or Edgar Thwaite Whistle. Something to be remembered. Something to leave scars."

"You're a lawyer?"

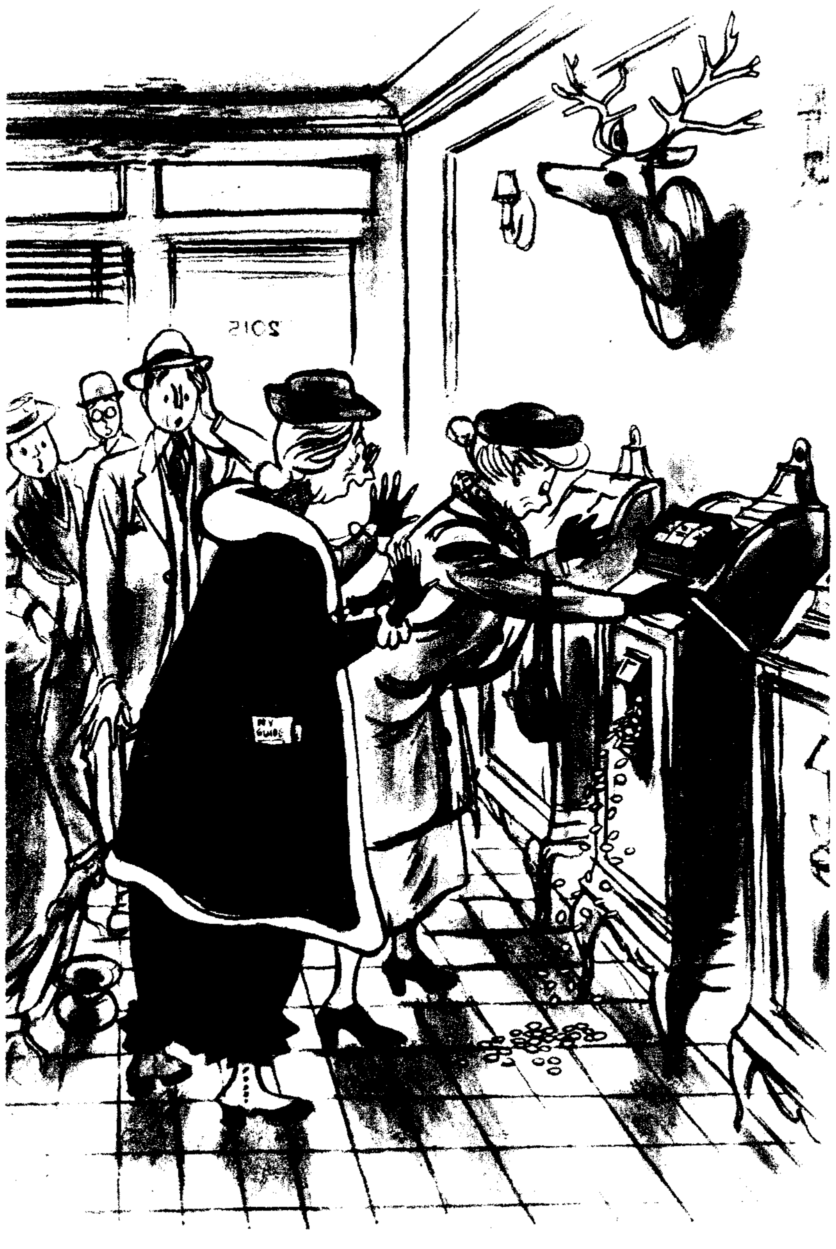
"Yeah, I'm a lawyer. I'm a regular Demosthenes." He thought privately of his blubbering quarrels with Captain Herman Duffy. "I walk up and down the beach with pebbles in my mouth."

"YOU can't practice law on the beach," she said. "And you can't talk with pebbles in your mouth, Demosthenes or no Demosthenes."

"I'll take no Demosthenes," he said. "You put the pebbles in your mouth and I'll look at you. Here, try popcorn."

She fed herself popcorn, her fingers derricking up from the ebony bowl. She turned her head toward the door. "It's stopped," she said quietly. She meant the rain.

He looked out the window, too. "Guess it's stopped," he said slowly, and suddenly was afraid that Laura would be



"Oh, goody! You've hit the crackpot!"

GREGORY D'ALESSIO

leaving now. He found that this fear was tremendous; he rallied rather frantically to the situation.

He said confidently, "Where we go?" He rubbed his hands; he was briefly a hustle and bustle guy. She seemed pleased and amused by his eager will to continue. She said she did not know where she wanted to go, and then she said, "We could stop for just one at the Bath Casino. I want to see Max Whalen."

"Uh, huh," he said. "Okay."

"I mean if you really don't mind driving over?"

He helped her into Buster's private fire engine and gave the doorman a buck, as though he always did. He put the car in gear and they went along, and the rain had washed the night clean and taken all the cobwebs from the stars that were big and gold against the blue, like the buttons on a policeman's coat. It was cool, and the light wind ran under her hair, the errant strands like a billowing skirt, and he thought if he could stop the car and kiss this girl it would be worth a million dollars.

SHE wanted to see Max Whalen, he thought. She must belong, because she'd said it so easily, as a guy will say he wants to see his barber. Naturally he knew who Max Whalen was, as anyone who read the papers would know. Max was the former chef, ten years removed from his native Austria, transformed by the popular columnists into America's outstanding host. He was the unofficial arbiter of Manhattan's social dillydallies in the winter, the boss of Long Island's pleasure in the summer. Dillydally, sure enough, but very, very exclusive. Eddie made a turn and his conscience handspringed lightly in his chest as he motored blithely past Frankie's Garage.

The Bath Casino was a laudable lump of Colonial timber, white as flannel pants can be, and rather big, clamped all around with latticework, and almost as tasteful as the public bathhouses at Long Island Beach. He parked the car and walked inside with Laura to the circular bar that imprisoned six bartenders, dressed in white, mixing attractive drinks. They said they'd have Scotch and then Laura saw Max Whalen and excused herself while Eddie trailed her with his eyes.

Whalen shook hands with Laura and Eddie could see that he was very pleasant, although he could not hear what was said. He thought Whalen looked greatly like a hairdresser and he sipped his drink slowly until Laura returned. He had only eleven dollars at the moment, and the drinks were a dollar apiece.

He looked into his glass and said, "What kind of a guy is Maxie?"

"He's all right," she said. "Far as I know he's all right. He knows his business, anyhow."

Looking around the place, Eddie was inclined to agree. Max at least knew the art of gathering customers, and he had gathered many, so that the dance floor ran over with maneuvering couples, and the terrace was packed with his clients, too, sitting and strolling outside on the grass, sipping tall drinks.

Eddie rested his elbows on the bar, then rested his eyes on her face. She seemed a little grim, so that he wondered if she regretted her unexpected escort, and he watched while her upper teeth bit reflectively into her lower lip. He asked, "Trouble?"

She looked at him slowly, her careless smile spreading, her carmine lips desirably moist as they revealed the white perfection of her teeth. "Nothing that can't be cured," she said, and it was impersonal; it didn't matter; he could tell by the way she said it; the gal was smooth, and very finished, and there was a strange and punishing pain within his stomach, and he knew that love had arrived for him, in one form or another, and he couldn't stop to identify the form because it was all over him like a bath.

People went up the wide winding stairs to the upper floor, and many of the people were attractive people, while many more were strictly out of the poolroom, and it occurred to Eddie that upstairs was the game room, fabled for the sums that rode on a turn of a card, on the tumble of a die. This was very big time and quite intriguing, so that Eddie said, perhaps because he was looking for some pertinent words to say, "Let's look around upstairs. There is nothing so nice as a dice game."

There was a thrill in going up the stairs, a satisfaction in the pleasant acknowledgment offered by the formally attired old gent at the head of the stairs. They walked around and saw the dice bouncing off the backboard onto the green felt and watched the wooden rake pull in the tokens, and Eddie wondered what the price of the tokens might be. Once he had wagered two dollars on a horse, and another time he had conquered at bingo.

Laura behaved as though she had been to these places before, as she doubtless had, so that he wondered if his sight-seeing was unsophisticated and amusing to her. He wouldn't like it to be so, and they came to the roulette wheel, which was a fascinating business, going around and around as it did, and paying so much and costing so much. You put it on the red, or you put it on the black, or you were drunk and you put it on a number.

"That's the nuts," said Eddie.

"It's plenty nuts," said the girl. "It's expensive."

Eddie began to sweat beneath his linen coat, he wanted very badly to scratch his head because his scalp was itching with a new excitement.

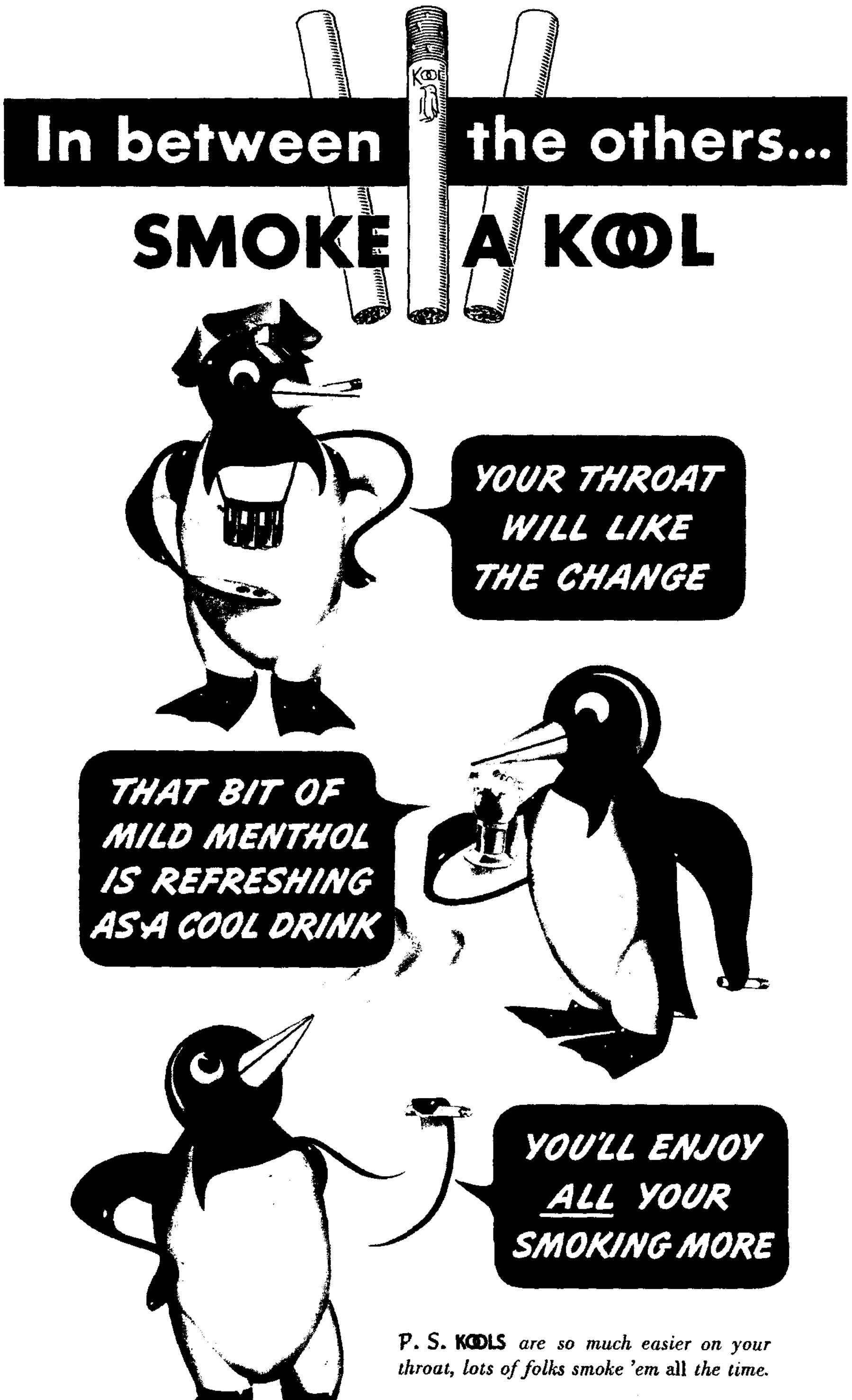
You work ten weeks and you save up half your salary. You do not drink beer and you do not have fun and you listen to Captain Herman Duffy and you get a hundred fifty bucks. And then you buy the secondhand furniture for your law office and maybe you don't get any clients after all. Whereas the wheel, the wonderful wheel, it goes around and around and ten will get you twenty. You put it down once, then you put it down twice, and you are absolutely bulging with currency if you are brave enough.

EDDIE was floating and the money was in his hand, all his money, and he gave it to the polite man at the table who gave him solid slugs in return. These Eddie held in his hand and then put them on the black. He turned to face the lovely girl whose eyes were bright with the size and manner of his gamble. He said, "You only live once and the banks pay two per cent."

"If the banks played roulette they could pay no per cent," said Laura, but she was smiling at him and he could tell from her eyes that she liked him very much; it was clear that she did; it was a wonderful night.

So then the wheel went around and finally it stopped, and it was not black, but instead it was red, and something turned over inside of his head, and there was his hundred and fifty bucks, all gone.

"Whadda you know about that?" said Eddie, and there are separate seconds for such a time, in which the pain is merely stupefying and not so sharp as it will be in a minute or an hour. "They were such nice crisp fifties," and he could remember the heat of the afternoon, and the escapades he had denied himself, and the voice of Captain Duffy, and the office furniture, held by no stronger strings than his ten-dollar deposit. But most of all he remembered the girl who was still beside him, her young body excitingly warm against his own in the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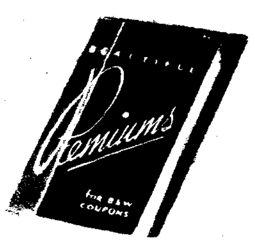

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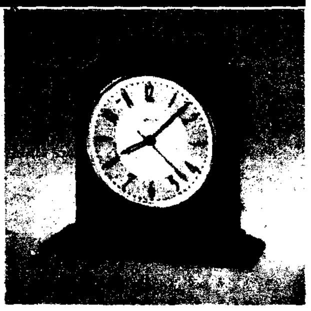

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traffic of people reaching for money, and he thought he could feel her heart beating against him, though it was likely his own, just kicking at his ribs. He got away from the table and she followed him through the cluster of Max Whalen's customers, out to where he could assemble his behavior for her eyes and nobody else's.

He said, "That's all there is, pal. We're all out of fresh money." His fingers produced a few single dollar bills. "Except for this," he grinned. "It'll buy eggs."

"It was a lot to lose all at once," Laura said, "but eggs are really something for your money," and she stayed close to him while he took her elbow and steered her through the people and down the stairs and into Buster's beautiful automobile.

HE KEPT watching the girl over the eggs, her lips as red as ketchup with health, her eyes, beneath big lashes, clear as black coffee, her flesh unblemished as the inside of a roll. They stayed a long time and they politely constructed a romance, one to the other, although the construction was careful, but very inevitable, not made of words, but with their laughter, and their watery-eyed appreciation of the evening they were spending.

Of course he didn't want to get up from the eggs and the coffee and the cigarettes, because he would never sit down with Laura again like this. The advancing clock above the cashier's head kept telling him that, and telling him, too, that Buster's car belonged in Frankie's Garage. He could have said, "Lookit here, I don't own the car, and a hundred fifty bucks is more dough than I ever saw before in a single piece. I just about own the pants I have on and I am strictly a phony. And yet I love you very much." Except that he couldn't, because it would actually betray him as the half-brain he really was, and prove to Laura that he was not even fair to himself, or to the ambition that had been with him so many weeks, now vanished with a turn of the wheel at the casino. He didn't tell her any things like that.

He drove toward the ocean at her direction, on an avenue that was wide and bordered by heavy trees, throwing their branches in a canopy above them as they drove, so that you could smell the green, sharp in the cool night. She said it was the big house on the right where her aunt lived, and he could stop right here, beside this tree, where it was deep with shadow and very restful. They sat and she took the cigarette he gave her, and the light, and they blew their smoke up slowly and they did not say a thing until he turned and she was looking at him, her eyes a little wet, as her lips were wet, and he kissed her on the mouth that seemed to melt against his own.

He kissed her again and held her body briefly against his own, and said, "I love you, Laura," in a falsetto he would have been grateful to recall. They heard a footstep not far away, and so she got up quickly and left the car, saying, "Good night," and nothing more, and he saw her walk between the high hedges of the house as he quickly wheeled the car about the wide street and drove like hell for Frankie's Garage, damning himself the while and wondering if he should stop to beat his head against the concrete paving of the road.

In the daylight, it was just Long Island Beach, hotter than it had ever been before, and the sun was a brazen thing of glaring brass. It was no fun. It was Saturday, a very long day, with the water pageant at night in the mammoth salt-water pool, and the lifeguards attending, like maritime policemen, lest any spectators fall in the water, and because the crowds were always big and pressing. When the long day was over you joined Captain Duffy's chain gang and took the wooden seats from the adjoining softball field, planting them finally as extra seats around the pool for the water show.

Captain Duffy blew his whistle many times. Captain Duffy shouted at Eddie, "Hey, Gillis; show a little life! You're getting paid for this!"

Eddie was carrying the plank, all right. He wasn't supposed to run with the damned thing, as though it were a surfboard. It was heavy. He kept dragging it along. Duffy came over and said, "You might try to stand up like a human being, Gillis. We're having the commissioner here tonight. We want some military bearing in the guards. You're an employee. You are not a customer."

"You think I don't know that?" said Eddie. "You think if I paid to get in this joint I'd be carrying planks? You kill me, Captain." He labored on, with Captain Duffy muttering discontent.

Eddie was a worker; he was no bum. Eddie had muscles just like the captain. But he didn't want to be a soldier in a bathing suit; it didn't make sense; he didn't like that whistle, blowing now, always blowing, and shattering the inside of his head.

He was thinking of the girl. He was thinking how it is to drink with Laura of a summer's evening, and how it is to drive with Laura in a beautiful automobile, and how it is with Laura, under the whispering arms of a giant tree, to hold her lips against your own, and not to carry planks to the tune of a whistle. He was thinking, too, of his office furniture, and of the career he had intended. He no longer had those happy thoughts of the future to balance the presence of Herman Duffy. He was not happy. He did not like himself.

He did not like himself that evening, when the water show was on, and the searchlights sent their beams along the face of the water in the pool, and the pretty girls swam to music in its depths. He had seen it too many times before; he was very bored with water shows, pretty as they can be.

Except the high dives. There is something about a high dive, the way it works at Long Island Beach. The way they have of getting five pretty girls, and sometimes six, all on the fifty-foot platform, caught in the shimmering glare of a searchlight, poised momentarily up there, with some phosphorescent business clinging to their suits, so that when they dive they will be alive in the night and very beautiful to watch.

THE music was playing and it was all very slick, and efficiently run by the unerring hand of Captain Duffy, when Eddie looked up at the six girls climbing onto the platform, and he could see that one girl was prettier than all the rest; it was something that anyone with an eye could see. She was just coming off the ladder, and he could see that her face was white and resolute in the glare. She was determined, he could tell, but stamped with something like fear. And suddenly he, too, was afraid, because this was Laura.

He wanted to yell out and tell her not to dive, that fifty feet is a long ways down, but no sound came out of his throat. Sound came only from a roll of the drums and the voice of a theatrical trumpet, with the drumbeat growing louder and faster, until the cymbal clash, when they all went off the tower together.

It was a swan dive, very pretty, six glowing mermaids in the night. It was very pretty until they were halfway down and Laura's body began to turn, and everybody yelled at once, while the body continued to turn, and she hit the water all in a very ungraceful lump, with the spray and splash rising in a heavy swell where she had disappeared.

People ran excitedly to the edge of the pool, while the impact of her body against the water was still loud in the air. Eddie dove into the water, along with other guards, to bring her out if she could not bring herself. Buster came up from beneath her, holding her high, with her head in the clear, so that Eddie, dazed himself and treading water, could see that her eyes were glassy from shock, her features twisted with pain. They brought her easily to the side of the pool and helped her out, fearing for her back, and so many people were crowding around it was difficult to find space in which to lay her out. She brought a hand up slowly to the rubber cap that contained her hair. Eddie pulled the cap off and her hair fell down to her shoulders. Through the fog of her physical trouble she did not see him right away.

He said, "Lookit, baby, it's me," and rubbed her cold hands with his, and wondered at the same time why she should take a high dive for twenty bucks, which was the excellent price they paid because the girls were always skilled. Except Laura. Not the way she landed on her back. Her face was white.

THEN she saw him, and she must have seen the "Lifeguard," bold upon his chest. She bit her lips and put her head against his shoulder, not attempting to understand. It was too hard.

Captain Duffy blew his whistle and briskly demanded, "Break it up here; break it up! Gillis, get back on your post."

Captain Duffy seemed very distraught and unsympathetic. He considered Laura and decided, "Get her out of here. She ruined the show."

Eddie said, "I'll cut off your nose, you big gorilla."

"You're fired, Gillis. And she's fired, too. She said she could dive."

"Well, she dove, didn't she? You didn't say anything about a landing."

"Friend of yours, huh?"

"More than that. She's a special friend. I love the girl."

Laura seemed all right by now. She was only shocked and embarrassed. She rose to her feet, holding one hand briefly to her head. She said, "I just wanted the twenty dollars, Eddie. That's no crime."

"It's a crime to bust up my water show," the captain stormed. "And you didn't dive. You fell. You're not getting any twenty dollars. Now get out of here, both of you!"

Eddie said, "Wait a minute, muscles. The lady'll leave for twenty dollars. Get it up."

"You want to get thrown out of here, Gillis?"

"Yeah," said Eddie. "I want you to throw me out." Eddie was also rather large and a tidy package within his bathing suit. He said, "I want you to throw me out, Herman, old boy. I want to be thrown out by you in person."

The order seemed difficult, whereupon the captain said, "I don't have to take that from you, Gillis. The police will throw you out."

"The police are my pals," said Eddie, and there were several troopers standing about, and this was almost the case. They made no move toward Eddie. They did not like Captain Duffy.

"Gimme twenty bucks for the little girl," Eddie insisted. "Twenty bucks and no fooling around. You wouldn't like me to bring this to the courts, would you? You realize you're talking to an attorney at law? You realize the state of New York will bounce you out of here like a rubber ball?"

Captain Duffy didn't know about those things, but he was worried in the face of threats. He paid the twenty dollars, giving them to Laura. "She told me she could dive," he said. "She's a crook. You're both crooks."

Eddie raised an athletic foot high and placed it against the protesting Captain Duffy, applied pressure to the foot and dumped the captain in the pool. He walked away with Laura, although Laura didn't walk so well. She brought forth luggage from the dressing rooms which, added to Eddie's own, made quite a burden. But he was inured to burdens.

The new busses running from Long Island Beach to the mainland are noiseless, comfortable and very swift. "Almost like Buster's convertible," Eddie said, "but not as classy."

"I'm more used to busses," the girl said, "and they cost you less."

"Some day I'll have a car like Buster's, Laura. It will have musical chimes instead of a horn. It'll have hot and cold running lifeguards."

"You're very foolish," she said.

"Strictly a goldfish, my dear. But what about you?"

"Innocent enough," she said. "Except I don't live in that beautiful house where you let me off last night. I was at a boardinghouse, farther down the street. Your twelve-cylinder car and your gambling habits had me fooled. I'm a bit of a phony myself. Most times I live with my father and mother, in Brooklyn."

"The Bronx is better," he said.

"The Bronx is better than nothing, Eddie. Except maybe that boardinghouse."

"What you doing in a boardinghouse?"

"Living there," she said. "But not eating. That stopped two days ago, until the free lunch at Mardi's, and the eggs."

"You poor kid."

"Poor kid, nothing. It's my own fault. I had a job in the summer theater at Massapequa. The show lasted ten days. Was I awful! Poor me—poor audience!"

"Good enough to fool me," he consoled her.

"That's because you're simple," she said, and the bus turned left from the causeway. He held her hand in his hand. He wondered what happened next. He wondered what you did about a girl like Laura, when you loved her very dearly and you didn't have any money, and you didn't want to live with your folks. And certainly not with her folks.

THEY were approaching the Bath Casino. "How about this Max Whalen?" Eddie said. "Did you know the guy?"

"Didn't know him from Herman Duffy, but I thought he might give me a job. I sing, too, you know—about the way I high-dive. They didn't want me at Mardi's, either," she said. "Ah, well." She raised a hand to the buzzer beside the seat. She rang it sharply and caused the bus to stop.

"I thought we were going to the station," Eddie began, but Laura already was helping him out of the bus. He felt foolish walking into the exclusive Bath Casino with all that luggage. "We're not going to spend the night," he said.

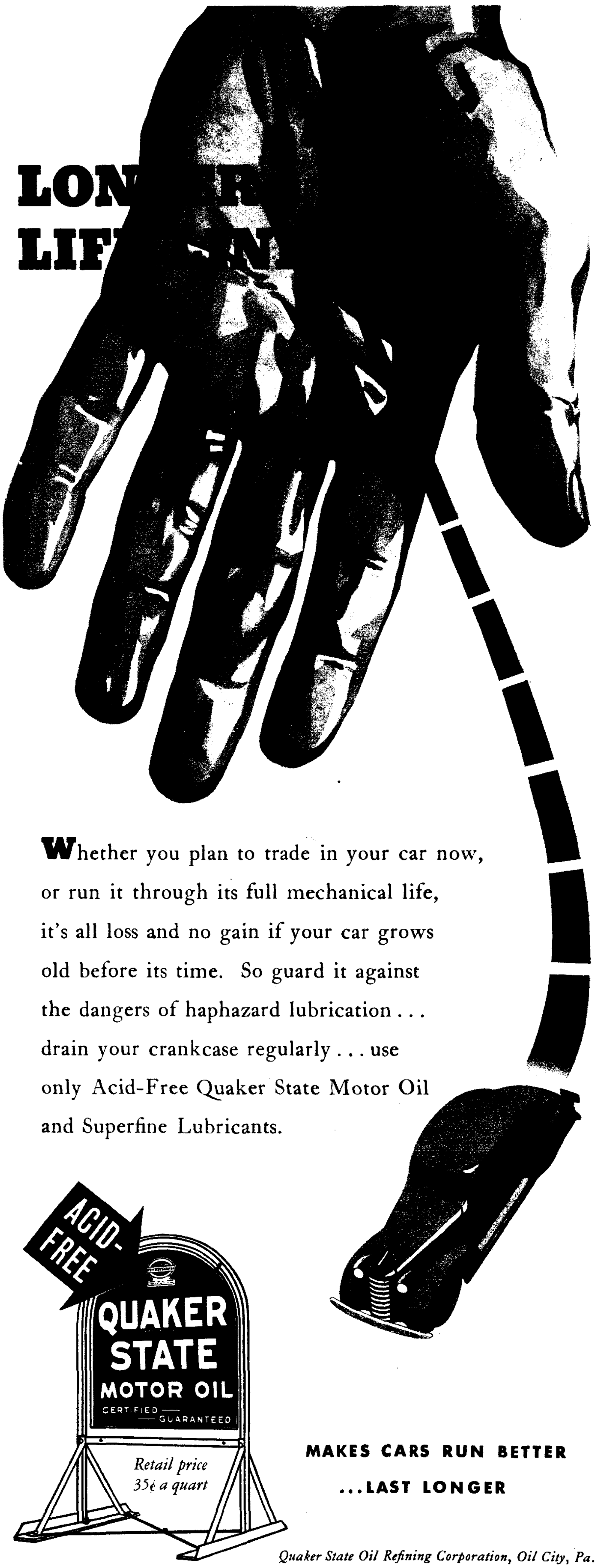
"No, just twenty dollars," she told him and they entered the place and she led him up the stairs to the roulette wheel. Her intentions were unmistakable.

"It's your last and only twenty! You nearly broke your back to get it, Laura. I can't let you do this."

"It was your hundred and fifty," she said. "And it took me to get you in trouble, didn't it? And where's your office furniture? Answer me that."

She put the purchased tokens on the black, and then she grasped his hand. They used their other hands for crossing fingers.

They looked at each other instead of the wheel, and he said, "You gotta be crazy to do a thing like that." He didn't know whether it would come red or come black, and really he didn't care. He knew that some day the jackpot would arrive, and that Laura would be standing beside him when it did. Meanwhile the wheel kept going around and around.



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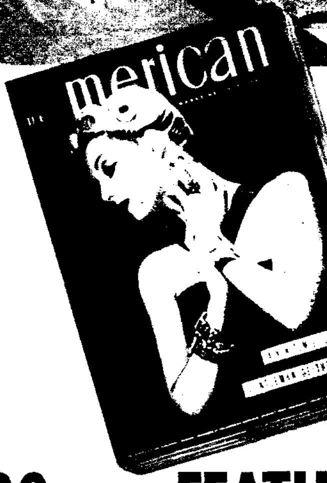

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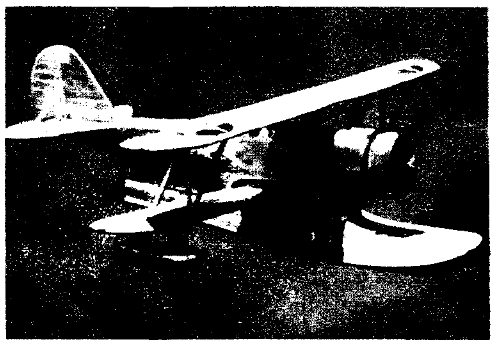

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Flotsam

Continued from page 38

already found something else to do. There's a baby here in the hotel, born two weeks ago. Its mother is still weak but she'll soon have to get back to work. Then I'll become its adoptive grandmother."

"You'll sing it to sleep," said Father Moritz.

"With the old songs, Moritz."

"The songs you used to sing my son to sleep with. It was a long time ago, Edith. Suddenly everything is a very long time ago. Won't you sing something for me too? Sometimes I'm like a child that wants to go to sleep."

"What would you like, Mortiz?"

"The song about the poor Jewish child. It's fifty years since I've heard you sing that. You were young then, and very beautiful. You are still beautiful, Edith."

Edith Rosenfeld smiled. Then she straightened herself a little and began to sing in a frail voice the old Yiddish lullaby. Her voice tinkled a little like breaking glass or like the thin melody of an old music box:

"*With almonds and with raisins*
You'll earn your daily keep,
You'll trade, Yiddele, haggle and trade.
Sleep, Yiddele, sleep."

The two twenty-year-olds, Ruth and Kern, sat listening in silence. Above their heads roared the wind of time—forty years, fifty years, rushed by in the conversation of this old woman and this old man. The ancient pair seemed to find it natural that those years had passed. But in their company crouched these two lives of twenty years, for whom a single year was something endless and almost unimaginable, feeling a shadowy dread: that everything passes and must pass and that presently time would reach out for them too—

Edith Rosenfeld got up and bent over Father Moritz. He was asleep. She looked at the old man's large face with strange emotion, her hand rose as if she were about to stroke it but she stopped short.

"He's asleep," she said. "Come, we'll let him sleep in peace."

JUST as Kern was pushing a heavy wheelbarrow of dirt from the pavilion over to Marill he was stopped by two men. "One moment, please." One of them turned to Marill. "You too."

Kern ceremoniously set down the wheelbarrow. He knew what was up. This tone was familiar; anywhere in the whole world he would have leaped up out of the deepest sleep at hearing this polite, low, inexorable tone.

"Will you be so kind as to show us your papers of identification?"

"I haven't mine with me," Kern replied.

"Please identify yourselves first," Marill said.

"Certainly, with pleasure. Here, this will do, won't it? I am from the police. The gentleman here is an inspector from the ministry of labor. You understand. The large number of French unemployed forces us to make a checkup."

"I understand, sir. Unfortunately I can only show you a residential permit; I have no permit to work; you could hardly have expected that—"

"You are quite right, sir," the inspector said politely. "We did not expect that, but what you have is sufficient. You may go on working. In this particular case—in the building of the fair—the government has no desire to be too strict in enforcing regulations. We beg your pardon for disturbing you."

"Not at all, sir. It was your duty."

"May I see your papers?" the inspector asked Kern.

"I have none."

"No permit?"

"No."

"You entered the country illegally?"

"There was no other way."

"I am very sorry," said the man from the police, "but you must come with us to the Préfecture."

"That's what I expected," Kern replied and looked at Marill. "Tell Ruth I've been nabbed. I'll come back as soon as I can. Tell her not to worry."

He had spoken in German. "I have no objection if you want to talk to your friend for a moment more," the inspector said obligingly.

"I'll look out for Ruth until you get back," Marill said in German. "Tough luck, old man. Get them to deport you by way of Basle. Come back again by way of Burgfelden past the Jewish cemetery. Telephone from the Steiff Inn to Hotel Steiff in St. Louis for a taxi to Mühlhausen and from there to Belfort. That's the best way."

Kern nodded to Marill. "I'm ready," he said.

NEXT day he was taken away. An official traveled with him to the border and turned him over to the customs authorities. Unfortunately, Kern had money with him and had to stand all the costs of the trip. Nevertheless he had enough left to take him back to Paris and he hoped in three or four days to be in the Hotel Verdun once more.

They put him across the border that night. He went at once to the police in Basle, who looked after him and sent him back the following night. He was seized and put back into Switzerland. There he reported again and asked to be allowed to cross the border at noon. He went by trolley to Burgfelden, walked a short distance along the road and found the inn Marill had described. He telephoned St. Louis for a taxi to Mühlhausen. There he made the mistake of not continuing in the taxi as Marill had advised. He hid in town until evening and then felt it was safe to go to the railroad station. The place was empty and deserted. Kern went into the waiting room. Ten minutes later a roving policeman came by and asked for his papers. He was taken to the police station, where they discovered in his pocket the order for deportation from Paris. He tried to talk his way out but without success; he was too far away from the border. There was clear proof of deliberate disobedience of the order.

Kern passed a troubled night in detention. Next morning he asked for a lawyer. He remembered the words of Father Moritz about Alsace and Colmar. He was given the name of a specialist in refugee cases. Kern telephoned to him. He was reluctant to come and did not make his appearance until Kern had explained that he had money. His name was Levi and he was a light blond giant who looked like ten Swedes rolled into one. Kern explained his case.

"How much money have you?" Levi asked.

"Four hundred francs," Kern said. He had more, but he needed the rest for his trip.

"The sentence generally runs to three

"All right then, slug Mr. Spencer, but for heaven's sake stop crying"

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months. We'll see if we can't get you off with six weeks."

"Six weeks?"

"Anything less is hardly possible. We'll immediately make an appeal and we'll have to put pressure behind it. The appeal will not be heard here. Have you friends who can assist you?"

"No."

"Not even in Paris?"

"No."

"That's bad. Well, we'll see. The next move is to do what we can about the original sentence. In view of the unusual circumstances I shall reduce my retainer to two hundred francs."

Kern brought out two of his bills and handed them to the giant. "It would be a good idea if you could dig up some more money," said Levi. "Then we could accomplish more in Paris."

"I'll see what I can do," Kern replied dejectedly.

IT TURNED out as Levi had predicted: Kern was sentenced to six weeks. The judge was severe, and familiarity with misery had made him callous; each day brought similar cases and it was his opinion that punishment alone could save the border from inundation by refugees.

Kern was taken back and put in a single cell. He tried his old technique for keeping himself occupied. He began his exercises, but on the second day he gave them up. The six weeks rose before him like a tower of loneliness, yearning and hopelessness—and beyond these six weeks was the prospect of a week or two of harried freedom and then further punishment, renewed incarceration. There was no point, he thought—the best thing was to make an end of it. It would never stop. Never—

On the fourth day he wrote to Ruth and told her not to count on his coming back. He would try to stay in Switzerland; there was a rumor that next year community barracks were to be built there. He would try to stick it out until then. Perhaps he could find a place in those barracks. She must forget him and marry Durant; he begged her to do it. She didn't know what it would mean to him to know that she was safe. He would be able to stand it; so would she—after all, they both were young.

It was like tearing out his heart to write the letter and he spent two days finishing it. Then he wrote to Marill and begged him to take care of Ruth and to persuade her to get married.

He gave the letter to the turnkey and sat down to his spinach soup. He felt lifeless and empty and would have liked to lie down and never wake up again. Outside it was raining. The afternoon inclined quickly to darkness. Above Kern's head someone had scratched an inscription on the wall. He got up to read it. "Everything ends—even a life sentence." He smiled sadly. That's some comfort, he thought.

STEINER was awake and alert when the train stopped at the border. The French customs men went through it quickly and perfunctorily. They asked for his passport, stamped it and left the compartment.

The train started and rolled slowly on. Steiner knew that at this moment his fate was decided; now he could not go back.

After a time two officials came in and saluted. "Your passport, please." Steiner took out the booklet and gave it to the younger of the two.

"For what purpose are you going to Germany?"

"I'm on my way to visit relatives."

"Do you live in Paris?"

"No, in Grâz. I was visiting a relative in Paris."

"How long do you intend to remain in Germany?"

"About two weeks. Then I shall return to Grâz."

"Have you funds with you?"

"Yes. Five hundred francs."

"We must make a note of that on your passport. Did you bring the money with you from Austria?"

"No, my cousin in Paris gave it to me."

The official scrutinized the passport, wrote something on it and stamped it. "Have you anything to declare?" the other man asked.

"No, nothing." Steiner took down his bag.

"Have you a trunk as well?"

"No, this is all."

The official hastily inspected the bag. "Have you newspapers, printed matter or books with you?"

"No, nothing."

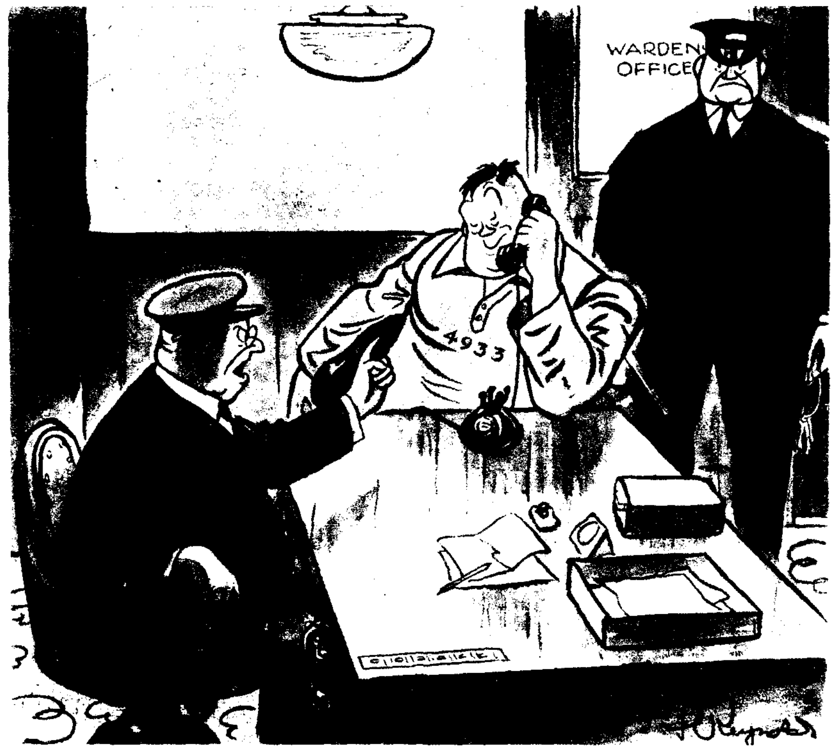
"Thank you." The younger official returned the passport to Steiner. Both saluted and went out. Steiner sighed with relief. He noticed suddenly that the palms of his hands were clammy with sweat.

The train began to run faster. Steiner leaned back in his seat and looked through the windows. Outside it was night. Low clouds raced across the sky and between them the stars sparkled. Little, half-lighted stations flew past, red and green signal lights dashed by and the rails gleamed. Steiner lowered the window and put his head out. The damp wind of passage tore at his face and hair. He took a deep breath; it seemed to be a different air. It was a different wind, it was a different horizon, it was a different light, the poplars along the roads swayed in a different and more familiar way, the roads themselves somehow led into his heart. Feverishly he drew the air into his lungs; his blood pounded, the landscape rose and faced him, enigmatic but somehow no longer strange—damn it, he thought, what is this? I'm getting sentimental.

He sat down again and tried to sleep but could not. The dark landscape outside called and enticed; it was transformed into faces and memories, and the heavy years of the war rose up again. As the train thundered across the bridge over the Rhine the flashing water flowing by with a sullen murmur threw a hundred names at him, names whose echoes had died in the past, dead names, almost forgotten names—names of regiments and comrades, of towns and camps, names out of the night of the years. It was like a physical impact and Steiner was suddenly caught in the whirlwind of the past. He tried to protect himself and could not.

The immense night unfolded before the windows of the rushing train. It was without end; it arched over forty years of a man's life, a man for whom forty years was all the time there was. The villages which slid by with their sparse lights and the occasional barking of dogs were the villages of his childhood—he had played in all of them, over them all had swept his summers and winters, and the bells ringing in their churches had rung everywhere for him. The black and sleeping forests that swept by were all the forests of his youth—their golden-green twilight had shadowed his first wanderings, their smooth ponds had mirrored his breathless face as he watched the speckled, red-bellied salamanders, and the wind that sighed in the beech trees and sang in the pines had been the ancient wind of adventure.

THE pale, glimmering roads, spreading like a net across the night fields, had all been the roads of his restlessness—he had walked them all, had hesitated at their intersections; he knew their places of departure, their promise and return from horizon to horizon; he knew their milestones and the farms that lay along them. And the houses under whose low roofs the light was caught, redly gleaming through the windows like a promise of warmth and home—he had lived in each of their rooms; he knew the soft pressure of their door latches and he knew who was waiting in the circle of lamplight with head a little bowed and the light striking sparks from her fiery golden hair—she whose face had waited for him everywhere, at the end of all roads and at all corners of the world, sometimes in shadow, often almost invisible, flooded by yearning and a desire for forgetfulness, the face of his life toward which he was traveling, the face that now covered the night sky, the eyes that gleamed behind the clouds, the mouth that whispered soundless words from the horizon, the arms that he could feel in the wind and the swaying of the trees, and the smile in which the land-



"This's th' last time, Butch. Hereafter inform your friends you can't receive any more singing telegrams!"

LAURENCE REYNOLDS

scape and his heart sank in a wild rush of emotion.

Marie, night, life, Steiner thought—and he felt his veins dissolve and open, he felt his blood stream out and become part of a luminous river that flowed outside him, that absorbed his blood and returned it enriched to him. It carried away his hands to meet other outstretched hands; its eddies crumpled him, piece by piece, and washed him away, putting an end to his isolation as a torrent in spring breaks up an ice pack. In this one, endless night it brought him the solitary joy of union with the universe. It brought him on its waters the sum of things—his life, the dead years, the splendor of love and the profound knowledge of a recurrence beyond destruction.

STEINER arrived a little before eleven o'clock in the morning. Leaving his bag in the station checkroom he went immediately to the hospital. When he reached the big white building, however, he became uncertain and walked around it twice before going inside.

"I should like to inquire when visitors are admitted," he said haltingly at the reception desk.

"Which class?" the nurse asked.

"I don't know. This is my first visit."

"Whom do you wish to see?"

"Frau Marie Steiner."

Steiner had a moment of astonishment as the nurse casually consulted a thick book. He had almost expected the white walls to crash down about his ears or the nurse to jump up and summon a watchman or the police when he pronounced his name.

The nurse was turning over the pages. "First-class patients may receive visitors at any time," she said, continuing to search.

"It won't be first-class," Steiner answered in a thick voice, "perhaps third."

"Visitors' hours for the third-class are from three to five."

The nurse went on searching. "What was the name again?" she asked.

"Steiner, Marie Steiner." Steiner's throat was suddenly dry. He stared at the pretty doll-like nurse as though she were about to pronounce his death sentence. He knew she was going to say: Dead.

"Marie Steiner," the nurse said, "second-class. Room 402, fourth floor. Visitors' hours from three to six."

"Four hundred two. Thank you very much, nurse."

"Not at all, sir."

The nurse reached for the buzzing telephone. Steiner did not dare ask whether he could go up at once. He was afraid they would know why and become suspicious. And so he went out.

He wandered aimlessly through the streets, passing the hospital in wider and wider circles. Suddenly he was overcome with fear that someone might recognize him and he sought out an obscure bar where he could wait in safety. He ordered something to eat but could not swallow it.

The waiter looked at him, offended. "Don't you like it?"

"Yes, it's good. But bring me a cherry brandy first." He forced himself to eat the meal and then ordered a newspaper and cigarettes. He pretended to read the paper and really tried to, but nothing registered in his mind. He sat in the half-darkened room that smelled of food and stale beer, and went through the most horrible hours of his life.

HE MOUNTED the linoleum-covered steps, his whole being one vast, mad vibration. The long corridor writhed and undulated. And then a chalk-white door sprang up to meet and confront him: 402.

Steiner knocked. There was no answer. He knocked again. A horrible fear twisted his stomach as he opened the door.

The little room lay in the light of the afternoon sun like an island of peace in another world. It seemed as if the roaring onward rush of time had lost its power over the infinitely quiet figure that lay in the narrow bed and looked at Steiner. He reeled a little; his hat fell from his hand. He started to bend over and pick it up but in the act he felt as if he had been pushed from behind and, not knowing how he got there, he found himself kneeling by the bed, weeping silently with the tumultuous emotions of homecoming.

The woman looked at him for a time with peaceful eyes. Then gradually they became uneasy. Her forehead began to wrinkle and her lips moved. Something like panic appeared in her eyes; her hand, which had rested motionless on the cover, rose as though she wanted to reassure herself by touch of what her eyes had seen.

"It's me, Marie," Steiner said.

His wife tried to raise her head. Her eyes searched his face, which was close before her.

"Be calm, Marie. I am here," Steiner said. "I have come."

"Josef—" his wife whispered.

Steiner had to lower his head. His eyes were filled with tears. He bit his lips and swallowed. "It's me, Marie. I have come back to you."

"If they find you—" the woman whispered.

"They won't find me. They can't find me. I can stay here. I shall stay with you."

"Hold me, Josef, I want to feel that you are really here. I've so often seen you—"

He took her fragile, blue-veined hand in his and kissed it. Then he bent over her and pressed his lips on hers, those weary lips that seemed already part of another world. When he stood up, her eyes were full of tears. She gently shook her head and the drops fell like rain.

"I knew you could not come but I have waited for you always."

"Now I shall stay with you."

SHE tried to push him away. "You can't stay here, Josef. You must leave. You don't know what it has been like. You must go at once. Go, Josef—"

"No. It's not dangerous."

"I know better. It is dangerous. I have seen you, now go. I shall not last much longer. I can face it all right alone."

"I have made arrangements so that I can stay here, Marie. There is going to be an amnesty and I fall under it."

She looked at him disbelievingly.

"It's true," he said; "I swear it to you, Marie. No one need know that I am here. But even if they find out it won't be bad."

"I shall say nothing, Josef. I have never said anything."

"I know that, Marie." The blood rushed to his head. "You have not divorced me?" he asked softly.

"No. How could I? Please don't be angry."

"It was only for your sake, so that things would be easier for you."

"I haven't had a bad time. People have helped me. That's how I happen to have this room. It has been nicer to be alone; you were with me more."

Steiner looked at her. Her face was drawn, her cheekbones stood out and her skin had a waxy pallor with blue shadows. Her neck was thin and frail and her collarbone stood out prominently from the shrunken shoulders. Even her eyes were veiled and her mouth was colorless. Only her hair sparkled and glowed; it seemed to have become heavier and thicker as though all her former strength were concentrated there in triumph over her perish-

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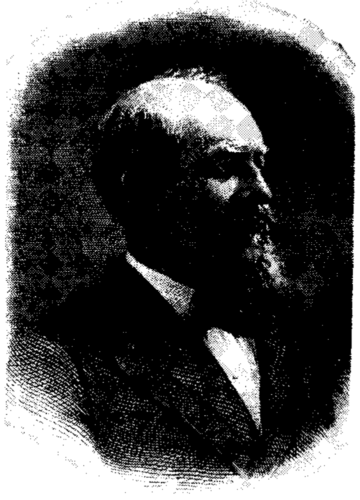

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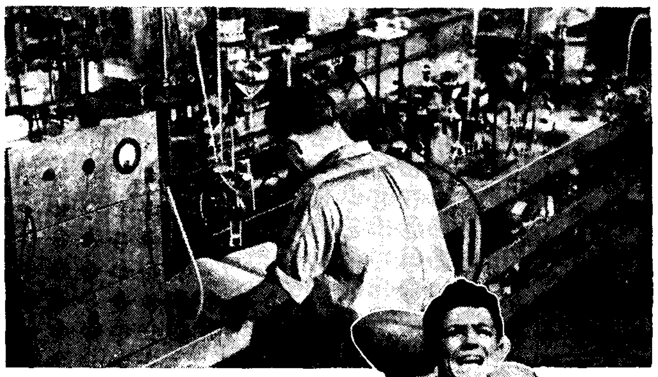

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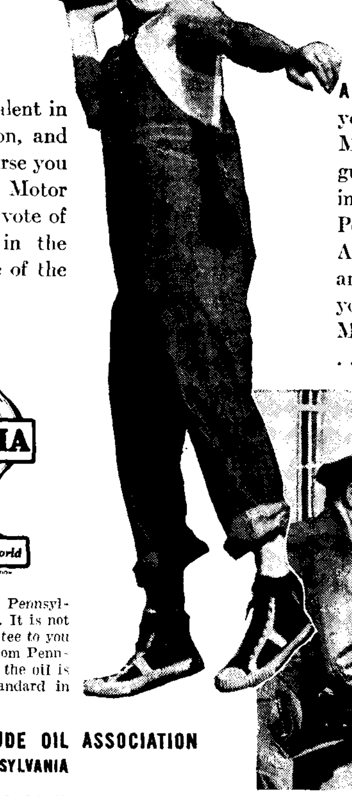

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ing body. Spread out in the afternoon sun it was like an aureole of red and gold, like a wild protest against the weariness of the childlike body, of which hardly enough remained to show beneath the sheets.

The door opened and a nurse came in. Steiner got up. The nurse was carrying a glass filled with a milky fluid which she placed on the table. "You're having company?" she said, examining Steiner with sharp blue eyes.

The sick woman nodded her head. "From Breslau," she whispered.

"From so far? Isn't that nice? Now you will have entertainment."

The blue eyes swiftly inspected Steiner once more as the nurse drew out a thermometer.

"Has she been having a fever?" Steiner asked.

"No indeed," the nurse replied cheerfully. "She hasn't had any for days now." She went out. Steiner drew up a chair and sat down close to the bed. He took her hands in his. "Are you glad I'm here?" he asked, conscious of how foolish the question was.

"It's everything," Marie said without smiling.

They looked at each other in silence. There was little to say, for being together meant so much. They looked at each other and there was nothing else that mattered. They were lost in each other and had come home to each other. Life no longer had a future or a past: it was all present. It was rest, quietness and peace.

THE nurse came in again and made a note on the fever chart; they barely noticed her. They were looking at each other. The sun slowly advanced; it reluctantly abandoned the beautiful flaming hair and lay down like a soft kitten of light on the pillow beside it; then it moved over, still reluctantly, to the wall and slowly climbed it; the two looked at each other. Blue-footed dusk stole into the room and filled it. They looked at each other and could not part, till the shadows drifted from the corners of the room and with their wings covered the white face, the only face in the world.

The door opened and the doctor entered in a flood of light with the nurse behind him. "You must go now," the nurse said.

"Yes," Steiner said, getting up. He bent over the bed. "I'll come again tomorrow, Marie."

"Yes." She lay like a play-weary child already half asleep, already half in the world of dreams. "Yes, beloved," she said and he could not tell whether she spoke to him or to a figure in a dream. "Yes, come again."

Steiner left and waited outside for the doctor and asked him how long it would last.

The doctor inspected him sharply. "Two or three days at most," he said. "It is a miracle that she has survived this long."

"Thank you."

Steiner went slowly down the stairs to look for a place to stay.

"AND what do you intend to do?" Marill asked.

"Everything possible," Ruth replied hotly.

"That isn't much. If we only had more of the facts it would be something. Nothing can be accomplished through the committee; I have sounded them out. The Préfecture is an automatic machine. For the time being all we can do is help with the appeal that this Levi has filed. How, I still don't know. But even if Kern were released two weeks earlier, what difference would that make in his being deported?"

"I'll get after the Préfecture; I'll give them no rest—"

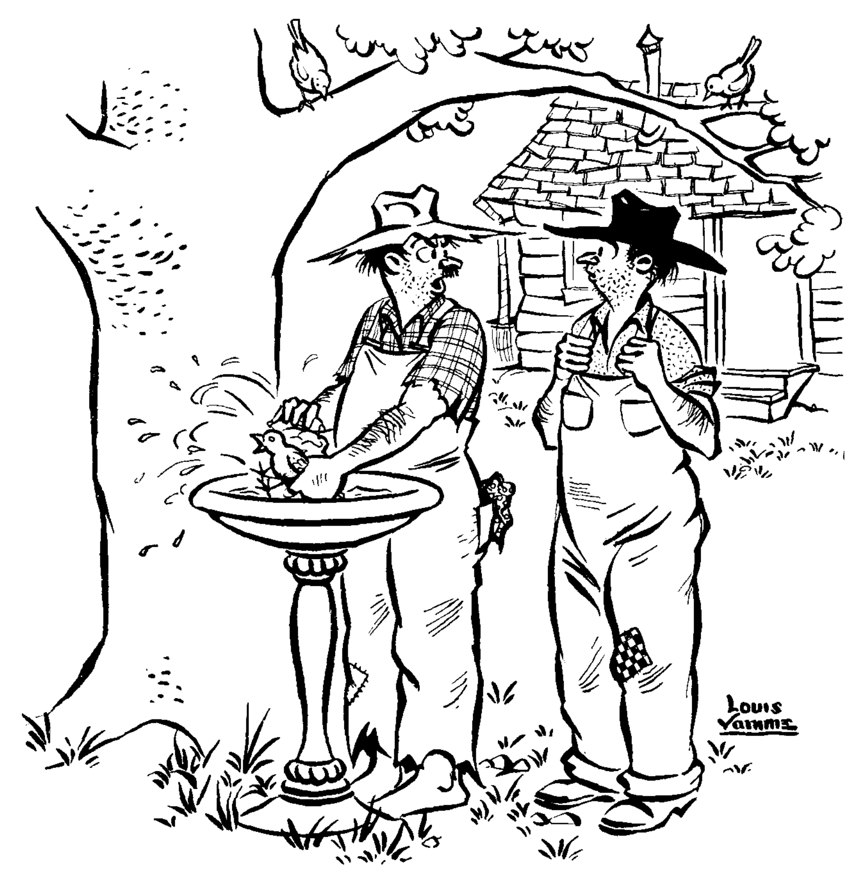
"Just a minute. Your residence in Paris is illegal. The first thing they'll ask you at the Préfecture is for your permit."

"I don't care. Let them deport me too."

"Ruth," Marill said, "there's something I want to ask you. Kern has written me a very smart and discerning letter. I believe he is right. You met each other as wanderers—a common fate made you comrades. Do you really think it will last forever?"

"I won't abandon him."

"That's not an answer; that's a re-



"I wish Maw hadn't gotten this thing. I'm sick of washin' birds"

LOUIS JAMME

solve. And resolves are matters of the head, not the heart."

"Oh, head and heart!" Ruth answered excitedly. "I don't want to hear about all these distinctions and I'm not going to bother about what may happen in later years. I have learned that even tomorrow is a long way off and means a great deal. I know what you mean—that perhaps we aren't suited to each other, that he's too young for me and I too complicated for him. Oh, I know all that; it's true, and for that very reason it isn't true! But let me tell you something you don't know: I was old and full of suspicions before I knew him and he has made me young and given me back the ability to laugh; I was angry and sullen with repressed feelings and he has made me easy and sociable again; I was hopeless and devoid of all belief in kindness and humanity and he has made me cheerful and full of life—and he has accomplished all this with the very qualities that make you think we are not suited to each other, with his youth and his simple straightforward instincts—with his love, if you must know. Doesn't it rend your heart to read this letter in which he renounces me? Doesn't it mean a thousand times more than all the wild to-do about fine feelings and all the speeches about soul-mates, ecstasy and similar rubbish that idle imaginations try to put in place of true feeling? I know you mean well, Marill, and I know he has written you to talk to me this way. And I love him for it. But he belongs to me and I to him—and that has a deeper foundation than you could understand."

She stood facing Marill, hurling one word after another at him like darts, as if he were her bitterest enemy. He listened to her quietly with that respect for emotion that only skeptics possess. Kern's fate lay close to his own heart; but it seemed to him less immediate than Steiner's, to which he had not yet reconciled himself.

"I know what I'll do," Ruth said suddenly. She seized her coat and rushed out. Marill was on the point of calling after her to be careful, but he stopped himself. He had the feeling that he could not restrain her, and his varied life had taught him that when the emotions of an ordinarily reserved person come to the surface they are often more to be relied on than reason. They all know what they want to do, he thought—Kern, Steiner, Ruth—if I only knew some remedy against the cold emptiness of a burned-out heart.

RUTH went to Durant. He blushed with confusion when he saw her. She had never come to his room before. "How nice of you to come," he said, placing a chair for her. Then he hurriedly produced cigarettes and vermouth. When he came in again he had brushed his hair, put on another tie and smelled of eau de Cologne. He beamed at Ruth. And for a fleeting instant she had a feeling of compunction.

"Durant," she said, "who is your most influential friend?"

He looked at her in astonishment. "Why do you want to know that?"

"I'll tell you, François—"

She had never called him by his first name before and she would have been amazed if someone had told her why she did it now. She was impulsive like all women and would have indignantly repudiated the suggestion that she was acting from impulse now. It happened that at the instant Durant was more important to her than ever before and so she felt closer to him.

She explained Kern's situation to him. Durant's smile disappeared. "Do you love this man?" he asked when Ruth had finished.

She looked at him quickly. "I want to help him," she said; "he has helped me. Give me a cigarette. I can't rest until I have helped him."

"And when you have helped him?"

"Then I shall feel at rest," she said, and smiled at him. It was the first act of coquetry in her entire life.

As a physicist Durant had had little experience with unknown quantities. He saw a gleam of hope and made up his mind to help Ruth. "I have an uncle who's in the government," he announced after a thoughtful pause.

"Let's go to him," Ruth cried impetuously. "Let's go to him right away."

The uncle, a slender white-haired Frenchman listened to Ruth patiently. He went into the next room to telephone and Ruth sat impatiently waiting in a gilt armchair. After a while he called his nephew in to him; when they came back the older man made an appointment to see Ruth next morning in his office.

RUTH was there promptly. Durant's uncle sounded her out about her feelings toward his nephew. When he saw that she had no idea of marrying him he became more cordial. Ruth felt that he understood her relationship to Kern. The old man grinned when he heard that his nephew was being used as a means to an end. "You're adroit, little lady," he said, "adroit and enterprising. The first thing for us to do, however, is to see that you get a permit. Then we can look around. Come back tomorrow; so far today I have not been able to accomplish anything; I wanted to know first—"

Ruth understood what he meant and when at his suggestion she returned she was given a letter to a high official in the police department. "Tell him everything," he advised her. "Everything you have been through. Talk to him about your emotions—Frenchmen understand such things."

He patted her cheek and let her go. For some minutes afterward he was thoughtful. Not a bad wife at all for François, he thought, this courageous little woman. If she only had means and came from a good French family. . . .

Ruth delivered the letter. She was not received. They simply made a note of her address and told her that word would be sent to her. She waited two days, going to dinner both evenings with Durant. It was the first time she had gone out with anyone in Paris and she was filled with a sparkling expectancy that thrilled Durant.

When on the third day she had received no answer to the letter, she borrowed a fur coat and a hat from a woman friend of Durant's and went once more to see Durant's uncle.

"How you've changed!" the old man said with curiosity and amazement. "Do you know you're pretty?"

"No," Ruth replied, "all I know is that I've received no answer to your letter. That's not what I expected."

He looked at her slyly. "You believed I had greater influence?"

"Yes," Ruth replied frankly.

"You're right; I shall telephone again."

He lifted the instrument, called a number and spoke so rapidly that Ruth could understand little of what he said. "You can go there immediately," he reported. "This time you will certainly be received. Do you know the worth of that coat you are wearing?"

"No."

"About one hundred thousand francs."

"One hundred thou—"

The uncle nodded a little peevishly. "Unfortunately I know exactly. Only a short time ago I myself had to—well, we won't go into that." He laughed. "Go right over to the bureau wearing it. The police, as you seem to know, would always rather see something like that than shabby clothes."

(To be concluded next week)

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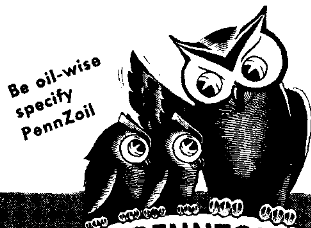

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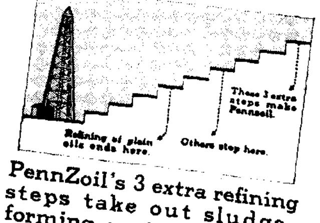
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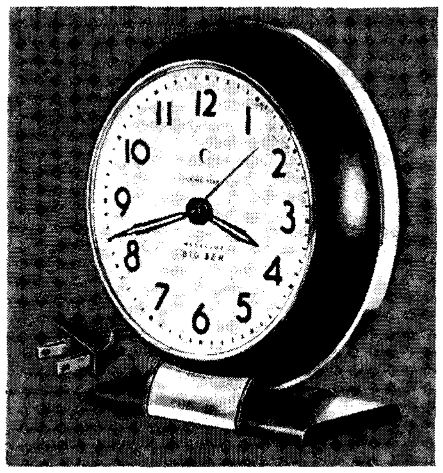

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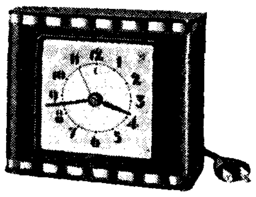

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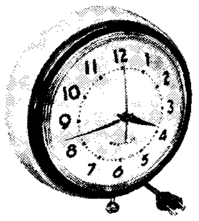

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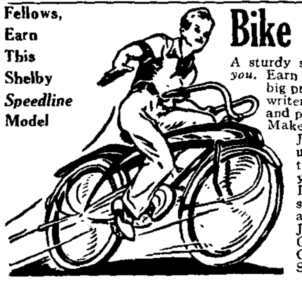

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Oh, How They Ran!

Continued from page 27

peoples were an inferior lot physically. The Continental habit of wine and beer drinking was the popular explanation for that inferiority.

At first, our fellows pretty regularly defeated the Continental athletes in track events. Later the Continentals began to take a livelier interest in track events and while we continued to defeat them regularly at sprinting, jumping, weight throwing and pole vaulting; in the events that called for endurance, for stamina, the Continentals began to overhaul us. Eventually they left us behind, and we haven't caught up with them since.

Forty-odd running events beyond the distance of a quarter-mile have been contested during the last seven Olympic meets. Of those our country won exactly two. And those two wins were 24 years apart. Ted Meredith won the 800 meters in 1912, and John Woodruff won the 800 meters in 1936.

Good Enough for Our Ancestors

Furthermore, our country won only one sprint in the 1924 and one in the 1928 Olympic meet, and with each one goes a story that has a direct bearing on the question of drinking.

One day during the 1924 meet, which was held in a suburb of Paris, I was lunching with our track team. It was a *hot and sultry July day, and it had been* sultry and hot for a week.

Our fellows were sitting at a long table and, glancing up and down the line, I thought some of them looked a bit overdrawn.

The food was brought on. I waited for something to come with it, something to ease the dry way of it down a man's throat. I was sitting beside Walter Christie, track coach of the University of California. "What do we get to drink?" I asked Christie.

"Tea," said Christie. "Shall I order yours now?"

"Not yet. I still drink tea twice a day at home, but the natives here claim to have more nourishing drinks than tea. They make swell light wine and pretty good light beer here in France—how *about a cold bottle of beer on this hot day?*"

"I haven't seen beer or light wine served at this table yet," said Walter, "but I'll order beer, and I'll have a glass with you."

A pitcher of beer arrived.

Seeing everybody else ordering tea stirred me to say to Christie: "Our fellows must be the only athletes at this meet who are not having their glass of light wine or beer in training."

"That's a sure bet," said Christie, and he poured a glass of beer for me and a glass for himself.

Sitting directly opposite me this day was Jackson Scholz, one of our sprinters. He was gazing so wistfully at the beer pitcher that I could not help taking notice. I recalled then that he had been in *athletic competition for several years,* and that this Olympic meet had come on top of three months of strict training and severe competition.

My next thought was that here was a descendant of people who had almost certainly had their beer regularly for generations before him. I had been at gatherings in the country of his forefathers where hundreds of families would sit around for hours on end, listening to the music and sipping their beer. Even the ten- and twelve-year-old children would be having their half-sized mug of beer.

My next thought was of South Boston days and Jerry Casey rowing hard races regularly, having his ale pretty regularly, and he still going good at close to forty years of age.

I could almost hear Jerry talking to me as I looked across the table at the wistful young fellow facing me that hot day in 1924; so I asked Scholz if he would like a glass of beer. He brightened up and said he certainly would.

Three hours later Scholz stood on the mark for the final heat of the 200-meter run. We had one other man, a previous Olympic champion, Charlie Paddock, in that final heat. Scholz got a slow start, *but he kept on coming. I still recall* clearly how he came from behind at the 150-meter mark and laced the field home. He won by two yards, giving us our only track victory of the meet.

In the next Olympic meet (Amsterdam, 1928) national prohibition was still with us, and again we won only one running race, and that was won by a lad of Latin parentage. And he was lucky in being looked after by a wise old track coach who saw to it the lad was given an issue of the light wine of his ancestors at proper intervals.

When we consider that for the last 30 years the wine and beer Continentals and the beer and ale Britons have been outclassing us in endurance contests I can't help thinking of another of Jerry Casey's sayings: "A man can maybe live *to be a 150 years on a bread-and-milk* diet, but he'll never break any records on it."

There is also this: practically all of us in this country come of European stock. The food and drink that helped to make the blood and bone of our forebears can hardly be poison for us. It may even be that what our ancestors accustomed their systems to may be good for us. (In moderation, of course. I'm assuming that we all agree that the rum hounds are out from the beginning.)

Sipping Out of a Slump

To come back home: in my day in Boston, most of us in athletics took our workouts in the old municipal Charlesbank outdoor gymnasium, for years the greatest gathering place in the world for professional and amateur athletes. Fellows came from all over to train there.

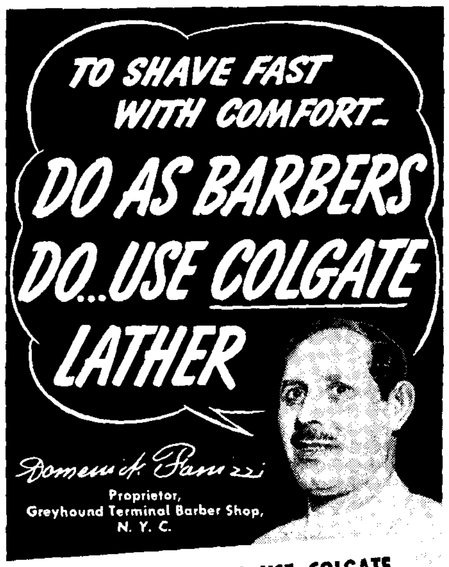
There was a summertime living in those days for professional athletes. Caledonian and Hibernian organizations especially were keeping alive the athletic customs of their forebears in Scotland and Ireland. Field days were held regularly for money prizes, and dated to make a workable circuit for the athletes.

The professionals traveled from meet to meet in day coaches, and frequently, after sitting up all night, they would compete in from two to eight or ten events next day. That sort of competition called for stamina. Those men had to know how to condition themselves. They were a sober lot, but of them all I recall only one who didn't take his beer or ale pretty regularly in training.

Then take our professional ballplayers. Big-league players do not have to condition themselves to a razor edge, but they do have to maintain a high standard of performance for six months on end. That calls for stamina.

Any veteran sports writer can testify that the old-time ballplayers who stayed in there year in and year out were rarely (if ever) total abstainers from malt and spirituous liquors. Decent-living men, yes; but total abstainers—no.

We have still among us quite a few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Sani-Flush has made one of the tasks you used to dread simple and easy. It cleans the closet bowl—and does it without any drudgery on your part. Use a little Sani-Flush regularly. Keep the closet bowl sparkling clean.

Cannot Injure Plumbing Connections

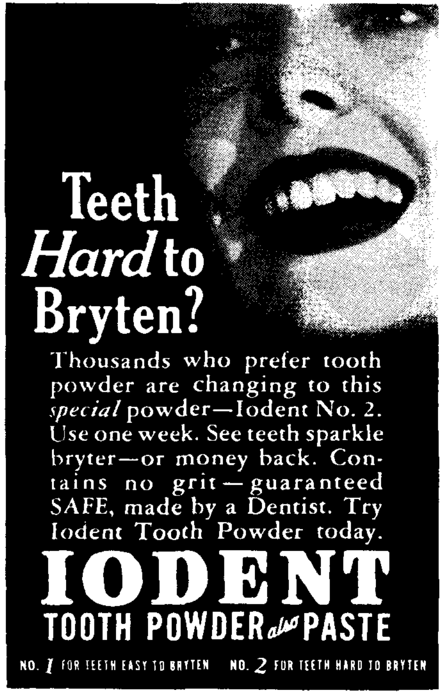
This is a reprint of an old, old Sani-Flush advertisement. This scientific formula was discovered 27 years ago. It is still the easiest and best known way to clean toilets. (Also cleans out auto radiators.) *See directions on can.* At grocery, drug, hardware, and 5c-and-10c stores. 10c and 25c sizes. The Hygienic Products Co., Canton, O.

Here Is Your Chance!

HAVEN'T you said, "Given a chance I could earn money, too"? Well, here is your chance. Our Pin Money Club is for girls and women—send for our free booklet.

Margaret Clarke, Secretary, Pin Money Club, Department 90, Collier's Weekly, 250 Park Avenue, New York, New York.

MAKE UP TO $125 By Christmas
Sell 50 Personal Christmas Cards for $1.00
All beautiful double-folders *with name inscribed.* Big value. Liberal cash profit on every order. **Samples FREE.** Also sell complete line Christmas Box Assts. 50c and $1. Write today.
General Card Co., 400 S. Peoria St., Dept. X-817, Chicago, Ill.



Teeth *Hard* to Bryten?

Thousands who prefer tooth powder are changing to this *special* powder—Iodent No. 2. Use one week. See teeth sparkle bryter—or money back. Contains no grit—guaranteed SAFE, made by a Dentist. Try Iodent Tooth Powder today.

IODENT
TOOTH POWDER *also* PASTE
NO. 1 FOR TEETH EASY TO BRYTEN NO. 2 FOR TEETH HARD TO BRYTEN

recently retired great ones who played ball continuously and strenuously until they were forty years, or close to it. Every big-league fan knows about them. Take Lajoie, Cobb, Wagner, Speaker, Ruth—the first names that come to mind. They were surely in the front rank; and we can say of them that they all believed in a glass of beer at intervals. It meant both nourishment and relaxation for them.

Hugh Duffy, holder of the all-time batting record of .438, is the connecting link between the real old-timers and the Lajoie, Wagner, Cobb, etc., period. Hugh was a teetotaler in his early playing days, but on going hitless for three successive days one time he began to wonder what was wrong.

A ballplayer pal, Tommie McCarthy, who set great store by a pitcher of beer after a hard game, showed Hugh that he was "drying out." Hugh thereupon mended his ways and got his batting eye back.

For Relaxation or Nourishment

Along about here some reader may be saying: "This chap must be a rum hound himself." To that—in case it might influence some friendly soul to discount my thesis—I have to report that I was brought up on tea, and I come of rather abstemious folk. I was twenty-seven before I had my first glass of wine, and twenty-nine before I drank my first glass of beer. I was thirty-five years or so before I took my first drink of whisky. I did not like the taste of it then; I don't like the taste of it now. And while I do sometimes take a drink nowadays, it is usually for pretty much the same reason that Jerry Casey took his ale—as nourishment after exercise, never as a stimulant beforehand.

As a final bit of concrete evidence I am submitting the experience of the world-famous Paavo Nurmi of Finland. Paavo was running championships in three Olympic meets. Only our big weight throwers have lasted through several Olympiads, but throwing weights is nothing like distance running for exhausting a man.

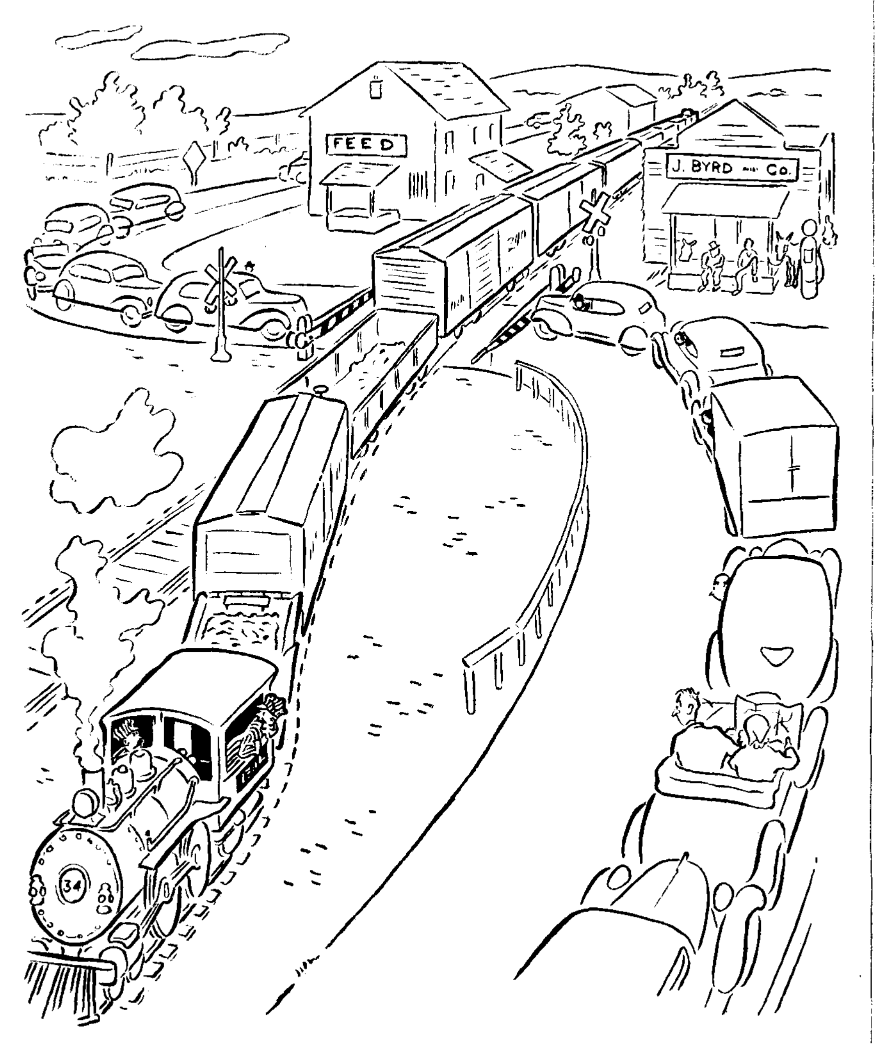
Nurmi won in 1920, 1924 and 1928, and if he hadn't been barred from the 1932 meet, he might have been a victor once more. To quite a few of us, Nurmi's performance in the 1924 Olympic meet stamps him as the greatest distance runner of all time. He ran either a trial heat or a final heat on five successive days. He won the 1,500- and 5,000-meter flat races and the 10,000-meter cross-country race. Every race was run in the sun with the thermometer above 90 in the shade.

Nurmi then came to this country to compete indoors. He had never run on boards before, but, boards or cinders, he was the same old Nurmi. He went right on winning. One night, after finishing a record-breaking performance on a New York track, he was offered a drink of whisky in the dressing room. He took the drink, waved his thanks, drank it, and said: "After race—good! Before race—no good!"

And isn't that the answer? For relaxation or nourishment after a supreme physical effort there is virtue in it. And shouldn't that go for a supreme intellectual effort also?

What applies to men under athletic pressure will apply to men under continuous high mental pressure—men in business and in the professions. It will apply to men who do creative work and have to keep it up. No supreme genius known to us—no all-time storyteller or poet, or sculptor or painter—from old Homer down but what took his tot of wine or mug of ale from time to time.

There is danger, of course, in saying that liquor is sometimes a benefit; some psychopathic case may read this, and reading it, decide that any time a thirst overtakes him is a good time to have a drink.



"Let's back up once more—I like to see their expressions"

D. HUFFINE

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Softens up the sidewalks
WALK-OVER

You've never felt anything like it. A cushion of crepe rubber sandwiched between two layers of leather. Keeps out cold, dampness. No overheating. No "squish-squash" when you walk. Reduces fatigue. Pioneered by Walk-Over. BROADWAY: Antique Finish brown Norge. $8.75. Walk-Over prices $6.75 to $12.50. Higher West. Geo. E. Keith Co., Brockton, Mass.

YOU TOO WILL ENJOY—
-15 Minutes a Day

What is your home like? Does it contain worth-while books that give you and your family stimulating contact with great minds, or does the sum total of your resources for reading consist of current novels or the daily newspaper—interesting today but of no value as mental stimulation or information tomorrow?

We all want our homes to be real homes, warm and hearty, where the latch string of welcome is prominently displayed, a place where our friends will want to come and return again and again. To make our homes attractive and to draw about us interesting and entertaining friends, we too, must be interesting and entertaining.

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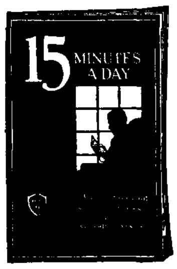


Now, for the first time, the famous ELIOT FOUNDATION COURSE OF ADULT EDUCATION is included with The Harvard Classics at no extra cost. The Course, prepared by noted university authorities, brings to your fireside the advantages of the finest liberal arts instruction. Send for the famous book, FIFTEEN MINUTES A DAY. It is yours without obligation and without cost.

Texas Tells 'Em

Continued from page 18

building and the repertoire of fashions. For here, under one roof, are gathered the designs of Hattie Carnegie and Nettie Rosenstein, of Louise Barnes Gallagher and Clare Potter, of Palter De Liso, and Daché and John Fredericks, and others like them, a collection representing more great fashion names than any shop even in New York or Chicago can boast. It has the third largest volume in the nation's fine shoe business; the first two are in New York, a city which is twenty times the size of Dallas. It sells mink coats for $8,000, and slippers for $27.50, and evening gowns for $350. Not once a year, or once a month. Or even once in a while. But every day. In fact, the bulk of its ready-to-wear business comes within the rarefied price brackets.

They Know What They Want

Many of its customers are wealthy, grown rich from the product of mine or field or oil well. Dressing well is not merely a personal affair with them. Good grooming is a civic virtue in Dallas. "The best-dressed women in America," Winchell called them. They travel widely. They probably know more about New York than most New Yorkers do. They go abroad. They visit Palm Beach or Palm Springs in the winter. They are cosmopolitan rather than metropolitan. They pay liberally for the clothes they want. And they know darned well what they want.

Let the New York designer scream: "You must buy this glamor gown because it created a sensation at the Stork Club." Dallas answers: "So what? We have no Stork Club." Let Manhattan cry: "This office-into-cocktail dress is just what our career girls wear from the filing cabinet to the bar." And Dallas replies: "We don't need 'em. Our girls can go home to dress because they live only ten minutes from the office." And adds: "You listen to us. You may know Miss Park Avenue and Miss Bronx and Miss Brooklyn. But New York isn't America. Dallas is a little more like it."

It must be so. Or why should a shoe merchant with a string of shops on Fifth Avenue and Broadway send half a dozen pairs of his newest, most daring creations down to Dallas to be shown in a fall fashion show? "Just try these out," he says to Stanley Marcus, "and let us know the customer reaction." A furrier whose family has provided pelts for the best New York families over three generations sends down a coat of platinum lynx so rare that there are only half a dozen skins in the country, to see whether the interest of Dallas will justify breeding the animals. "Don't pay me unless you sell the coat," and he explains: "This isn't altruism, this is an investment."

If Dallas turns thumbs down on narrow skirts, the style people in New York think twice about pushing straight, narrow skirts. After all, these are no hicks. They get about.

Back of the interest and discrimination in clothes is an educational campaign that has been carried on for nearly a third of a century by the family of Marcus. In 1907, when Dallas, with its low buildings and 85,000 population, was a raw, awkward promise of a city, Herbert Marcus, with his sister, her husband and plenty of borrowed capital opened shop, selling what they called "outer garments" in half a dozen different departments. There were other stores in Dallas at the time, but Neiman-Marcus had an idea—and an ideal—to sell quality merchandise.

"Any store can dress a few women beautifully," say the Marcuses. "Our idea is to dress a whole city that way."

From the very start, they concentrated on style that was not only high—it was head and shoulders above anything else that Dallas or near-by cities offered. In its first year it showed a profit of only $3,000. Last year it did a $5,000,000 business.

Today the store is more than an emporium. It is a vital part of the community life. It is a center of style education. Women go to have a look, even when they don't particularly need anything. Office workers drop in during their lunch hours. Men go shopping with their wives. There is always an exhibit to see. Or a fashion show going on.

Fashion shows in Dallas come under the head of dramatic entertainment. They are actually reviewed on the theatrical pages, like the opening of a new show. Women from out of town wire four or five days ahead their reservations for the weekly fashion shows which the store stages in the Baker Hotel during the luncheon hour. There is a once-a-month show. A bride's show in the spring. A show called "Christmas Gifts Walking" dramatizes holiday giving and makes the most prosaic gift a thing of excitement. These shows are rehearsed like stage shows. The mannequins are specially taught how to walk gracefully and easily. Not like haughty, mincing models, but like gracious and well-bred women. Once a year there is a bang-up fashion show that leaves New York visitors gasping for adjectives. It is marked by the awarding of silver plaques to American designers who have made the most signal contribution to fashion during the year.

The purpose of the Fashion Awards is a dual one: to give the Dallas shopper an opportunity to see her favorite designer; to give the designer a chance to see something more of America than Broadway and Park Avenue.

Designs from and for America

"Too many designers turn their backs on the rest of the country and turn their eyes to Paris," says Stanley Marcus. "As long as that happens you can't have any American design worthy of the name. When our designers get a first-hand taste of the vastness of this country, its mixed population, tradition and culture, the colors of its landscapes, then you'll see real designing."

It is, perhaps, no trick for the wives of millionaires to be perfectly groomed. What makes the Marcuses proud is the fact that Dallas office workers, in their perfectly styled nineteen-fifties, are the most chic in America! By studying style pointers they have acquired the essential points of good grooming. One manufacturer sends his branch managers to the Marcuses to outfit from corsets to coiffures.

"There used to be a kid working for us. Quite homely and undistinguished. After she was fired, she got a job at your store," he said to Herbert Marcus. "The other day I ran into her at a wedding, and I never saw anything so beautiful in my life. Her hair, her nails, her clothes, even her make-up, were just about perfect. Now, if you can make the women who represent our firm look like that, I'd consider it a sound business investment."

The business girl has her own fashion show, with fashions that reflect the same taste as the quality merchandise. The store's charge-accounts system is divided into three groups—for high, intermediate and budget price customers—so that the workingwoman gets circulars and news directed at her, instead of being told about the $10,000 blue mink wrap that only an oil millionaire's wife can buy. But, toil or oil, both women know the importance of co-ordinated wardrobes, of buying the utmost in quality and style, of dressing in character rather than dressing in fashion.

Dressing to type is almost a cult in Dallas. And if, among all the co-ordinated purses and hats, gloves and shoes and dresses, a customer still does not find what she has set her heart on, the store will find it somehow. They flew a yard of figured cotton down from New York to match a blouse with a Martinique turban. They air-mailed a swatch of silk to New York to be matched by shoes and a bag.

There is, between the Marcuses and the population they serve, an intimacy that no big city knows. One customer flies once a week, in her own plane, from Houston, just to have her hair done. If you expect to find Herbert Marcus behind the door marked "President," you'll be disappointed. Go look for him on the floor, explaining to a customer why one mink wrap is worth more than another that looks just like it.

Texas buys clothes with gusto, and Texan husbands love to present gifts to their wives and daughters with a special flourish. Which is one reason why the store's display staff is as busy outside the shop as in it, during the Christmas season. One contractor from San Antonio has his Christmas tree decorated by the store's display manager, and in its way it is as spectacular as the candy or feather or white fox Christmas trees that the shop features in its windows.

When one millionaire wanted to give his wife a mink coat for a present, was he satisfied with a mere ribbon-tied package? Not on your life. He called in Mr. Stanley and asked him for something tricky.

"Got a room you can spare for a few days?" Mr. Stanley asked.

"Sure, the barroom."

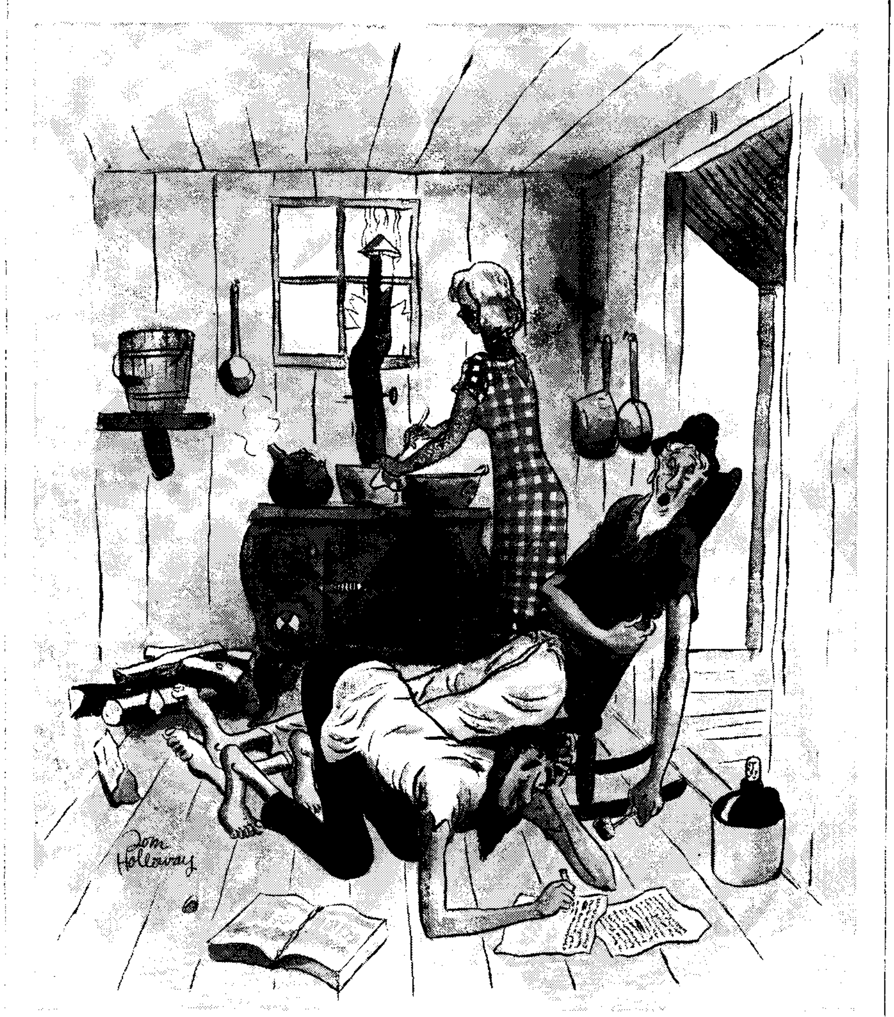
And on Christmas day the lady opened the closed door and found there a miniature representation of a Neiman-Marcus window, with a wax mannequin wearing not only the new mink coat but carefully selected accessories as well: hat, bag, gloves and the rest. At the dummy's feet was a placard: "Merry Christmas to Ruth." Merry Christmas, all right, but Ruth's husband was so tickled with the presentation that he wouldn't permit her to disturb it until all their friends had had a look.

And for a college girl they made a pousse-café of cashmere sweaters, piling color after color of cashmere in a giant brandy inhaler, and topping the whole business with a jeweled cherry ornament.

From president down to the ultimate salesclerk, every member of the staff is taught to look upon the customer as an individual and a friend. The saleswomen know by name three quarters of the store's clientele. Even the dummies in the store windows have been designed to look like the average customer.

She is supposed to be a woman in her thirties, not a great beauty. A womanly woman, obviously well-bred. She is smart, but without the harsh brightness that has come to be associated with the word. She wears slacks like a lady, not a hoyden. She has dignity, sweetness and poise, instead of glamor, poise and heavily overplayed sex appeal.

"Dallas women, and we think this holds for the rest of the country too," say the Marcuses, "don't want to be that much-overworked creature, the glamor girl. They merely want to be themselves—feminine, nice-looking and, above all else, individual."



"You don't have to tell the mail-order people all the news—just write what you want and sign your name!"

TOM HOLLOWAY

FUN FOR THE FAMILY!

Thanks to Mother's grand discovery!

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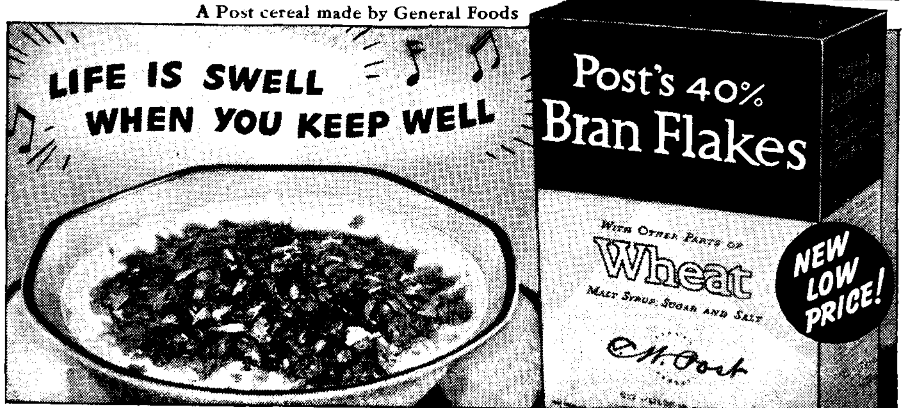
"WE ALWAYS HAVE lots of fun, don't we?" says little Janie. And young Tommy, Dad and Mother agree! It was Mother who discovered how to help her family start every day with a smile . . . a few months ago, she started serving crisp, tempting Post's 40% Bran Flakes for breakfast. It was the most delicious cereal they'd ever tasted, and . . .

FOR ACTIVE YOUNG ONES and grown-ups alike, Mother learned that Post's Bran Flakes give two valuable EXTRA BENEFITS. First, Post's Bran Flakes provide bran, a *natural* regulator. People whose systems are irregular, due to lack of bulk in the diet, find Post's Bran Flakes, eaten daily, a wonderful help . . .

AND EVERY BOWLFUL Tommy and Janie eat brings them the *second benefit* of precious food values: For Post's Bran Flakes are a good cereal source of phosphorus, iron, Vitamin B_1 to help maintain good appetite, and Vitamin G to help promote growth and vigor.

MOTHER SAYS, "I was so pleased to find that Post's Bran Flakes actually cost so little since my grocer announced that NEW LOW PRICE . . . but more than that, I'm just delighted at what those TWO EXTRA BENEFITS seem to have done for my family. They've never been more fit and happy in their lives!"

A Post cereal made by General Foods



IMPORTANT: Post's Bran Flakes, due to their bulk, are a *regulative* cereal. Constipation due to insufficient bulk in the diet should yield to Post's Bran Flakes, eaten regularly—as a breakfast cereal or in muffins. For cases not corrected in this simple manner, a physician should be consulted.

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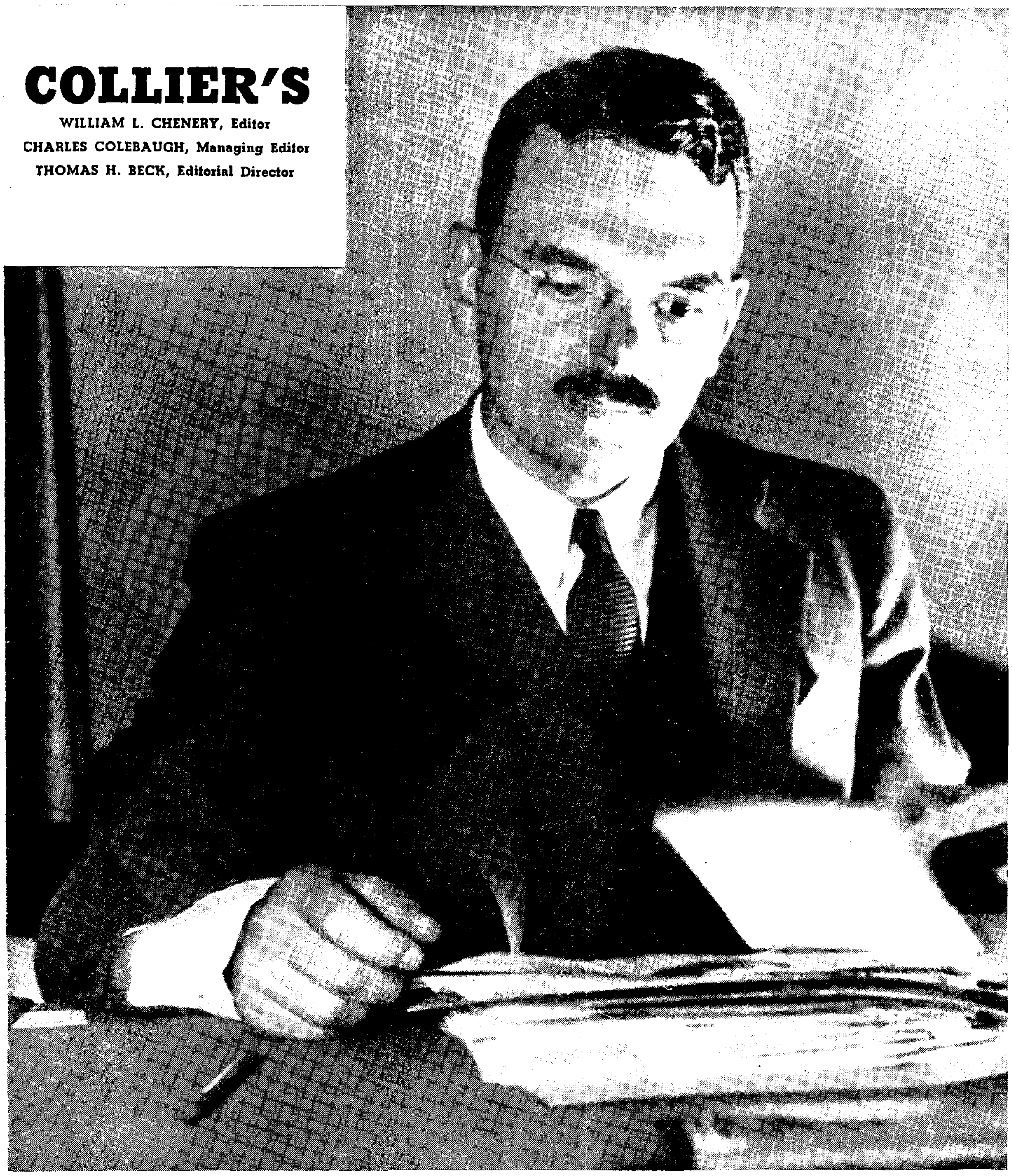


THOMAS

District Attorney Thomas E. Dewey, who is demonstrating how to smash America's powerful rackets

Rackets Can be Routed

THIS anticrime war that the federal government is waging is highly exhilarating, and it will most likely get some worth-while results.

We get a kick out of the pictures of Attorney General Frank Murphy flying hither and yon, usually tailed by J. Edgar Hoover of the G-Men—pardon, the Federal Bureau of Investigation—in pursuit of big-time crooks wherever they may be plying their horrid trade.

Some encouraging things have happened already. The first scalp to be hooked to Murphy's belt was that of Boss Pendergast of Kansas City. Pendergast, long-time political overlord and racketmaster in K. C., crumpled and eventually drew a jail sentence when Murphy opened up the government's income-tax guns on him.

Not that the old-time political boss was a 100% boil on his community's neck. We don't think he was. He practiced a good deal of rough-and-ready charity with other people's money, true though it is that he had to do so to keep the poorer wards voting right.

But like plenty of other human beings and human institutions in their time, the old-style boss finally went too far, in many a town.

Prohibition opened up graft and racket possibilities of which he had never dreamed. Smart crooks enlisted his help, and before he knew it he was involved in criminal and semicriminal alliances from which he couldn't withdraw.

Dixie Davis, mouthpiece for the late Dutch Schultz, painted one of these pictures in a series of articles that Collier's recently had the pleasure of presenting to its readers.

Davis' confessions were as dramatic and grisly a set of disclosures as we've seen in print in a long time. From the opening scene, where the Dutchman shot one of his retainers in the mouth, to the final fade-out the Davis articles were raw and reeking melodrama.

They were more than that. They performed a public service, in that they showed how easily politics and politicians can become intertwined with crime and criminals. Also, they showed how closely akin in spirit many a criminal is to the dictators who have turned whole countries on the continent of Europe into their personal and private rackets.

The Dutchman, if you remember, once bragged to Dixie Davis that he and his mob were very much like the tight-knit little gang of Bolsheviks who waded in and simply pocketed gigantic Russia in the chaos of 1917.

Plainly, it was high time for the federal government to go after organized crime on a nationwide scale. We're glad Attorney General Murphy is in this fight with both feet and both fists, ably aided by J. Edgar Hoover.

It is especially gratifying to see Murphy and Hoover digging into the alliances of crime and politics that the late Huey Long notoriously built up in Louisiana, and left functioning full blast when he was shot down in 1935 by an assassin.

The government took a long time in getting around to the Louisiana situation. Before it finally made up its mind there was a lot of damaging gossip about alleged deals between Baton Rouge and Washington, whereby the Louisiana plunderbund was to be left alone in return for delivering votes at the proper times and places without fail. Better late than never.

But let's not forget where this now nationwide interest in the crime-plus-politics problem got its start, and this fierce nationwide resolve to get these forces under control before they get *us* under control.

The man who got the ball in motion was Thomas E. Dewey, now district attorney of New York County (Borough of Manhattan, N. Y. C.). Dewey, incidentally, got his men for the heinous crimes they committed. He didn't have to take the roundabout route of income-tax-evasion trials.

Dewey several years ago was appointed Special Rackets Prosecutor by the governor of New York, to do a job of work which the then district attorney should have done but wouldn't. It was Dewey's spectacular successes in this position that demonstrated to Americans the possibility of smashing the most powerfully entrenched rackets yet developed in this country.

Before Dewey began to bowl them over and send them up the river, there was a helpless feeling among decent people in all the racketeered cities, including New York. How could these rats be trapped, anyway? Wouldn't they take us over in time, so that before long we'd be living in a rat-run country and have to pretend to like it?

Dewey showed that the answer was No; that prosecutors with brains, courage and a fair amount of luck can blast crimino-political ratholes wide open. Most Americans feel better now; more hopeful of the future of the country.

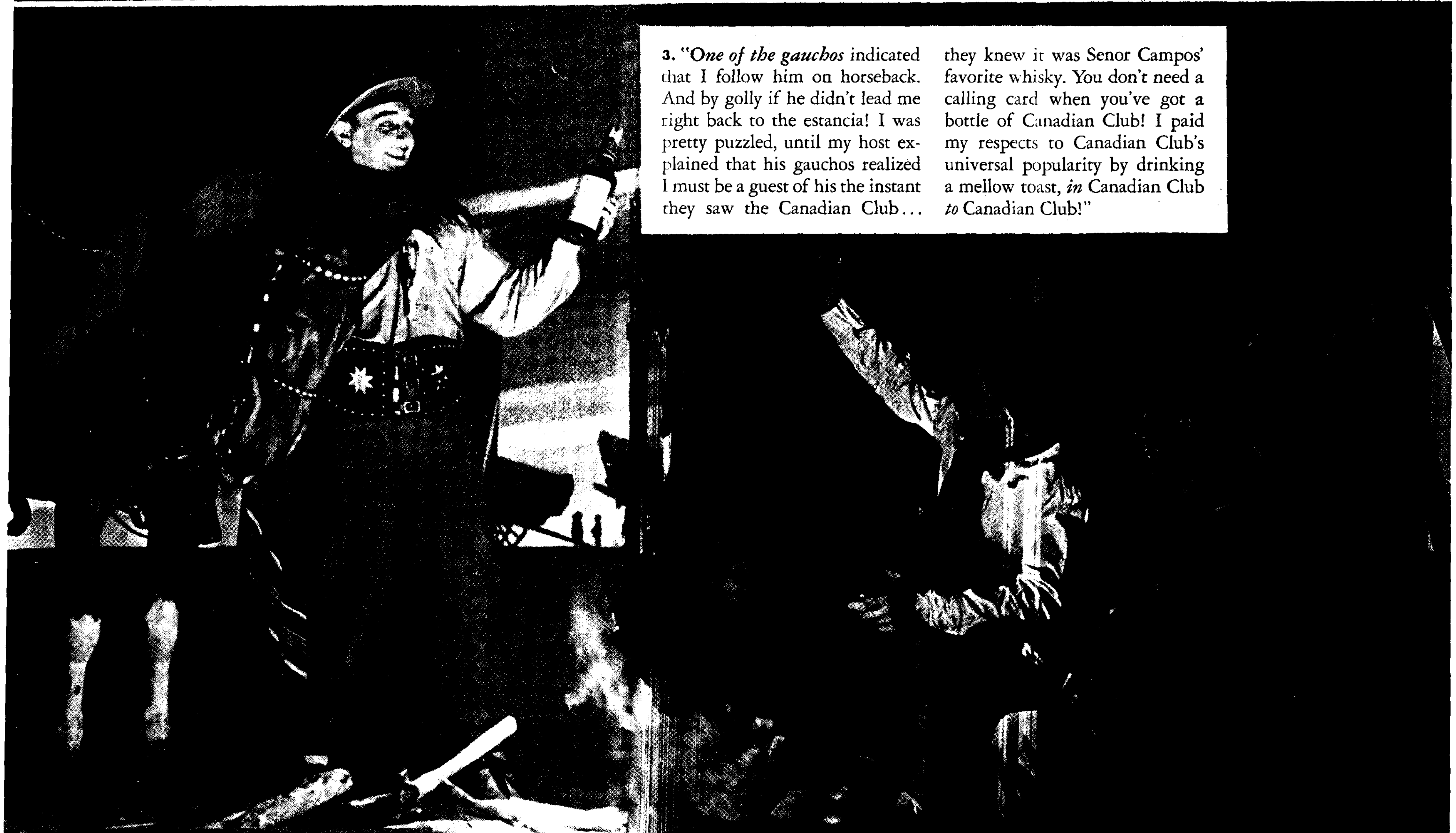
There is some talk to the effect that Messrs. Murphy, Hoover and their political friends, realizing the prestige Dewey has gathered to himself, are now trying to take the anticrime play away from Dewey and *his* political friends by means of this nationwide crime drive.

If this friendly rivalry does exist (we wouldn't know, of course), we think it's fine. We can't have too many high-type, fearless citizens fighting organized crime on all fronts and vying for public approval of their efforts.

LOST SOMEWHERE IN ARGENTINA

1. "*Recently I went for a ride* on my friend's ranch in Argentina—a little hideaway about the size of Massachusetts!—and toward dusk made the unpleasant discovery that I was lost!

2. "I *was panicky* until I spied a gaucho campfire. I asked the way to my host's estancia, but they didn't speak English. Hoping at least to get some dinner, I offered them a drink from a bottle of Canadian Club I had in my saddle-bag. At the sight of that bottle, they became very excited.



3. "*One of the gauchos* indicated that I follow him on horseback. And by golly if he didn't lead me right back to the estancia! I was pretty puzzled, until my host explained that his gauchos realized I must be a guest of his the instant they saw the Canadian Club... they knew it was Senor Campos' favorite whisky. You don't need a calling card when you've got a bottle of Canadian Club! I paid my respects to Canadian Club's universal popularity by drinking a mellow toast, *in* Canadian Club *to* Canadian Club!"

Remember, too, you can stay with Canadian Club all evening long, in cocktails before dinner and "tall ones" after. Start to enjoy the luxury of mellow Canadian Club today! 90.4 proof. Canadian Club Blended Canadian Whisky. Imported by Hiram Walker & Sons Inc., Peoria, Ill.

Change today, as thousands have, from Scotch, rye, or bourbon to this rare Imported Whisky

YOUR FIRST DELIGHTFUL SIP of a delicately rich Canadian Club highball or smooth Manhattan will tell you why so many Americans who formerly preferred Scotch, rye, or bourbon have changed to rare, imported Canadian Club!

Treat yourself to Canadian Club's utterly distinctive flavor, light as Scotch, rich as rye, satisfying as bourbon—yet with an instantly recognizable deliciousness all its own. You'll understand why twice as many Americans now drink Canadian Club as did three years ago!

IN 87 LANDS WHISKY-WISE MEN ASK FOR "Canadian Club"

6 YEARS OLD

Canadian Club
Blended Canadian Whisky
Distilled and Blended by
Hiram Walker & Sons
Limited
Walkerville, Ontario, Canada
THIS WHISKY IS 6 YEARS OLD

CAMEL
TURKISH & DOMESTIC BLEND CIGARETTES
CHOICE QUALITY

"I know from years of experience that Camels give a longer smoke—milder, cooler, mellower"

SAYS **JOE WILLIAMS,**
FAMOUS SPORTS EXPERT

By burning 25% *slower* than the average of the 15 other of the largest-selling brands tested—slower than *any* of them—CAMELS give a smoking *plus* equal to

5 EXTRA SMOKES PER PACK

Cigarettes were compared recently . . . sixteen of the largest-selling brands . . . under the searching tests of impartial scientists. Findings were announced as follows:

1 CAMELS were found to contain MORE TOBACCO BY WEIGHT than the average for the 15 other of the largest-selling brands.

2 CAMELS BURNED *SLOWER* THAN ANY OTHER BRAND TESTED—25% SLOWER THAN THE AVERAGE TIME OF THE 15 OTHER OF THE LARGEST-SELLING BRANDS! By burning 25% slower, on the average, Camels give smokers the equivalent of 5 EXTRA SMOKES PER PACK!

3 In the same tests, CAMELS HELD THEIR ASH FAR *LONGER* than the average time for all the other brands.

Camels mean more pleasure per puff—more puffs per pack . . . America's shrewdest cigarette buy.

**PENNY FOR PENNY
YOUR BEST
CIGARETTE
BUY!**

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Winston-Salem, North Carolina

DOES it "burn fast"—or is it "*longer*-burning"? That's the new angle on cigarettes that is being widely discussed today. "I get an extra measure of smoking because of Camel's long-burning feature," says Joe Williams, the famous sports expert. "With Camels, I get an overtime amount of true cigarette contentment." More tobacco in every Camel, *by weight—slower*-burning—they hold their ash longer (see full details, above left). No wonder Camel's choice quality tobaccos win the praise of men and women everywhere who appreciate smoking pleasure at its best! Don't deny yourself the enjoyment of quality when Camels, with their costlier tobaccos and unusual slow burning, give more pleasure per puff! *And more puffs per pack.*

CAMELS—*Long-Burning Costlier Tobaccos*